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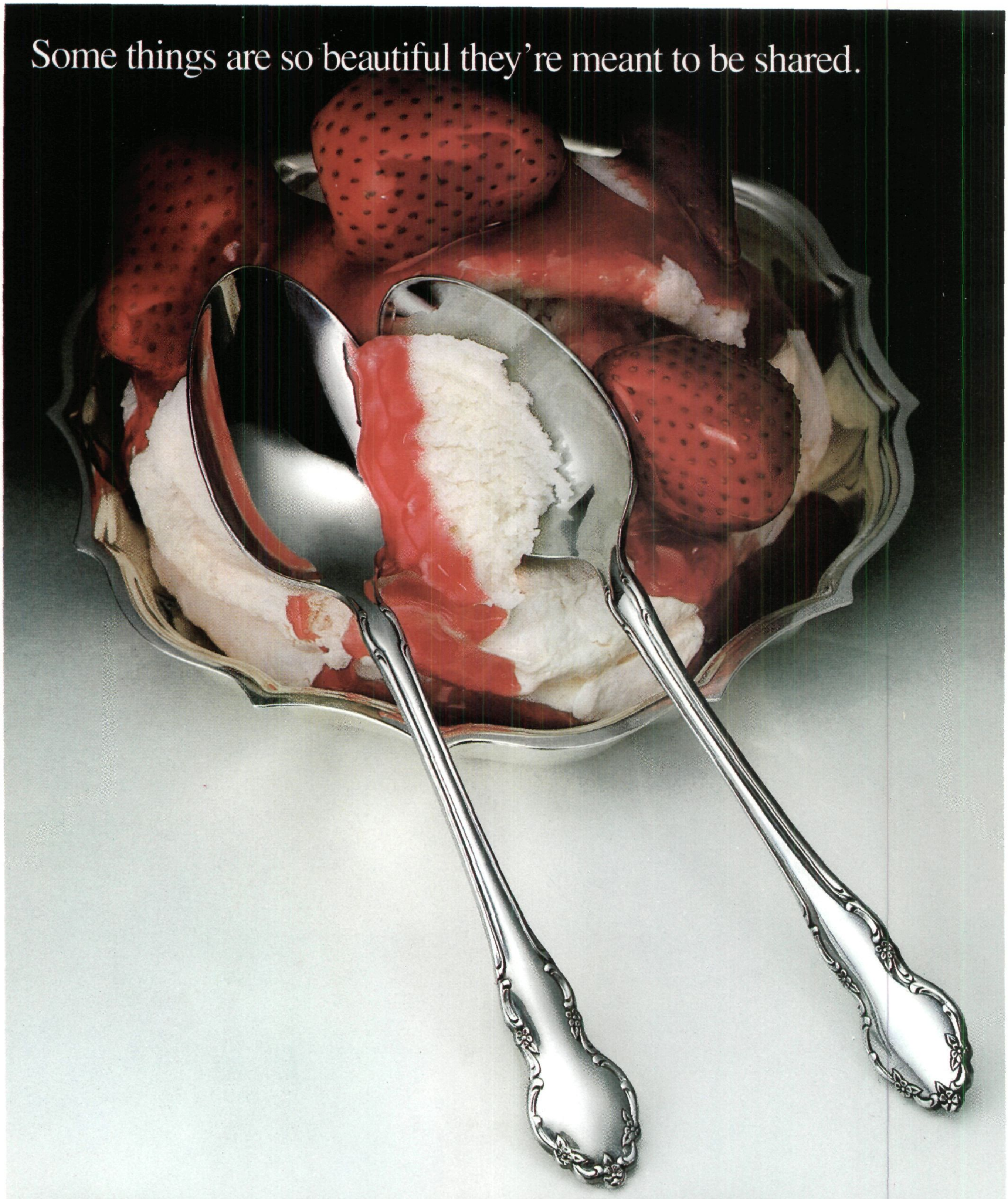
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |

**The Birds**—Aristophanes' comedy, adapted by Walter Kerr. With songs by Evangelos Fampas and John Neil Harris. (Greek Theatre of New York, 120 W. 28th St. 807-0156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

**Breakfast with Les and Bess**—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. Previews Wednesday, May 18. Opens officially on Thursday, May 19. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Brighton Beach Memoirs**—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. Matthew Broderick is sensationally effective as the wisecracking, adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Buried Inside Extra**—Thomas Babe's puzzling play—not quite a comedy, not quite a thriller—is set in the city room of a newspaper during a bomb scare. Hal Holbrook, Sandy Dennis, Vincent Gardenia, Dixie Carter, and William Converse-Roberts are the good actors. Joseph Papp directed. (5/16/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

**The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial**—A distinguished cast, headed by John Rubinstein and Michael Moriarty, breathe plenty of life into Herman Wouk's time-tested melodrama about a Navy minesweeper in the Second World War. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Cats**—Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Cradle Will Rock**—A spirited revival of Marc Blitzstein's "labor opera" with alumni of John Houseman's Acting Company. Mr. Houseman himself tells as a prologue the dramatic story of the show's original opening in 1937, with the late Mr. Blitzstein alone onstage at the piano. The actor-singers, notably Patti LuPone, Randle Mell, Michele-Denise Woods, and David Schramm, are splendid. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

**Duet for One**—A trashy play about a concert violinist who is stricken with multiple sclerosis. The setting is the office of her psychiatrist. With Eva Marie Saint and Milton Selzer. (5/9/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**Early Warnings**—Three one-act plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

**Egyptology**—A theatrical event written and directed by Richard Foreman. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Ensemble Studio Theatre**—A festival of fourteen plays, running through Monday, June 13. "The Dolphin Position," by Percy Granger; "The Survivalist," by Robert Schenkkan; and "Touch Black," by Bill Bozzone: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 18-19; Saturday evening, May 21; and Sunday matinée, May 22. . . . ¶ "Poisoner of the Wells," by Brother Jonathan, O.S.F.; "Postcards," by Carol K. Mack; and "Two Conversations," by David Mamet: Friday evening, May 20; Saturday matinée, May 21; and Sunday and Monday evenings, May 22-23. . . . ¶ "Pastoral," by Peter Maloney; "Eulogy," by Jim Richardson; "Cash," by Stuart Spencer; and "Tender Offer," by Wendy Wasserstein: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 25-26, and Saturday evening, May 28. . . . ¶ "I Love You, I Love You Not," by Wendy Kesselman; "Delusions of a Government Witness," by Louis Lippa; "Fast Women," by Willie Reale; and "Two Hot Dogs with Everything," by William Wise: Friday evening, May 27, and Saturday matinée, May 28. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—A revival of the musical **PROMISES, PROMISES**, with a book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David, is the last offering of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

**Extremities**—Karen Allen in a play by William Mastrosimone. Starting Tuesday, May 24, Farrah Fawcett will replace Miss Allen. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Goodbye Goodbye**—A play by Rina Yerushalmi. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 7. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

**Greater Tuna**—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of agile, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tues-

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 31
"HITLER'S SECRET DAIRY" . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Bruce McCall* 36
"DREAMS" . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Saul Steinberg* 38
"STILL-LIFE" . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Marian Thurm* 40
"THE SUMMER RENTALS" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Daniel Halpern* 42
PROFILES (SIMON RIFKIND) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *John Brooks* 46
A REPORTER AT LARGE (CONFERENCE OF NONALIGNED NATIONS) . . . . . . . . *Robert Shaplen* 82
THE THEATRE . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 103
OFF BROADWAY . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 103
DANCING . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Arlene Croce* 106
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 113
BOOKS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *George Steiner* 118
BRIEFLY NOTED . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 120

COVER: *Charles Addams*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, George Booth, Warren Miller, Charles Addams, Henry Martin, Eldon Dedini, Chon Day, Frank Modell, Burt Silverman, James Stevenson, J. B. Handelsman, Arnie Levin, William Hamilton, Barney Tobey, Roz Chast, Al Ross, Edward Frascino, Dana Fradon, Edward Koren, Donald Reilly*

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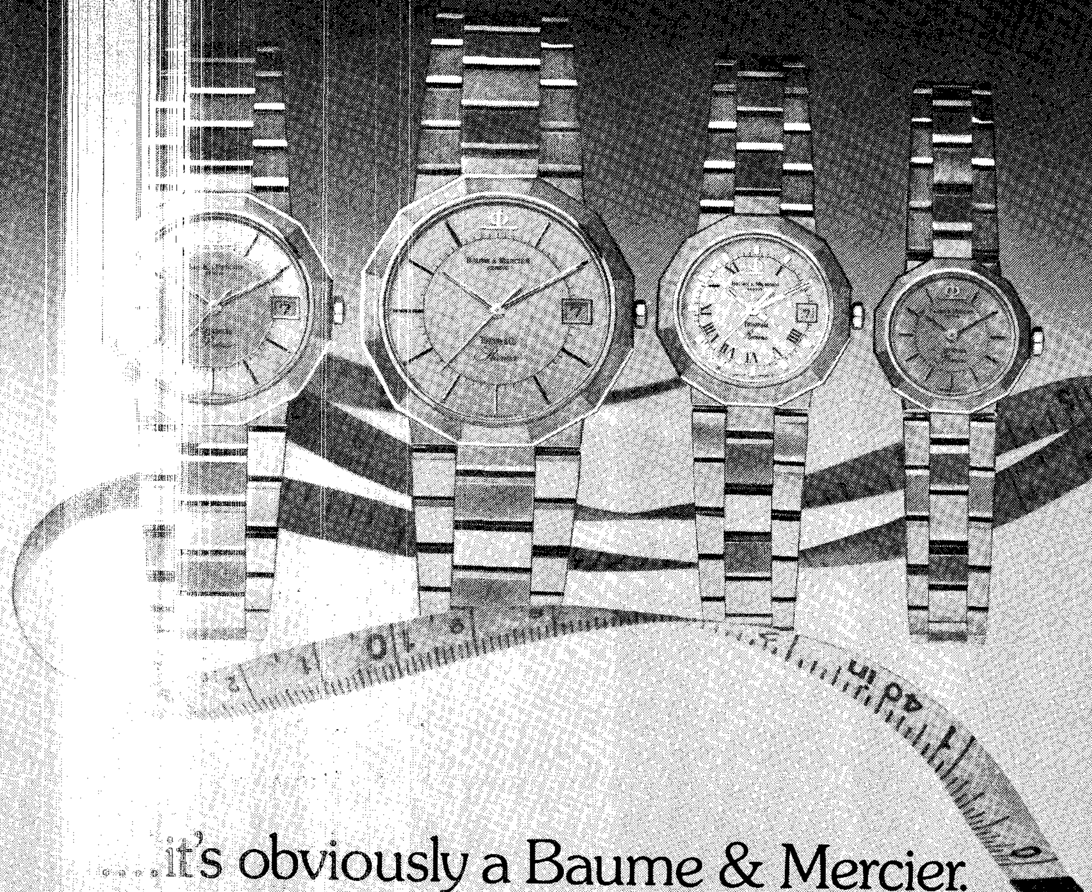

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Jeeves Takes Charge**—Edward Duke plays master and servant and ten other roles in a comedy he has adapted from the stories of P. G. Wodehouse. Presented first in London. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**K2**—Two skilled mountain climbers find themselves trapped on a ledge high up on the face of the second-highest mountain on earth. With Jeffrey De Munn and Jay Patterson. The author is Patrick Meyers, who has managed to write a thriller consisting largely of talk. (4/11/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**Little Shop of Horrors**—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Brad Moranz as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Faith Prince as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Merlin**—Doug Henning, a superb magician, has wandered as if by chance into a musical comedy totally unsuited to his nature. One of the members of the cast plays a unicorn, unconvincingly. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

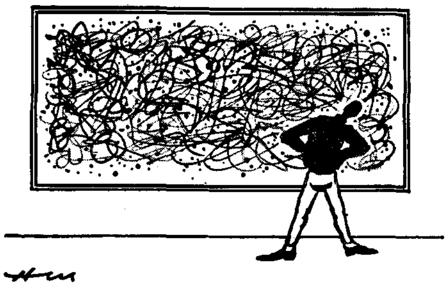
**The Middle Ages**—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s humorous play is set in (and is, in a sense, about) the trophy room in an exclusive club, probably in Boston, and it tells the bittersweet love story of a man named Barney and a woman named Eleanor, over a span of forty years, as it reflects the changing circumstances of the times. Jack Gilpin and Ann McDonough are Barney and Eleanor to the life, and Jo Henderson is very good, too, as Eleanor's mother. David Trainer was the deft director. (4/4/83) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 486-1666. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, May 25, at 2.)

**My Astonishing Self**—Donal Donnelly as George Bernard Shaw in a revival of the one-man show devised by Michael Voysey from the writings of G.B.S. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**My One and Only**—Tommy Tune and Twiggy are the stars of this merry, newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Negro Ensemble Company**—A new play, **MANHATTAN MADE ME,** by Gus Edwards, with David Davies, Kathleen Forbes, Robert Gossett, and Eugene Lee. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

**'Night, Mother**—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director is Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |

**On Your Toes**—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Pal Joey**—A one-time performance of this Rodgers and Hart musical, with book by John O'Hara. Michael Callan and Tammy Grimes will head a cast directed by Rudy Tronto. A benefit for the Bandwagon Theatre Company. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, May 22, at 8.)

**Passion**—Peter Nichols' new play begins as a comedy and ends at a point just short of tragedy. Frank Langella and Roxanne Hart are the outstanding members of a fine cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Private Lives**—An unhappy revival of the Coward comedy, starring Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (5/16/83) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sunday, May 22, at 2.)

**Quartermaine's Terms**—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubblebrained than God did. Dalton Dearborn plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Ridiculous Theatrical Company**—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

**Show Boat**—The Kern melodies and the Oscar Hammerstein II lyrics are as affecting as they were back in 1927, but the book aches with age, and the present production is a flimsy one. (5/9/83.) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Top Girls**—The girls of the title either work in or apply for jobs at a London employment agency, and the principal character whose career we examine has just been promoted to top top girl. Linda Hunt, Valerie Mahaffey, Polly Draper, Kathryn Grody, Freda Foh Shen, Donna Bullock, and Sara Botsford are the splendid actresses. Caryl Churchill is the adventurous playwright. Max Stafford-Clark is the director. (1/10/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

**True West**—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of Gary Sinise and Dan Butler. Mr Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

**Unspeakable Acts**—A one-character play by and with David Gibson, presented by the Fool's Theatre Company of Oxford. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

**A View from the Bridge**—From the Long Wharf, in New Haven, comes this admirable production of the Arthur Miller thriller. Tony Lo Bianco and Rose Gregorio make the most of their opportunities as an Italian husband and wife in the gray depths of Brooklyn. (2/14/83) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Wilderness of Shur**—A play by Nicholas Biel. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Final performances Thursday through Sunday, May 19-22, at 7:30.)

**Wild Life**—Four one-act comedies by Shel Silverstein. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. 675-0498. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Win/Lose/Draw**—Three one-act dialogues marvellously performed by Christine Estabrook and Lynn Milgrim. The authors—singly and combined—are Mary Gallagher and Ara Watson. The third and most substantial of the plays is "Chocolate Cake," by Miss Gallagher (about two secretly ravenous women), but the others are entertaining as well. All of them were first done at the Actors Theatre of Louisville. Amy Saltz was the good director. (5/9/83) (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Winners**—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. Kate Burton, Michael Butler, Jeanne Ruskin, and Bernie McInerney are the adroit actors. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**You Can't Take It with You**—Jason Robards, Colleen Dewhurst, James Coco, and an army of others, in the Kaufman-Hart comedy of 1936. Most of the lines and all of the fireworks are as funny as ever. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**AGNES OF GOD:** A flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the child's father, and her Mother Superior is inclined to agree, but a court-appointed psychiatrist has other notions. More of a debate than a play. The cast consists of Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Maryann Plunkett. The author is John Pielmeier. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with David Dukes, Mark Hamill, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. Starting Tuesday, May 24, David Birney will replace Mr. Dukes, and Maureen Moore will replace Miss Lederer. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal,

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and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Scott Holmes, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,592 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Sergio Franchi plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an over-grown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Donald Corren substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

## MISCELLANY

**THE CIRCUS**—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting their hundred-and-thirteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

**FORBIDDEN BROADWAY**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

**MARTIN CHARNIN'S UPSTAIRS AT O'NEALS'**—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8 and 10:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7, 9:30, and midnight.)

**THE FLYING KARAMAZOV BROTHERS**—Superb juggling and a few good jokes, by an exceptionally attractive group of young men from somewhere on the other side of the Appalachians, if not the Urals. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

## DANCE

**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 18: "Swan Lake," "Celebration," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 19: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 20: "Swan Lake," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Celebration." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 21: "Swan Lake," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Andantino," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 21: "Glass Pieces," "Episodes," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 22: "Ballo della Regina," "Calcium Light Night," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 22: "Rossini Quartets," "Dances at a Gathering," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 24: "Rossini Quartets," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Duo Concertant," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 25: "Mozartiana," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 26: "Delibes Divertissement," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 27: "Mozartiana," "Episodes," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 28: "Who Cares?," "Calcium Light Night," "Duo Concertant," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 28: "Mozartiana," "La Création du Monde," and "Vienna Waltzes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 26.)

**AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE**—Wednesday through Friday evenings, May 18-20, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 21: "La Bayadère." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 23: "Prodigal Son," "Great Galloping Gottschalk," "Le Corsaire," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 24: "Apollo" and "La Sylphide." (A benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 477-3030.) . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 25: "Harlequinade Pas de Deux," "Clair de Lune," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 25: "Interludes" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 26: "Les Rendezvous" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 27: "Billy the Kid" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 28: "Prodigal Son," "Clair de Lune," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 28: "Les Rendezvous," "Torso," "Clair de Lune," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (Metropolitan Opera house. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 16.)

**FELD BALLET**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 18, at 8: "Three Dances," "A Footstep of Air," "Summer's Lease." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 19, at 8: "Play Bach," "Over the Pavement," and "Summer's Lease." . . . ¶ Friday, May 20, at 8: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "Circa," and "Three Dances." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 21, at 8: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Summer's Lease." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 22, at 2: "Theatre," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 22, at 7:30: "Straw Hearts," "Three Dances," and "Summer's Lease." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

**ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 18, at 8: "Streams," "Pigs & Fishes," "Fever Swamp," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 19, at 8: "Fontessa & Friends," "Sonnets," "Pigs & Fishes," and "Seven Journeys." . . . ¶ Friday, May 20, at 8: "Satyriade," "To José Clemente Orozco," "Songs Without Words," and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 21, at 2: "Landscape," "Sonnets," "Fever Swamp," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 21, at 8: "Fontessa & Friends," "Research," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 22, at 2: "Satyriade," "Treading," "Spectrum," and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 22, at 7:30: "Seven Journeys," "To José Clemente Orozco," "Fever Swamp," and "Memoria." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

**LES GRANDS BALLETS CANADIENS**—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 4—Wednesday, May 25, at 7, and Saturday, May 28, at 2 and 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Tellurian," "Double Quartet," and "Astaire." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 26-27, at 8: "Serenade," "After Eden," "In Paradisum," and "Tam Ti Delam." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

**JOAN MILLER DANCE PLAYERS**—Three benefit performances, with guest artists. (Martin Luther King, Jr., High School, 122 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, May 19, at 7:30, with Ruby Dee. . . . ¶ Friday, May 20, at 7:30, with Odetta. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 21, at 7:30, with Oscar Brand. For information about tickets, call 568-8854.)

**DANCEAFRICA FESTIVAL**—These programs of traditional African dances, as well as adaptations of them, performed by Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; the International Afrikan American Ballet; the Izulu Dance Company; the Art of Black Dance and Music; the Calabash Dance Company; Women of the Calabash; A Touch of Folklore and More, with soloist Chief Bey; and a children's group from the Bernice Johnson Cultural Arts Center. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, May 22, at 2.)

**Mel Wong Dance Company**—Performances of "Jade," a new full-length work. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Friday through Sunday, May 20-22, and Wednesday through Sunday, May 25-29, all at 7.)

**Maryland Dance Theatre**—A program of modern dance. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Saturday and Sunday, May 21-22, at 8.)

**Jean-Léon Destiné Afro-Haitian Dance Company**—Three performances. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, May 19, and Saturday, May 21, at 8, and Sunday, May 22, at 6:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Angry Squire,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, bassist **Bob Cunningham** will work with pianist **Bross Townsend,** and Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, **Jaki Byard,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will lead a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Percussion wiz **Ray Barretto** performs with his Latin-jazz orchestra through Sunday, May 22, and with the Angel Rangelov-Jimmy Madison big band on Monday, May 23. On Tuesday, May 24, pianist and composer **Horace Silver** will bring in his latest quintet. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, May 18, Level 42; Thursday and Friday, May 19-20, **Tom Paxton** and **John Hartford;** Saturday, May 21, Dr. Demento; Sunday, May 22, and Tuesday, May 24, Flo & Eddie & the Turtles; Thursday, May 26, **Joe (King) Carrasco;** and Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, **Tania Maria** and Jon Lucien. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The piano-bass schedule: **Hilton Ruiz** and **Major Holley** through Saturday, May 21, and Kirk Lightsey and his bassist starting Monday, May 23. Music from nine-forty-five.

**Broadway Joe's,** 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **Jimmy Lyon,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from eleven to two, cornettist **Warren Vaché** leads a trio. Dining.

**Café Pierre,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**Bucky Pizzarelli,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**Bobby Short** is back in the Café Carlyle for spring training with his seamless infield, bassist **Beverly Peer** and drummer **Robbie Scott.** Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Friday and Saturday, May 27-28. . . . **Barbara Carroll** plays the piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays and Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, from nine.

**Carnegie Tavern,** 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant situated in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **Ellis Larkins,** a diffident performer and a delicate, elegant pianist, does a whole gang of abbreviated sets between nine and midnight nightly, except Sundays.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, May 18, the Push-Ups, the Beaux Art Society, and Costa Roka; Thursday, May 19, New Toys and Pinch; Friday, May 20, Ned Sublette, Neighborhoods, and the Bel Airs; Saturday, May 21, the Neats, Band of Outsiders, and Leap of Faith; and Tuesday, May 24, Late Shift, the Strike, and the End. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, **Oscar Brand** sings seagoing, terra-firma, and bawdy folksongs. Sundays and Mondays are now the property of bassist and singer **Jay Leonhart,** with pianist **Mike Renzi.** Shows begin at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

**Eagle Tavern,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, May 18, the Haydown Treaders; Saturday, May 21, **Skyline,** with banjoist **Tony Trischka;** Wednesday, May 25, Maureen Kennelly, doing Irish dances to Joe Burke's Irish accordion; and Saturday, May 28, the Walt Michael trio. Music from nine.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, May 22, Ray Alexander's quintet will perform from nine-fifteen. Mondays, soprano saxophonist **Bob Wilber** heads his group from eight-thirty, and on Wednesdays Bill Simon's and George Simon's quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

**Fat Tuesday's,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Open-minded Thelonious Sphere Monk lovers be on alert: **Sphere,** a quartet composed of **Charlie Rouse** (Monk's tenor saxophonist for more than ten years), **Ben Riley** (Monk's drummer for a bit in the sixties), pianist **Kenny Barron,** and bassist **Buster Williams,** lovingly perform Monk tunes through Sunday, May 22. If you're open-minded enough, you won't be disconcerted by the familiar phrasing of Charlie Rouse coupled with the un-Monklike smooth piano of Kenny Barron—nobody's as rough around the edges as Monk was. On Tuesday, May 24, pianist and singer **Les Mc Cann** will arrive. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Folk City,** 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is; Wednesday, May 18, the Neats; Thursday, May 19, Mary Watkins and Gayle Marie; Friday, May 20, the Bermuda Triangle; Saturday, May 21, blues singer **Paula Lockheart;** Sunday, May 22, Jane Brucker; Monday, May 23, Lynn Samuels; Thursday, May 26, Helen Hooks & Sindy Scalfi; Friday, May 27, offbeat folkie **Peter Stampfel;** and Saturday, May 28, bluesman **Brownie Mc Ghee.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

**Greene Street,** 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday and Thursday, May 18-19, pianist **Ronnie Mathews** and bassist **Ray Drummond;** Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, singer Val Eley; Sunday and Monday, May 22-23, bassist **David Friesen** and guitarist **John Stowell;** Tuesday and Wednesday, May 24-25, guitarist **Jimmy Ponder;** Thursday through Saturday, May 26-28, singer **Joe Lee Wilson.** Music Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten; Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; and Fridays and Saturdays at eight, eleven, and one. Dining.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **Dom Minasi** leads a trio through Sunday, May 22; Wednesday through Sunday, May 25-29, pianist **Marty Napoleon** will be present with a trio. Mondays belong to singer **Janet Lawson** and her trio, and Tuesdays to guitarist **Chuck Wayne.** All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, singer-pianist Baba Motta is present, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

**Hanratty's,** 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The pianists: stride specialist **Dick Wellstood** through Saturday, May 21; **Mike Abene** on Sunday and Monday, May 22-23; and beginning Tuesday, May 24, Washington pianist John Eaton. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **Max Kaminsky** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Knickerbocker Saloon,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restau-

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons: pianist **LOU LEVY** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, May 21; **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** starting Tuesday, May 24; and on Sundays and Mondays **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, May 18, Pure Prairie League; Sunday, May 22, the Aztec Two-Step; Tuesday, May 24, **ALBERT COLLINS** a fine, witty blues guitarist; Wednesday and Thursday, May 25-26, bluesman **ALBERT KING.** Music from eight-thirty Dining.

**LUSH LIFE,** 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER,** ever a Coltrane believer, leads his sextet through Sunday, May 22; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 24-25, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** will head a sextet; and on Thursday, May 26, **AIR**—saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL,** bassist **FRED HOPKINS,** and drummer **DON MOYE**—will move in for four nights. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**MICHAEL'S PUB,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND** and **BRIAN TORFF** perform a piano-bass tribute to composer Harold Arlen Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, May 18, Connie James; Thursday, May 19, the Slickafonics; Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, French Toast; Monday, May 23, the Lines; and Thursday, May 26, trumpter **BRUCE PURSE.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

**OTHER END,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, May 18, Roland Vazquez and Rebirth; Thursday, May 19, Debra Ginsberg; Friday, May 20, Bill Chinnock; and Friday and Saturday May 27-28, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN.** Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

**PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

**RAINBOW ROOM,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER,** chief arranger for and trumpeter with the influential Jimmie Lunceford band of the thirties, leads a septet through an updated version of the bounce Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

**RED BLAZER TOO,** 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

**RITZ,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, May 18, underground-film star Divine; Thursday, May 19, reggae poet **MUTABARUKA;** Friday, May 20, the Call and Pulsallama, Saturday, May 21, INXS; Wednesday, May 25, the Pə-dant-iks and Victoria Falls; and Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, Fixx. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight Dancing.

**SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH,** 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables.

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The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, May 18-19, Bob Mintzer; Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, Brazilian-jazz singer and pianist **TANIA MARIA;** Monday, May 23, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 24-25, guitarist **YOSHIAKI MASUO;** Thursday and Friday, May 26-27, vibraharpist **JAY HOGGARD;** and Saturday and Sunday, May 28-29, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN.** Music from ten.

**SOUNDS OF BRAZIL,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule: Wednesday, May 18, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND;** Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, May 24, flutist **LLOYD MC NEIL;** Wednesday, May 25, the Brazilian Express; Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** and on Thursdays, Cigano. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**SWEET BASIL,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** is here through Sunday, May 22; Monday, May 23, will belong to blues shouter **BIG JOE TURNER;** and on Tuesday, May 24, saxophonist **SAM RIVERS** will bring in his moving quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

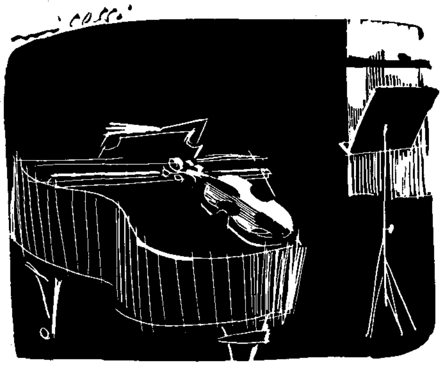
**TRAMPS,** 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Delta-blues singer and guitarist **CEDELL DAVIS** performs through Saturday, May 21; on Wednesday, May 25, singer and pianist **CHARLES BROWN** will return; and Sundays and Mondays are given over to New Orleans pianist Escorita.

**TRAX,** 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A nonthreatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, May 18, Jimmy Powers and the Arlingtons; Thursday, May 19, Jolie and the Donny Fury Band; and Tuesday, May 24, the Masterbeats. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

**VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine for exuberant audiences: on May 23, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** and Hector Leguillow y Sensual '83 will share the stage along with guest soloist trumpeter **TED CURSON.** On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Guitarist **KENNY BURRELL'S** quartet can be heard through Sunday, May 22; on Tuesday, May 24, pianist **MAL WALDRON** will descend the stairs with his quintet. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts off Music from ten.

**VILLAGE WEST,** 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. **MONTY ALEXANDER, RAY BROWN,** and **HERB ELLIS** team up through Sunday, May 22; on Tuesday, May 24, pianist **DAVE MC KENNA** will take charge. Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.



**WEST BOONDOCK,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; **SADIK HAKIM** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

**WEST END,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The lineup: Through Saturday, May 21, trumpeter Franc Williams; **LEE KONITZ** on Sunday, May 22; and trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** beginning Wednesday, May 25. Music from about nine.

**ZINNO,** 126 W 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. **DON FRIEDMAN** and **RON MC CLURE** play piano-bass duets through Saturday, May 21, and starting Monday, May 23, **ALBERT DAILEY** and **CALVIN HILL** will come in. Guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** are here Sundays. Music from about nine.

### JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**MARVIN GAYE**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday through Saturday, May 18-21, at 8.

**DAVID CROSBY BAND**—Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. Thursday, May 19, at 8. For tickets, call 977-9020.

**TONY BENNETT**—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, May 20, at 8.

**BARRY HARRIS JAZZ ENSEMBLE**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, May 21, at 8.

**RED & HOT: AN EVENING OF JAZZ FROM THE U.S.S.R.**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, May 23, at 8.

**ROXY MUSIC**—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, May 26, at 8.

**JOHN CUNNINGHAM**—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, May 28, at 8.

**JAZZMANIA SOCIETY**—Wednesday, May 18: Laurie Altman quintet and Judy Steele quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 20-21: Claudio Roditi. . . ¶ Wednesday, May 25: Conexion. (Jazzmania Society. 40 W 27th St. 532-7666. Evenings at 8:30.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**JOSEF ALBERS** (1888-1976)—Paintings and graphics. Through June 11. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5 )

**BYRON BROWNE** (1907-61)—Watercolors from the mid-forties, by an abstractionist. Through June 4. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**ALEXANDER CALDER** (1898-1976)—Stabiles Through June 2 (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

**CARROLL CLOAR**—Genre paintings depicting the South in the days of the horse and buggy and Model T Through June 4 (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**WILLEM DE KOONING**—The artist's sculptures, plus a few small paintings. Through June 30. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. A nine-foot piece called "Seated Woman" is on view on the Seagram Plaza, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.)

**JOHN DOBBS**—Oil paintings of the beach scene at Nice and crucial instants in baseball. Through Saturday, May 21 (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

**RAFAEL FERRER**—Paintings, constructions, and drawings from the past decade. Through Aug. 10. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave, at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4 )

**WILL HORWITT**—A huge work on paper from

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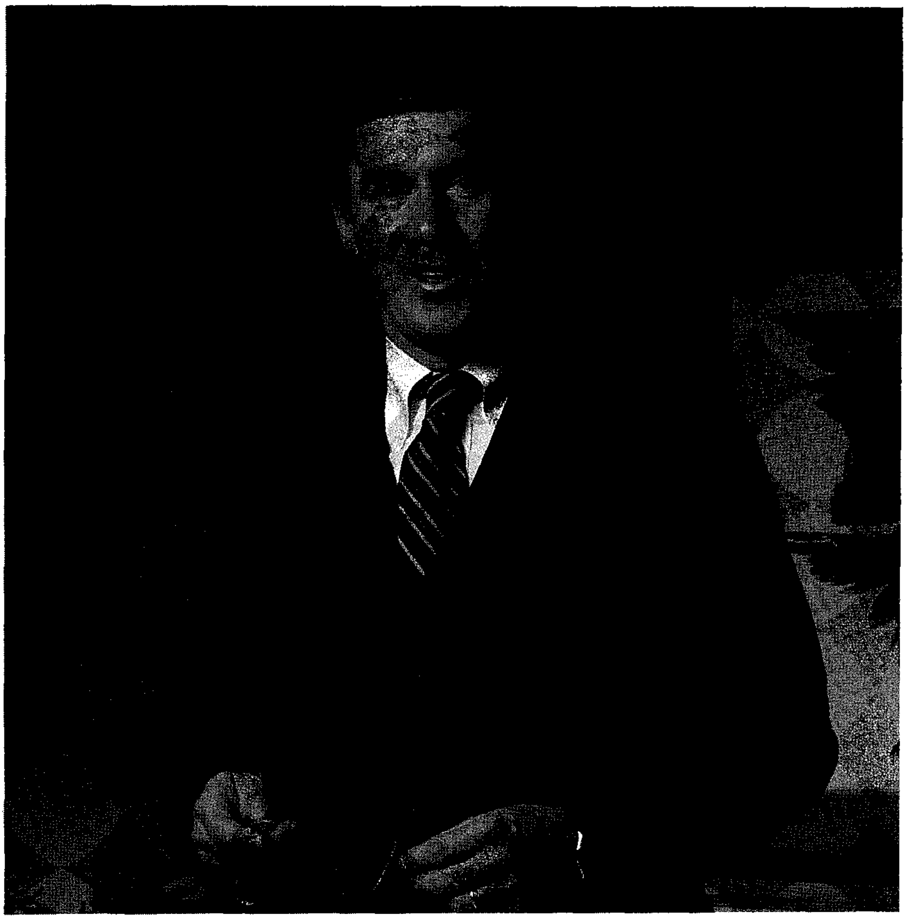
# What if you chose as a business



### "At Kirke-Van Orsdel, an HP computer network speeds data processing fivefold."

Kirke-Van Orsdel in Des Moines, Iowa, is one of the nation's largest insurance broker/administrators for national associations.

Senior Vice President Donald Brandt says, "Our network of HP 3000 computers has enabled us to increase our business volume 50-fold in just five years. How? First, we can handle data five times faster than with our previous system, so premiums and applications are processed the same day they're received. Second, computerized claims processing enables our adjuster to handle over 100 claims per day: twice the claims most competitors can. And third, we can expand the network without costly programming.

"With the HP network, we have gained a competitive edge in both service and price."

## What should you expect from a computer partner?

**Quality**—from researching customer needs to product development, manufacturing, marketing, after-sales service, and support!

Quality, by HP's definition, encompasses more than the product.

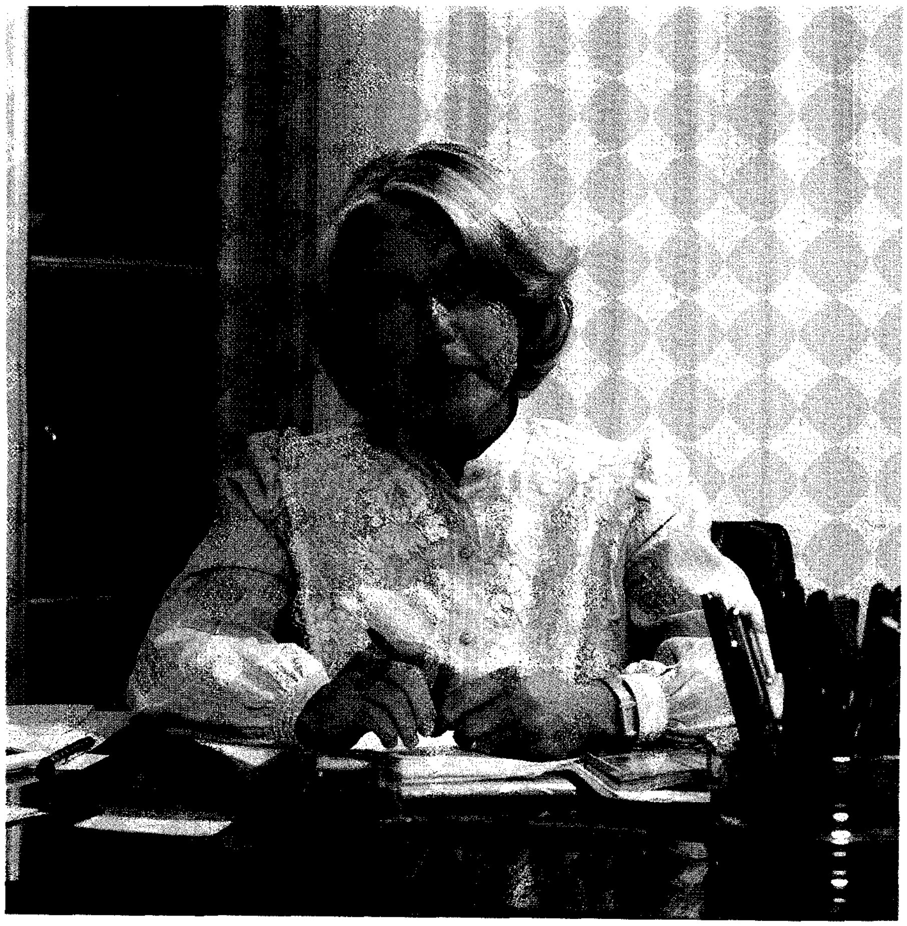
This high quality recently was recognized by the Union of Japanese Scientists & Engineers, who awarded a coveted Deming Prize to Yokogawa-Hewlett-Packard, HP's joint venture company in Japan.

YHP offers the entire spectrum of HP products and in 1981 accounted for Japanese sales of more than $200 million. Nearly 60 percent of the products YHP sells are imported from HP manufacturing operations

DEMING PRIZE COMMITTEE JUSE
DEMING MEDAL

***The Deming Prize:*** *for outstanding merit in the control of quality.*

# Hewlett-Packard computer partner?

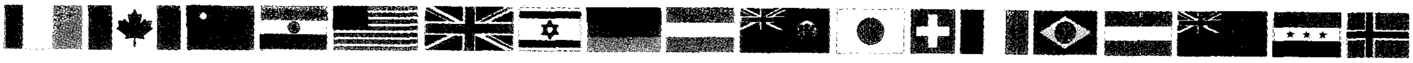


### "At Waterman, an HP computer system stimulates a 35 percent internal rate of return."

Waterman is a well known international manufacturer of quality pens and ink. At the St. Herblain plant in France, Chief Executive Officer Francine Gomez says: "We use an HP 3000 computer and HP's manufacturing management software (Materials Management 3000) to control inventory and production management.

"Because the HP system automatically verifies new data and updates existing information, our manufacturing teams are making faster, better informed decisions.

"With the HP 3000 on line to manage process start-up and to automate materials and inventory control, we're working more effectively and have obtained a 35 percent internal rate of return."



in the US and abroad. Conversely, YHP manufactures and exports various products to HP customers throughout the world.

The total quality control approach for which YHP was awarded the Deming Prize is a point of pride throughout HP. Customers in every part of the world should expect *quality* as a fundamental element in a computer partnership with HP.

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1967, "Drawing in Thirty-Eight Parts," and related sculptures in bronze and wood. Through June 3. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

**Maria Cooper Janis / Sooky Maniquant**—Abstract paintings. / Abstractions from landscapes. Through Saturday, May 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Asger Jorn** (1914-73)—The Danish Cobra artist's paintings and other works, from the Lefebre family collection. Through Saturday, May 28. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen**—Book shapes rendered in marble, granite, and onyx, the joint efforts of the two artists. Through June 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

**Pierre Lesieur**—Paintings of still-lifes and interiors. Through June 4. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

**Picasso** (1881-1973)—Eight paintings and drawings exhibited for the first time, in addition to other works. Through May 31. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

**Judith Shea**—Clothing shapes, such as skirts, translated into cast-metal and cloth sculptures—on the wall, flat on the floor, and freestanding. Through Saturday, May 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**Julio Silva**—Fantasy paintings (masked figures, strange plants) by this Argentine-born artist, now resident in Paris. Through Saturday, May 21. (Walter, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Opens at noon.)

**Paula Tavins**—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes with small triangular projections poking through the canvas and small sculptured creatures clinging to the frames. Through Saturday, May 28. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

**Cy Twombly**—Paintings, mostly from the sixties, with the hesitant scrawls and indecipherable writing that characterize so much of this artist's work. Through Friday, May 27. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St.)

**Robert Wilson**—Graphite drawings for his opera-in-progress, "Civil Wars." Through June 11. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**British Artists**—Just a few of the galleries throwing open their doors for the next month or so to artists from the U.K.—**BEADLESTON**, 60 E. 91st St.: Paintings by Alfred Sisley and drawings by Henry Moore. Through June 11. (Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **BROWNE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Prints spanning two centuries by artists from Gainsborough (a 1783 mezzotint—the only one he ever did) and Stubbs to Moore and Hockney. Through June 3. . . . **CDS GALLERY**, 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by Stanley Spencer (1891-1959). Through Saturday, May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A bicentenary show of watercolors by David Cox. Through Saturday, May 28. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painted-aluminum wall sculptures, plus drawings, by Nigel Hall. Through June 1. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Nicely balanced paintings, by William Scott, of cups, saucepans, skillets, and an occasional fish, all simplified almost to abstractions. Through Saturday, May 28. . . . **COE KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: Cityscapes by Julian Barrow. Through Friday, May 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **NOORTMAN & BROD**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Hogarth, Lawrence, and others. Through Friday, May 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of paintings and drawings, largely of hunting scenes, horse races, and famous thoroughbreds, by Alfred J. Munnings (1878-1959). Through June 3. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Arman**—Twenty examples from his repertoire of fragmented musical instruments (in bronze), collectively called "Arman's Orchestra." Through June 11. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Robert Arneson**—Ceramic sculptures that consider and convey the effects of nuclear war. Also, a characteristic, mocking self-portrait by the sculptor. Through Friday, May 27. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

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**Alice Dalton Brown**—Precise and realistic renderings of old hotels at Chautauqua and typical residences around Lake Cayuga. Through Thursday, May 26. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Charles Burchfield** (1893-1967)—Watercolor landscapes of Ohio in the years 1915-20. Through June 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

**James Childs**—An allegorical painting, "The Three Ages of Man," among others. Through May 31. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Robert Courtright**—Painted-paper collages in checkerboard patterns. Also etchings. Through Saturday, May 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Elizabeth de Cuevas**—Human heads are the principal subject of bronze and stainless-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, May 21. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

**Chuck Forsman / Dan Marshall**—New landscapes: the Carrara quarries, a view of Toledo, and Colorado scenery. / A couple of very large figurative watercolors loaded with symbolism, plus smaller works. Through June 1. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Françoise Gilot**—Abstractions painted on large, bannerlike unstretched canvases, plus gouaches and monoprints. Through Saturday, May 21. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Charles Ginnever**—Four monumental sculptures in metal. Through July 2. (Marlborough, on the terrace, at 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Xavier Gonzalez**—Oils and watercolors of Cape Cod. Through June 4. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

**Michael Graves**—Drawings and models by this architect. Through June 11. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

**Carol Haerer**—Abstract paintings. Through June 4. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

**Charles Hinman**—Abstract forms, done in soft colors on cast paper, which project somewhat from their shaped-canvas backgrounds. Through Saturday, May 28. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

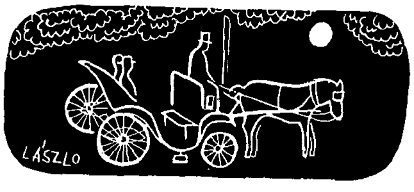
**David Hockney**—Photographic assemblages done in a Cubist manner that serves equally well for such diverse subjects as the Grand Canyon, the giant Buddha at Nara, Japan, and a Scrabble game. Through June 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**William King**—Seven huge, lanky aluminum figures—savoring a cocktail, curled up on the floor with a book, at utter ease with folded hands. Through Friday, May 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Mariann Loveland Miller / Richard Miller**—Fantasy paintings involving figures. / Collage paintings. Through July 15. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Joan Miró**—Sculptures, gouaches, and mixed mediums on paper in a ninetieth-birthday salute. Through June 18. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Henry Moore**—A number of gallery shows are being held to coincide with the sculptor's retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum. Etchings and lithographs at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Through Saturday, May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Prints at Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Working models, maquettes, reliefs, drawings, and prints from recent years at Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Through June 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Sculptures, watercolors, and prints at Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Through Sept. 20.



**Isamu Noguchi / Edward Weston** (1886-1958)—New sculptures in carved stone and in steel. Through June 17. / Fifteen contact prints. Through June 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Annette Oko**—Recent paintings. Through June 17. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Pedro Perez**—A constructed environment, plus paintings and drawings. Through June 11. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Gregorio Prestopino**—Roseate nymphs sunning themselves on the banks of New Hampshire brooks. Through Saturday, May 21. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Giuseppe Santomaso**—Basic architectural forms—a rectangle and a triangle—are elements of these abstract paintings done in homage to Palladio. Through Saturday, May 28. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**David Sharpe**—Paintings of angular, Neo-Expressionist nymphs seen in landscapes that by contrast are models of realist sylvan beauty. Through Wednesday, May 25. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

**Joyce Weinstein**—Abstract paintings in which the pigment in the background is scrubbed on with tissue paper, imparting a scumbled quality to the works. Through Saturday, May 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

**British Artists**—At the **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St.: New paintings by Stephen Buckley. Through Saturday, May 21. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 20 W. 57th St.: A sculpture by Alexander Hollweg which consists of twenty-four individual carved-wood panels evoking the Somerset countryside. Through Saturday, May 21. . . . **PRATS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Sculptures, collages, and paintings by Brian Nissen. Through June 4.

**Group Shows**—At **BASKERVILLE & WATSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Abstract drawings by eight painters and sculptors, including Louise Fishman, Eva Hesse, Gary Stephan, and Steve Wood. Through June 4. . . . **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Robert Mangold; sculptures by John Duff and Bruce Nauman. Through Saturday, May 28. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St., and **RACHEL ADLER**, 58 E. 79th St.: A two-gallery show highlighting Russian graphic art of the twenties and early thirties: Drawings, photographs, and books having to do with architecture, plus film posters, at the former; typography, book jackets, and stage designs at the latter. Through June 11. . . . **JANIS**, 110 W. 57th St.: Recent work by seven artists, among them Tom Wesselmann and Marisol, and paintings by the late Swedish Pop artist Öyvind Fahlström. Through June 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MILLER**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: "Surreal," a selection of paintings and sculptures from various periods by various artists—de Chirico, Guston, Louisa Chase, Lynda Benglis, and others. Through June 30.

**Sculpture**—At the **GOODMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: One work each by Richard Artschwager, Marcel Broodthaers, Sol LeWitt, and Claes Oldenburg. (Also, photographic portraits by Mr. Broodthaers.) Through Saturday, May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Mac Adams, John Newman, Kathleen Thomas, and others showing sculptures in a variety of mediums. Through Saturday, May 28. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Representative pieces by eight New York School artists—Herbert Ferber, Peter Grippe, and David Hare among them. Open Mondays. . . . ¶ One large-scale work by each of the eight artists can be seen at the gallery's 521 W. 57th St. address, which opens at 1. (Through Saturday, May 28.)

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**Calvin Albert**—Semi-abstract terra-cotta sculptures. Through Saturday, May 21. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

**Stephen Antonakos**—Large abstractions "drawn" in fiery neon tubing mounted on canvas or wood, and one installation in the same medium. Through Saturday, May 28. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

**Ilan Averbuch / Muriel Castanis**—An installation of massive pine timbers and large boulders. / A new set of her sculptured classical robes draped over figures that aren't

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

there. Through Saturday, May 21. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

**Alice Aycock**—"The Thousand and One Nights in the Mansion of Bliss," a very large and noisy installation of steel, galvanized metal, light-emitting diodes, and other operating machinery, one section of which celebrates the Donkey Kong video game. Through June 4. (Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts. Opens at noon.)

**Troy Brauntuch**—The element of mystery is strong in these enormous figurative drawings, which are calculatedly difficult to see until the eye adjusts to them, since they are done in white pencil on a black ground and framed in glass that brings the viewer's own reflection right into the picture. Through Saturday, May 28. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

**Sandro Chia**—Paintings of huge figures seen in attitudes associated with mythology, plus big bronze figures in a similar style. Through June 4. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

**Donna Dennis / Tina Girouard**—Two outsize architectural sculptures, one a spooky, dimly lit subway scene, the other entitled "Skowhegan Stair Tower." / Paintings composed of stencils of recognizable images, built up in layers. Through June 11. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

**James de Pasquale / Cynthia Eardley**—Paintings of animals in landscapes by a young artist who regards himself as a surrealist Audubon. / Small bronze figures. Through June 4. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

**Vernon Fisher**—New works incorporating texts—such as the artist's version of a passage from "Frankenstein" printed over a photograph of the Three Stooges in the role of mad scientists. Through June 9. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

**Joe Fyfe**—Lush paintings that embody fantasies—John Belushi's spirit marooned among the donkey-headed creatures of Pinocchio's Island of Bad Boys, for instance. Through Saturday, May 21. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

**April Gornik**—Landscapes in oil. Through June 11. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

**K. H. Hödicke**—Paintings that dwell on the more gruesome parts of the Medea legend, done by a leader of the Neo-Expressionist movement in Germany. Through June 10. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

**Tom Holland**—Large painted sculptural works made from cutout pieces of aluminum or fibre glass assembled in abstract shapes. Through Saturday, May 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

**Donald Judd**—Row on row of new, elegantly sculptured boxes, made of brass, aluminum, copper, steel, or wood (some with colored, reflecting Plexiglas in the bottom)—either standing on the floor or projecting from the wall. Through June 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**Mimi Korach Lesser / Martha Margulis**—Paintings of the animals and landscapes of Africa. / Semi-abstract landscapes. Through May 29. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

**Les Levine**—Works ranging from a five-channel video installation to giant-size crayon drawings, by the artist noted for using the billboard format. Through June 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

**John Okulick / Ben Schonzeit**—Wall constructions. / Paintings and works on paper. Through June 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**Ed Paschke**—Figurative oils of garish images that might have been taken from the screen of a faulty color-television set. Through Saturday, May 28. (Kind, in a new location at 136 Greene St.)

**Judy Penzer / Elizabeth Layton**—Watercolors of people at weddings and bar mitzvahs. / Self-portraits by a seventy-three-year-old artist from Wellsville, Kansas. Through June 15. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

**Joanna Pousette-Dart**—New work: Large canvases, mostly, and a five-panel screen eight feet tall, on which bold abstract forms are painted. Through Saturday, May 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**Joel Shapiro**—New sculptures in a wholly new direction for him—vertical zigzags of wood (or bronze) rooted to the floor at implausible angles. Also, drawings and more familiar Minimal pieces. Through June 4. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

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**Robin Tewes**—Informal, realist paintings of contemporary home life—mom and pop on the sofa, teen-agers at a party, a baby dressed up for company. Through Saturday, May 28. (Josef, 113 Prince St.)

**Una Wilkinson**—Paintings of still-lifes and landscapes. Through Wednesday, May 25. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Sundays.)

**Group Shows**—At **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats (who are not just British) include Palladio, Wren, and Inigo Jones. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **MILLIKEN**, 98 Prince St.: Robert Berlind, Mary Ann Currier, Steve Hawley, and other gallery artists showing representational works. Through June 1. . . . **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 121 Wooster St.: Figurative paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through Wednesday, May 25. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Sundays.) . . . **22 WOOSTER** (a gallery located, in a break with current practice, on that street and at that number): Charlotte Hastings, Charles Searles, and Mary Ann Unger exhibiting reliefs and sculptures demonstrating the curved plane in space. Through June 4. (Opens at noon.)

## OTHER GALLERIES

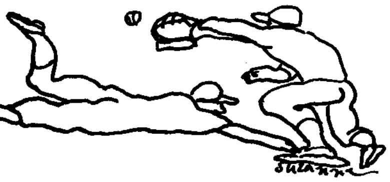
**Thomas Bang**—New sculptures. Through Saturday, May 28. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

**Mimi Gross**—Painted constructions and paintings on tin, featuring city scenes and people. Through June 11. (Public Illumination, 257 Lafayette St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 3:30 to 6:30; Saturdays, 2 to 6.)

**Michael Smith**—"Government Approved Home Fallout Shelter Snack Bar," an installation constructed, from regulation plans, to look like the Real McCoy. Through June 30. (Castelli Graphics West, 43 W. 61st St. Opens at 1.)

**The Horse Show**—A large group show for which the subject is horse imagery, as practiced over the past ten years by such artists as Deborah Butterfield, Robert Fichter, Sharron Quasius, Susan Rothenberg, Garry Winogrand, and others. Through June 18. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St.)

**Brooklyn Bridge Centennial**—Galleries: David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St., a show of Manhattan cityscapes by fifteen artists, including Arthur Cohen, Darragh Park, and Adele Alsop. Through June 3. . . . ¶ Outdoor exhibits: At Madison Park, Fifth Ave. at 23rd St., sculptures by J. Nebraska Gifford and others. . . . At City Hall Park, sculptures by Bill and Mary Buchen and others. . . . At the Austin J. Tobin Plaza of the World Trade Center, eight loudspeakers, the inspiration of artist Bill Fontana, will emit the live sounds—twenty-four hours a day—produced by traffic crossing the bridge. . . . ¶ Photographs: The Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St., is displaying prints documenting the construction of the bridge. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . The Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway, in addition to a large, mixed show (see listings, under "Museums") is exhibiting thirty black-and-white prints by Jim Kalett. Through June 12. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St., is showing more contemporary photographs, these by seven artists. Through Tuesday, May 24. (Open Mondays.)



## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Nicholas Nixon**—Photographs of people in their homes in the poor sections of Boston, Detroit, and Louisville. Through Saturday, May 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Lilo Raymond**—Still-lifes and interiors-with-windows, established subjects for this photographer. Through June 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Harvey Stein**—Photographs. Through June 3. (SoHo Photo, 15 White St., between West Broadway and Sixth Ave. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

**Stanley Wulc / Carol Mothner**—Meticulously arranged photographs that evoke the tableaux of the Old Masters. / Still-life paintings of flowers. Through Saturday, May 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**Group Shows**—At **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL**, 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: "Phototypes: The Development of Photography in New York City," documented with about a hundred examples by Steichen, Hine, Arbus, Van DerZee, Penn, and others. A loan show mounted by the Whitney Museum. Through June 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: "Roy Stryker: U.S.A., 1943-1950," an exhibit of about two hundred prints by photographers who were commissioned by Mr. Stryker, the administrator of a photography project for Standard Oil of New Jersey, to detail "the kinds of things a scholar a hundred years from now is going to wonder about." The better-known names are Elliott Erwitt, Russell Lee, Lisette Model, and Gordon Parks. Through July 3. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 18 W. 54th St.: Contemporary photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective contains two hundred works, including direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. (Complementary shows are at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.; William Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St.; Bernard Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.; Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.; and the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.) . . . ¶ The Vatican Collections. Through June 12. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable, including some of his native Dedham. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of extremely large photographic prints by contemporary artists Cindy Sherman, Richard Avedon, William Wegman, and others. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings, one of postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tàpies, the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both start Friday, May 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art**, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1983. Through Sunday, May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—A diverse show honoring the centenary of the Brooklyn Bridge: Engineering drawings by the Roeblings; a wood engraving from *Harper's Weekly* showing President Arthur at the opening of the bridge, on May 24, 1883, and numerous expressions of admiration for the bridge in works of art, among them a drawing by Saul Steinberg, two photographs by Walker Evans, and a construction by Red Grooms. Through June 19. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Asia Society,** 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A display of thirteenth- to nineteenth-century dyed cotton textiles from India whose designs are considered the forerunners of calico, gingham, dungaree, and bandanna. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of more than two hundred of the exquisite *objets de luxe* crafted by the Russian designer Carl Fabergé which come almost entirely from the personal collections of Queen Elizabeth II. Through July 10. . . . ¶ Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, and David Macaulay are four of the artists represented in a show of twentieth-century American prints of urban architecture. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Grolier Club,** 47 E. 60th St.—Washington Irving's bicentenary is being marked with a show that includes, among other manuscripts, a page from "Rip Van Winkle" (it is exhibited alongside a first edition of the book in which the short story appeared). Also, memorabilia and several portraits of the author. Through June 4. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

**Japan House,** 333 E. 47th St.—A display of shop signs of old Japan, the work of woodcarvers and other artisans. Through June 12. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through July 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A pair of loan shows from Great Britain: Fifty paintings by Winston Churchill. Through July 3. . . . ¶ Forty-one eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings, from the Royal Academy, by such artists as Constable, Turner, Gainsborough, and Benjamin West. Through June 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.—Nearly forty abstract paintings by Alma Thomas (1891-1978). Through June 5. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

### EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

**Alternative Museum,** 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by artists who live and work in the Southwest. Through June 4. ¶ The Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St., is showing works by a dozen more Southwesterners. Through June 7.

**Franklin Furnace,** 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Steve Durland (performance), Thursday, May 19, at 8:30. ¶ Books are the common denominator in a show of installations, sculptures, and works in mixed mediums by nineteen artists; there is also a twenty-eight-pound anthology (unbound) containing the works of forty-four others, among them Sol LeWitt and Laurie Anderson. Through June 25.

**Just Above Midtown/Downtown,** 178 Franklin St. 966-7020. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Hope Gillerman and Mary Ann Capehart (performance), Friday, May 20, at 8. ¶ Three solo exhibitions: An installation by Frank Parker; paintings by Toshihisa Yoda, a wall installation by Barbara Garber. Through Saturday, May 28.

**The Kitchen,** 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Michael Smith (performance), Friday through Sunday, May 20-22, at 8:30 and 10:15; Jim Self (dance), Thursday through Sunday, May 26-29, at 8:30. ¶ A two-channel video installation, by Lyn Blumenthal, commenting on television programming. Through June 4.

**P. S. I,** 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Keith Sonnier's video installations, drawings, and neon and bamboo sculptures occupy the main exhibition room. Through June 5.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Opera Ensemble of New York**—Ruth Bierhoff conducting Benjamin Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, May 18, and Friday, May 20, at 8, and Sunday, May 22, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

**Hunan Flower Drum Opera Troupe**—Four performances of "The Tale of a Woodcutter and the Golden Toad" by this company appearing here for the first time. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold Sts. Friday, May 20, at 8; Saturday, May 21, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 22, at 2. For tickets, call 744-8181.)

**Rossini Opera Festival**—The last in a series of operas, this one "Tancredi," with Marilyn Horne and Rose Taylor, mezzo-sopranos; Lella Cuberli and Patricia Schuman, sopranos; Chris Merritt, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; the Orpheon Chorale; and members of the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Ralf Weikert. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 22, at 7:30.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—Andrew Davis conducting a Harrison Birtwistle–Walton–Beethoven program, with Lorne Munroe, cello. The final performances of the regular season. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, May 19, at 8; Friday, May 20, at 2; and Saturday, May 21, at 8.)

**Montreal Symphony Orchestra**—Charles Dutoit conducting a Berlioz-Saint-Saëns-Stravinsky program, with Jessye Norman, soprano; James McCracken, tenor; and Louis Quilico, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 21, at 8.)

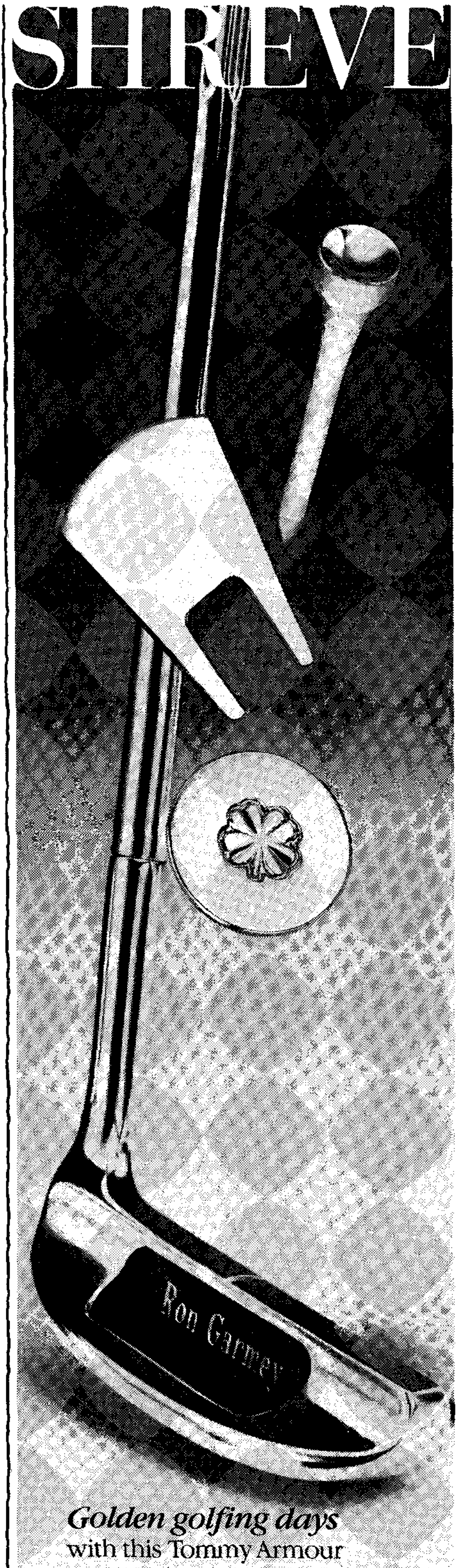
**West Texas State University Symphonic Band**—Gary T. Garner conducting, with Julius Baker and Bradley Garner, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 18, at 8.)

**Wesleyan University–Javanese Gamelan Ensemble**—Sukanto S. Darsono and Sumansam conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 18, at 8.)

**Y Chamber Symphony**—Gerard Schwartz conducting the final concerts of the season, with Veronica Jochum, piano, and Richard Fredrickson, double bass. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 21, at 8, and Sunday, May 22, at 3.)

**Solisti New York**—Ransom Wilson conducting, with Israela Margalit, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 24, at 8.)

**Ukrainian Bandurist Chorus**—Hryhory Kytasty



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 20, at 8.)

**Harmonic Choir**—David Hykes directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, May 20, at 9; Saturday, May 21, at midnight; and Sunday, May 22, at 9. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

**Zamir Chorale**—Matthew Lazar directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 22, at 3.)

**Music for a Great Space**—Richard Westenburg directing several choral groups, an orchestra, and soloists in a performance of Richard Strauss's "Deutsche Motette" and Berlioz' "Te Deum." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, May 22, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

**New Amsterdam Singers**—Clara Longstreth directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 22, at 8.)

**Pomerium Musices**—Alexander Blachly directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 24, at 8.)

**Bethany College Choir**—Elmer Copley directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 26, at 8.)

## RECITALS

**Hiroko Ohki**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 18, at 8.)

**Speculum Musicae**—With Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 18, at 8.)

**Alfred Brendel**—Three concerts in a series of seven presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 19; Monday, May 23; and Thursday, May 26, all at 8.)

**Elly Ameling**—Soprano, in a recital postponed from March 2. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 19, at 8.)

**Thouvenel String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 19, at 8.)

**Arnaud Dumond**—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, May 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

**Jupiter Symphony Chamber Players**—An all-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, May 20, at 8.)

**Sylvan Wind Quintet**—With Arthur Weisberg, guest conductor, and John Swallow, trombone. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, May 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

**Nash Ensemble of London**—An English chamber group. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 21, at 8.)

**Eric Stumacher**—Piano, in an all-Brahms program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 21, at 9.)

**Mark Bernat**—Double bass, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 22, at 3.)

**Leonard Raver**—Organ. (St. Michael's Church, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, May 22, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

**Spectrum New Music**—A program of music by Jared Beynon, Edmund Cionek, James Lauth, Michael Roth, Donald Sosin, and Preston Stahly, performed by the New York Quintet. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 23, at 8.)

**Tafelmusik**—The last in a series of concerts of baroque and contemporary chamber music, this one with Jean Kopperud, clarinet, and Evan Paris, violin. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. Monday, May 23, at 8. For tickets, call 496-6643.)

**Kristine Ciesinski and Rodney Hardesty**—Soprano and countertenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 24, at 2.)

**Brahms Concerts**—The last two in a series of concerts presenting Brahms' complete chamber music for strings and piano, performed by the Guarneri Quartet and the Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, May 24, and Thursday, May 26, at 8.)

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**Tribute to Otto Luening**—A program of his music, performed by Harvey Sollberger and thirty-five other flutists; Charles Wuorinen, piano; Judith Bettina, soprano; and others. (Hubbard Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, May 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Boris Lvov**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 25, at 8.)

**Music New to New York**—With Edmund Niemann, piano; David Krakauer, clarinet; and Ruth Dreier, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 25, at 8.)

**Robert Schwartz**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 26, at 8.)

**Thruston Johnson and John Forconi**—Violin and piano, in a program of Mexican music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 28, at 8:30.)

**Note**—The Pomerium Musices will give a concert in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, June 1, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, May 23, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Wednesday and Thursday, May 18-19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, May 20, at 8:05; Saturday, May 21, at 7:35; and Sunday, May 22, at 1:35. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Monday and Tuesday, May 23-24, at 7:35, and Wednesday, May 25, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, at 8.

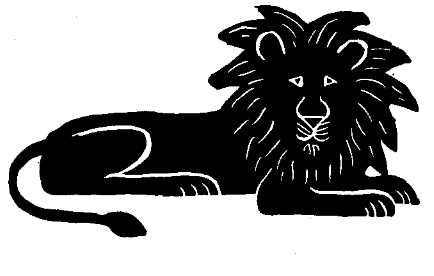
**Hockey**—Stanley Cup Finals: Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Saturday, May 21, at 8:05, if necessary.)

**Racing**—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, May 18, through Monday, July 25. The Roseben Handicap, Wednesday, May 18; the Shuvee Handicap, Saturday, May 21; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 28. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, from Friday, May 20, through Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 21.

**Running**—L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with close to six thousand women participating, will start at ten-thirty on Saturday, May 28, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green and finish at almost the same place.

**Soccer**—Cosmos vs. Golden Bay. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, May 25, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

**Trotting**—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, June 16. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Aug. 9.



## ET ALIA

**Poetry and Prose Readings**—At the **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY TRUSTEES ROOM:** Jamaica Kincaid reading from her own prose. (Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Thursday, May 19, at 6. Admission is free; for reservations, which are required, call 930-0855.) . . . **DONNELL LIBRARY AUDITORIUM:** Irving Feldman and Anthony Petrosky reading from their own poetry, Thursday, May 19, at 6. . . . ¶ Phyllis Newman, Len Cariou, and Estelle Parsons reading from Howard Moss's anthology "New York: Poems," Monday, May 23, at 12:30. (20 W. 53rd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . **92ND STREET Y:** Isaac Bashevis Singer reading from his own prose. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 23, at 8.) . . . **BOOKS & CO.:** Carlos Fuentes reading from his own prose. (939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, May 24, at 7:30.)

**Brooklyn Bridge Centennial**—Starting Tuesday, May 24, "The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the bridge, will be held every evening. The recorded voices will be those of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing, at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Opening night at nine; thereafter, Sundays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and ten. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.) . . . ¶ On Tuesday, May 24, at nine-thirty, a half-hour fireworks display will be set off from the tower and traverse of the bridge and from barges in the vicinity; at ten, the new permanent lighting for the bridge will be turned on. . . . ¶ On Saturday, May 28, fourteen poets, among them June Jordan, William Meredith, Grace Shulman, and Stanley Plumly, will read works associated with the bridge at the South Street Seaport Pier 16, from one to two, and, following a walk across the bridge, at the Fulton Ferry Landing, from three-thirty to four-thirty. (No tickets necessary. Rain date: Sunday, May 29.)

**Walking Tour**—"East Seventies," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 22, starting at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Lexington Ave. and 76th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

**Auctions**—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, May 19, at 10:15: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 19, at 2: Modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, May 20, at 7, and Saturday, May 21, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Admission to the Friday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-3042. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 21, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 25, at 2: Books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Friday, May 20. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 26, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 19. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 18, at 10 and 2: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, May 20, at 10: Books and manuscripts, including the John A. Saks collection of all the Kelmscott Press Books printed on vellum. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 26, at 10 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 21. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, May 24, at 11: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, including silver. Exhibition starts Friday, May 20. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 25, at 2: European paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, May 20.

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*Minnesota Orchestra*

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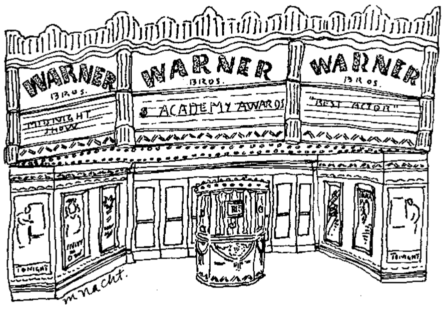
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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**FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.**

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 22: "Maeve" (1981; directed by Pat Murphy and John Davies); and three Bill Douglas films: "My Childhood" (1972), "My Ain Folk" (1973), and "My Way Home" (1977).
From May 24: "Peeping Tom" (†); and "Black Narcissus" (1947; Michael Powell), with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, and Flora Robson.

**R.K.O. Century Art,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through May 19: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film; and "Dawn of the Dead" (†).
From May 20: "My Tutor."

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 19: "The King of Comedy" (†); and "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.
May 20-26: "Sophie's Choice" (†); and "It Came from Hollywood."
From May 27: To be announced

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 19: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards.
From May 20: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 19: "Still Smokin'," with Cheech & Chong.
From May 20: To be announced.

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Local Hero" (†).

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals. From May 20: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D.
Theatre 2: "Blue Thunder" (John Badham), with Roy Scheider and Warren Oates.
Theatre 3: Through May 24: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman. From May 25: "Return of the Jedi" (Richard Marquand), with Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, and Carrie Fisher.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 26: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.
From May 27: "Tough Enough" (Richard O. Fleischer), with Dennis Quaid and Carlene Watkins.

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through May 19: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith.
From May 20: "Napoléon" (†).

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through May 19: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.
From May 20: "Bill Cosby Himself," a concert film.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"La Boum" (Claude Pinoteau; in French), with Claude Brasseur and Brigitte Fossey.

**Manhattan 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: May 18: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero. From May 19: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev.
Theatre 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through May 26: "To Begin Again" (José Luis Garci; in Spanish). From May 27: "La Truite" (Joseph Losey; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
Theatre 2: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The White Rose" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze and Wulf Kessler.

**Cinema I and II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: May 18: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev. May 19: Theatre closed. From May 20: "Oklahoma!" (1955; Fred Zinnemann), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones.
Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

**Gemini 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Nudo di Donna" (Nino Manfredi; in Italian), with Manfredi.
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman. From May 20: "My Tutor."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Local Hero" (†).

**Loews New York Twin 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "The Ruling Class" (†). From May 20: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through May 19: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.
From May 20: To be announced.

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 19: "The King of Comedy" (†).
From May 20: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

**U. A. 85th St. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 19: "Poltergeist" (†).
May 20-26: "Death Wish II" (1982; Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland; and "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.
From May 27: To be announced.

**Loews Orpheum 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Blue Thunder" (John Badham), with Roy Scheider and Warren Oates.
Theatre 2: Through May 24: "Still Smokin'," with Cheech & Chong. From May 25: "Return of the Jedi" (Richard Marquand), with Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, and Carrie Fisher

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

**R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie. From May 20: "My Tutor."
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film; and "Dawn of the Dead" (†). From May 20: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D.

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum 1 and 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: A program of films by Nadine Gordimer.
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "Late Autumn" (1960; directed by Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Women of the Night" (1948; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese). May 20-21: "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "A Geisha" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese). May 22-24: "The End of Summer" (†); and "Sisters of the Gion" (1936; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese). May 25-26: "New Tales of the Taira Clan" (1955; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "There Was a Father" (1942; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). May 27-28: "Passing Fancy" (1933; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Osaka Elegy" (1936; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

**Waverly 1 and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 2: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero.

**Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From May 20: "Lianna" (John Sayles).
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "The Verdict" (†). From May 20: "The Ruling Class" (†).

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: "Tender Mercies" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 19: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman. From May 20: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 19: "In Love" (Chuck Vincent), with Kelly Nichols. From May 20: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Tender Mercies" (†).

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through May 19: "Dirty Dishes" (1978; Joyce Buñuel; in French), with Carole Laure.
May 20-26: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (†).
From May 27: To be announced.

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through May 19: "Alsino and the Condor" (Miguel Littin; a Nicaraguan film, in Spanish), with Dean Stockwell and Alan Esquivel.
From May 20: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tootsie" (†).

**Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

**Cinema Studio 1 and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1. "Diva" (†).
Theatre 2 Through May 26: "Querelle"

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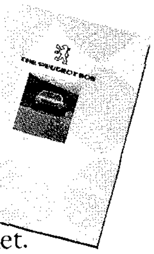

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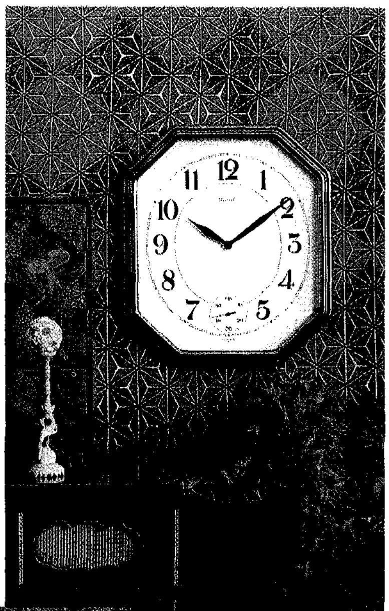

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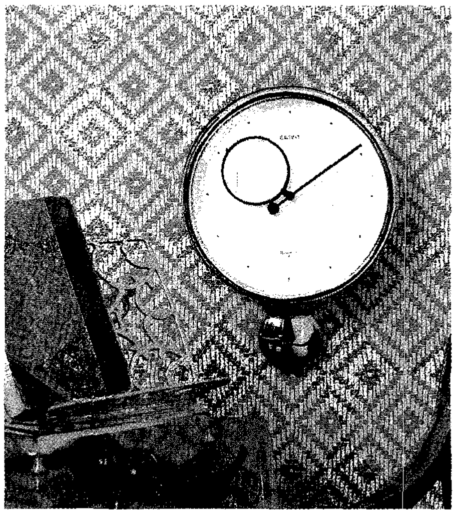

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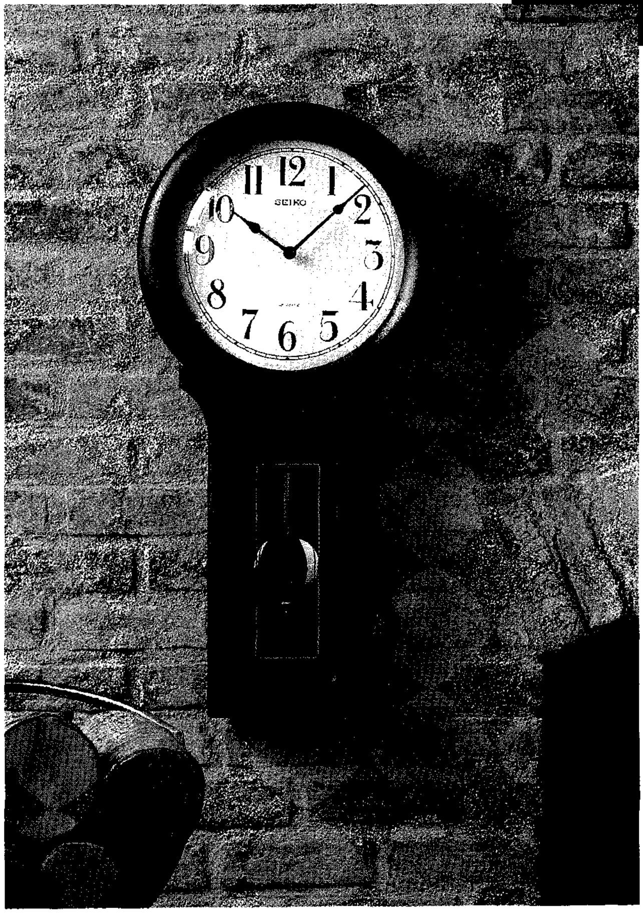

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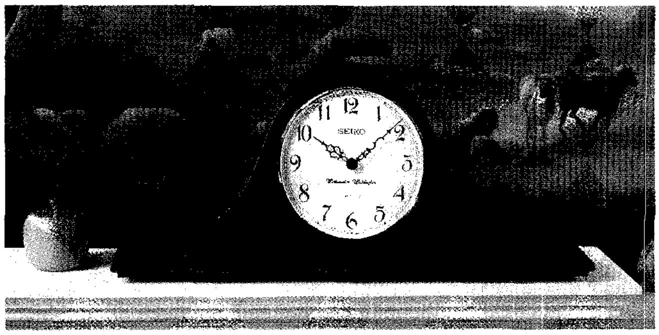

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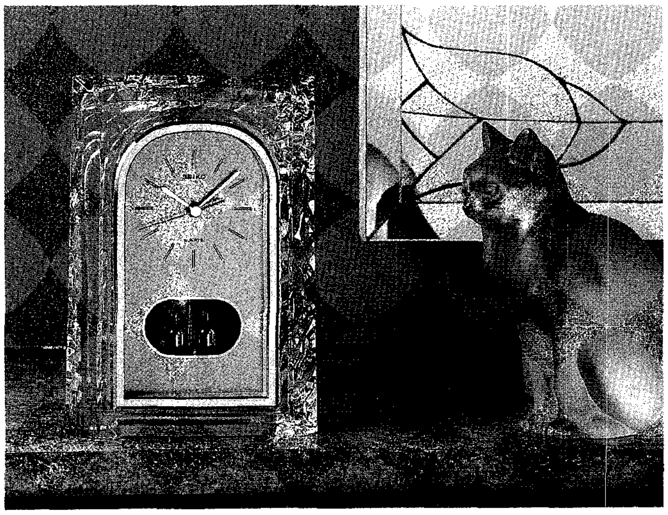

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero. From May 27: "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

**Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Reaching Out" (Patricia Russell).
Theatre 2: "Lianna" (John Sayles).

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "Tender Mercies" (†). From May 20: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman. From May 20: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through May 19: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards. From May 20: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev.
Theatre 4: Through May 19: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie. From May 20: To be announced.

**New Yorker 1 and 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 2: "Local Hero" (†).

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through May 26: "Tootsie" (†). From May 27: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†) and "Still of the Night" (†). From May 27: "Still Smokin'," with Cheech & Chong.
Theatre 3: Through May 19: "The King of Comedy" (†). From May 20: "My Tutor."
Theatre 4: Through May 19: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard. From May 20: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland; and "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through May 26: "Porky's" (1982; directed by Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier. From May 27: "Tough Enough" (Richard O. Fleischer), with Dennis Quaid and Carlene Watkins.
Theatre 2: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richare Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.
Theatre 3: "Valley Girl" (Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 4: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 5: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 6: Through May 19: "Bad Boys" (†). From May 20: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through May 22: "48 Hrs." (†).
From May 23: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through May 22: "Lone Wolf McQuade" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris. From May 23: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.
Theatre 3: Through May 22: "1990: Bronx Warriors" (Enzo G. Castellari), with Fred Williamson and Vic Morrow. From May 23: "48 Hrs." (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through May 22: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.
May 23-24: Theatre closed.
From May 25: "Return of the Jedi" (Richard Marquand), with Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, and Carrie Fisher.

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Blue Thunder" (John Badham), with Roy Scheider and Warren Oates.
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "Still Smokin'," with Cheech & Chong. From May 20: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D.

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

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**New Embassy 49th Street,** Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

**Rivoli 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "Mausoleum" (Michael Dugan), with Marjoe Gortner. From May 20: "Gates of Hell."
Theatre 2: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

**R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie. From May 20: "The Mack."
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film; and "Dawn of the Dead" (†). From May 20: "My Tutor."

**R.K.O. Century National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Evil Dead" (Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell.
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "Poltergeist" (†). From May 20: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Agee Room,** 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through May 19: "Numero Deux" (1975; Jean-Luc Godard; in French).
May 20-21: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
May 22-23: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Bride Wore Black" (1968; François Truffaut), with Jeanne Moreau.
May 24: "Man of Iron" (1981; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
May 25: "Rancho Deluxe" (†); and "Stay Hungry" (1976; Bob Rafelson), with Jeff Bridges and Sally Field.
May 26: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Cutter's Way" ("Cutter and Bone;" 1981; Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges, John Heard, and Lisa Eichhorn.
May 27-28: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "The Wild Child" (1970; in French), directed by, and with, François Truffaut.

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**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 19: "Cruising" (1980; William Friedkin), with Al Pacino and Paul Sorvino; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.
May 20-21: "The Blues Brothers" (1980; John Landis), with John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Aretha Franklin, and Carrie Fisher; and "Animal House" (1978; John Landis), with John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, and Verna Bloom.
May 22-24: "Blazing Saddles" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn; and "Young Frankenstein" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, and Madeline Kahn.
May 25-26: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin). Both X-rated.
May 27-28: "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
May 18: "Tempest" (1982; Paul Mazursky), with John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands, Vittorio Gassman, Susan Sarandon, and Raul Julia; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.
May 19-21: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, and Joseph Bologna.
May 22-23: "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski; and "Peeping Tom" (†).
May 24-25: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.
May 26-28: "Bananas" (1971), "Sleeper" (1973), and "Manhattan" (1979), all films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 19: "Ticket to Heaven" (1981; Ralph L. Thomas), with Nick Mancuso and Saul Rubinek; and "Guyana, Cult of the Damned" (1980; Rene Cardona, Jr.), with Stuart Whitman, Gene Barry, and John Ireland.
May 20-21: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who.
May 22: "Conan the Barbarian" (1982; John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones; and "Hercules" (1959; Gene Fowler), with Steve Reeves.
May 23-24: "The Rose" (1979; Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest; and "Divine Madness" (†).
May 25-26: "Finian's Rainbow" (†); and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954; Stanley Donen), with Jane Powell, Howard Keel, and Jeff Richards.
May 27-28: "Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George; and "The Yakuza" (†).

**Metro Cinema,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
May 18: "The Left-Handed Woman" (1980; Peter Handke; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "The Girl from Lorraine" (1980; Claude Goretta; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Bruno Ganz.
May 19: "Yol" (1982; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish); and "The Father" (1973; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).
May 20: "Teorema" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano; and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.
May 21: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitch-

cock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

May 22: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès; and "L'Atalante" (†).

May 23: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.

May 24: "The Great McGinty" (1940; Preston Sturges), with Brian Donlevy; and "Hail the Conquering Hero" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Eddie Bracken and Ella Raines.

May 25: "Tout Va Bien" (1972; Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Yves Montand and Jane Fonda; and "Weekend" (†).

May 26: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Flying *Down to Rio" (1933; Thornton Freeland),* with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien.

May 27: "Ashes and Diamonds" (†); and "Monika" (1952; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson.

May 28: "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando; and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" ("Wild Horses of Fire;" 1964; Sergei Paradjanov; in Ukrainian).

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through May 19: "Hamlet" (1948; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Jean Simmons, Basil Sydney, Eileen Herlie, and Stanley Holloway.

May 20-21: "All the King's Men" (1949; Robert Rossen), with Broderick Crawford, Joanne Dru, Mercedes McCambridge, John Ireland, John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick; and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

May 22-23: "An American in Paris" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant; and "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn.

May 24-25: "The Greatest Show on Earth" (†).

May 26-28: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 18: "Thieves' Highway" (1949; Jules Dassin), with Richard Conte and Lee J. Cobb; "Night and the City" (1950; Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney; and "City That Never Sleeps" (1953; John H. Auer), with Gig Young and Mala Powers.

May 19: "You Are Not Alone" (1979; Lasse Nielsen; in Danish); and "The Third Sex" (1959; Veit Harlan; in German), with Paula Wessely and Paul Dahlke.

May 20-21: "Mephisto" (1982; István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer; and "The Age of Daydreaming" (1964; István Szabó; in Hungarian).

May 22: "All Screwed Up" (†); and "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.

May 23: "Report from the Aleutians" (1943; John Huston); "Know Your Enemy—Japan" (1945; Frank Capra); and "Here Is Germany" (1945; Frank Capra).

May 24: "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" (†); and "The Gay Divorcée" (1934; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Alice Brady, and Edward Everett Horton.

May 25: "Ruthless" (1948; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Zachary Scott, Louis Hayward, Diana Lynn, and Sydney Greenstreet; "They Won't Believe Me" (1947; Irving Pichel), with Susan Hayward and Robert Young; and "Crack-Up" (1946; Irving Reis), with Pat O'Brien, Claire Trevor, and Herbert Marshall.

May 26: "The Plumber" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film); and "Skin Deep" (1982; Geoff Steven; a New Zealand film).

May 27-28: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 18: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

May 19: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, and Lena Horne; and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

May 20: "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, and Brian Keith; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.

May 21-22: "Private Lives" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny; and "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.

May 23: "Champagne Waltz" (†); and "New Moon" (1930; John Conway), with Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett.

May 24: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Sons and Lovers" (1960; Jack Cardiff), with Dean Stockwell, Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, Mary Ure, and Heather Sears.

May 25: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

May 26: "Breaking Away" (1979; Peter Yates), with Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley; and "The Paper Chase" (1973; James Bridges), with Timothy Bottoms, Lindsay Wagner, and John Houseman.

May 27-28: "Double Indemnity" (†) and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (†).

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—May 19 at 12:30: The second of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 19 at 2:30: "Fire Over England" (1937; directed by William K. Howard), with Flora Robson, Raymond Massey, Leslie Banks, Laurence Olivier, and Vivien Leigh. . . . ¶ May 19 at 6: "No Funny Business" (1951, abbreviated version of 1933 release; John Stafford and Victor Hanbury), with Gertrude Lawrence, Laurence Olivier, and Jill Esmond; and "Radio Parade of 1935" (1935; Arthur Woods), with Will Hay, Helen Chandler, and Clifford Mollison. . . . ¶ May 20 at 12:30: The first of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 20 at 2:30: "Mauvaise Graine" (1934; Billy Wilder; in French, with no subtitles), with Danielle Darrieux. . . . ¶ May 20 at 6: "Le Crime de Monsieur Lange" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French, with no English subtitles), with René Lefèvre, Florelle, Jules Berry, and Nadia Sibirskaia. . . . ¶ May 21 at 12:30: The third of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 21 at 2:30: "La Maternelle" (1933; Jean Benoît-Lévy and Marie Epstein; in French, with English subtitles), with Madeleine Renaud and Paulette Elambert. . . . ¶ May 21 at 5: "Rapt" (1934; Dimitri Kirsanoff; in French, with no English subtitles), with Dita Parlo and Nadia Sibirskaia. . . . ¶ May 22 at 12:30: The fourth of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 22 at 2:30: "Le Roman d'un Tricheur" (1939; Sacha Guitry; in French, with English subtitles), with Guitry, Jacqueline Delubac, and Marguerite Moreno. . . . ¶ May 22 at 5: "Lac aux Dames" (1934; Marc Allégret; in French; with no English subtitles), with Simone Simon, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Odette Joyeux, and Vladimir Sokoloff. . . . ¶ May 23 at noon: "The First Classics of the French Sound Film" (Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 23 at 2:30: "Rapt." . . . ¶ May 23 at 6: "Hours for Jerome" (1982; Nathaniel Dorsky; a silent film). Mr. Dorsky will be present. . . . ¶ May 24 at noon: "The First Classics of the French Sound Film." . . . ¶ May 24 at 2:30: "La Maternelle." . . . ¶ May 24 at 6: "Angels of War" (1982; Andrew Pike, Hank Nelson, and Gavan Daws). . . . ¶ May 26 at noon: "The First Classics of the French Sound Film." . . . ¶ May 26 at 2:30: "Lac aux Dames." . . . ¶ May 26 at 6: "Le Martyre de l'Obèse" (1932; Pierre Chenal; in French, with no English subtitles), with André Berley. . . . ¶ May 27 at noon: "The First Classics of the French Sound Film." . . . ¶ May 27 at 2:30: "Le Martyre de l'Obèse." . . . ¶ May 27 at 6: "Marie, Légende Hongroise" (1932; Paul Féjos; the Hungarian version, with no English subtitles), with Annabella. . . . ¶ May 28 at noon: "Rubber Tarzan" (1981; Søren Kragh-Jacobsen; in Danish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 28 at 2:30: "L'Atalante" (1934; Jean Vigo; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Simon, Dita Parlo, and Jean Dasté. . . . ¶ May 28 at 5: "Princesse Tam-Tam" (1935; Edmond T. Gréville; in French, with no English subtitlès), with Josephine Baker and Albert Préjean. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**Whitney Museum,** Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films (through May 22) and video works (through May 29) made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**All Screwed Up** (1974)—Lina Wertmüller finished this film early in 1974, just before starting "Swept Away." It's a noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of Sicilians who go to Milan. Several aspects of the film, such as its poignant hero, Carletto (Nino Bignamini), and the scenes showing the monotonous dehumanization of labor, are reminiscent of René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" (which also influenced Chaplin's "Modern Times"). But Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown as tightfisted petit-bourgeois schemers who manipulate and exploit their likable proletarian men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. Lina Polito, who was the dark Tripolina in "Love and Anarchy," is here thin and blond as the lovely Mariuccia, who has quintuplets; Isa Danieli is the dark, soft-faced Elizabeth Taylor type who turns prostitute. Cinematography by Giuseppe Rotunno. In Italian. (Thalia; May 22.)

**Ashes and Diamonds** (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing a patriot of the Warsaw uprising. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: farsighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Metro Cinema; May 27.)

**L'Atalante** (1934)—Jean Vigo, who died in his twenties, made only this one feature-length film—a sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who marries and takes his bride with him; after a quarrel she runs off and they lose each other. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand who finds her and brings her back. It's a wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman, and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. It's also a strange film—much slower and more consciously dreamlike than Vigo's short works. In some ways it's more pleasurable in the memory than while you're seeing it. Its surreal lyricism was described by Elie Faure: "The spirit of Jean Vigo's work is classical, almost violent and always tormented, fevered, overflowing with ideas and with fantasy; truculent; a virulent and even demonical romanticism that still remains humanistic." With Louis Lefèvre. (Not released in the U.S. until 1947.) In French. (Metro Cinema; May 22.)

**Bad Boys**—Sean Penn gets so far inside a role that he can make even a sociological confection such as the sixteen-year-old hero, Mick—a proud, tough juvenile delinquent who commits crude, reckless crimes—someone an audience can care about. Penn is given so little to work with here that it's practically a pantomime performance: he holds us by the depth of Mick's grief over the way things have worked out in his life. He's worth watching, even though the picture is singularly unimaginative. Even when episodes are powerful, they're banal. Directed by Rick Rosenthal, from a script by Richard DiLello. With Eric Gurry, Esai Morales, Ally Sheedy, Reni Santoni, and Jim Moody. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/4/83.) (Criterion Theatres; through May 19.)

**Champagne Waltz** (1937)—Trying to create a vehicle for Gladys Swarthout that wouldn't be too highbrow, the puzzled screenwriters hit on the desperate expedient of combining Johann Strauss's music with a series of jokes about the behavior of those addicted to chewing gum (Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, Herman Bing). Edward Sutherland directed this blighted musical; there are additional songs by Burton Lane, Ralph Freed, Leo Robin, and others. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 23.)

**Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean**—It's doubtful if a major film director has ever before voluntarily taken on as thoroughgoing a piece of drivel as this one—a play by Ed Graczyk set in a Texas small-town 5 & Dime and centering on the reunion of a James Dean fan club on the twentieth anniversary of his death. The movie version shouldn't work, but it does. When Robert Altman gives a project everything he's got, his skills are such that he can make poetry out of fake poetry and magic out of fake magic. Moving in apparent freedom, the principal actresses—Sandy Dennis, Cher, Karen Black, and, in a smaller part, Marta Heflin—go at their roles so creatively that they find some kind of acting truth in what they're doing. They bring conviction to their looneytunes characters. Also with Sudie Bond, Kathy Bates, and, in the only male role, Mark Patton. The airy and lyrical cinematography is by Pierre Mignot. (11/15/82) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 20-26.)

**Dawn of the Dead** (1979)—The recently deceased rise from their graves; they're insatiably hungry, and they cannibalize the living, chomping on anyone they can grab. The chomped, in turn, become ghouls. This idea has already served the director, George A. Romero, as the subject of his 1968 "Night of the Living Dead," a cheaply made, gray and grainy, truly frightening movie, but this time he did it in shining, comic-book color, and on an epic scale. The four central characters hole up in a suburban shopping mall and are besieged there, and for most of the film's two hours and six minutes the audience watches as, one by one, heads splatter and drip in bright, gory reds. You're supposed to need a strong stomach to sit through this one, but it's so stupefyingly obvious and repetitive that you begin to laugh with relief that you're not being emotionally affected; it's just a gross-out. With Scott Reiniger, Ken Foree, Gaylen Ross, and David Emge. Made in the Pittsburgh area. (R.K.O. Century Art, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin; through May 19.)

**Diva** (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic

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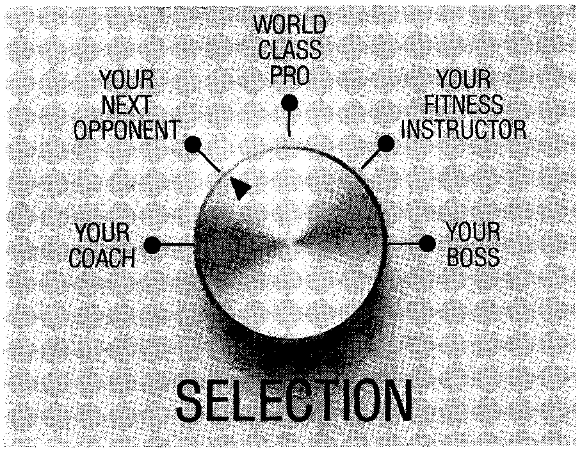

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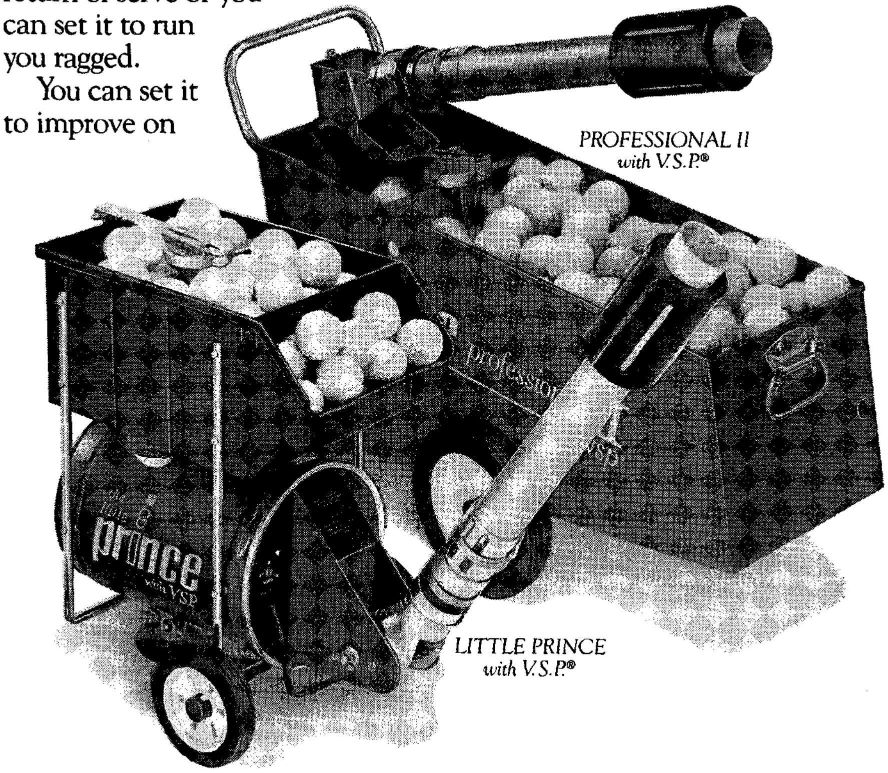


# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

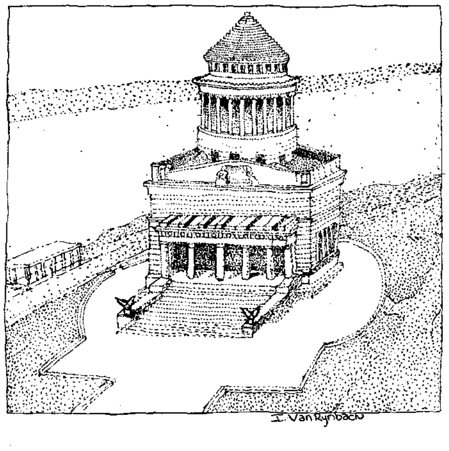
thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Cinema Studio.)

**Divine Madness** (1980)—Essentially a one-woman show: Bette Midler is alone on the stage with her backup trio, the Harlettes, but like Craig Russell, she seems to have a whole troupe of people inside. In this film, shot on three successive nights at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium, she tells jokes (she may be better at bawdiness than any other woman entertainer alive) and she sings. She really gives a song a workout—she may swing it, wait it, shout it, rock it, and throw in some scat, gospel, funk, and punk. She's an emotional whirligig, and the film is hugely entertaining, though the best numbers come at the beginning; the last quarter—when Midler comes on as a boozing bag lady who is trying to capture the bird of happiness—has a sodden inspirational quality. Directed by Michael Ritchie; cinematography by William A. Franker. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 23-24.)

**Double Indemnity** (1944)—Every turn and twist is exactly calculated and achieves its effect with the simplest of means; this shrewd, smoothly tawdry thriller is one of the high points of forties films. The director, Billy Wilder, collaborated with Raymond Chandler in adapting James M. Cain's story, and it's a tribute to them that one is likely to remember the names of the principal characters. Barbara Stanwyck's Phyllis Dietrichson—a platinum blonde who wears tight white sweaters, an anklet, and sleazy-kinky shoes—is perhaps the best acted and the most fixating of all the slutty, cold-blooded femmes fatales of the *film-noir* genre. With her bold stare, her sneering, over-lipsticked thick-looking mouth, and her strategically displayed legs, she's a living entrapment device. Fred MacMurray's Walter Neff, an insurance salesman, is the patsy she ensnares in a plot to kill her businessman husband and collect on the double-indemnity clause in his policy; MacMurray's slightly opaque, regular-guy, macho Americanness is perfectly used here (he has never had better audience empathy). And as Keyes, the claims investigator for the insurance company, Edward G. Robinson handles his sympathetic role with an easy mastery that gives the film some realistic underpinnings. It needs them, because despite the fine use of realistic sets—a cheerless middle-class home, a supermarket, offices—Chandler's dialogue is in his heightened laconic mode, and the narration (Walter Neff tells the story) is often so gaudy and terse that it seems an emblem of forties hard-boiled attitudes. This defect may be integral to the film's taut structure. Another, lesser defect isn't: except for the three stars, the cast is just barely adequate. With Jean Heather, Porter Hall, Tom Powers, Bryon Barr, Richard Gaines, and Fortunio Bonanova. Art direction by Hans Dreier and Hal Pereira; cinematography by John Seitz; score by Miklós Rózsa. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 27-28.)

**The End of Summer** (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (Film Forum; May 22-24.)

**E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial**—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Movieland.)



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**Finian's Rainbow** (1968)—Some of the whimsy in this message operetta is hard to take, but, considering the moldering ponderousness of the whole project, the young Francis Ford Coppola did his best to keep things moving in a carefree, relaxing way. (The filtered, gauzy, lyrical effects are so soft, though, that the occasional hard-focus closeup of the principals is really brutal.) Coppola is helped by Petula Clark, Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn; however, Fred Astaire is miscast, and, as the Puckish leprechaun, Tommy Steele doesn't know how to scale down his thumping stage personality, and probably no matter who played it the Susan the Silent routine would be beyond sufferance. With Avon Long, Roy Glenn, and Jester Hairston as the Passion Pilgrim Gospeleers. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 25-26.)

**48 Hrs.**—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Embassy 1; through May 22. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting May 23.)

**Gandhi**—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

**The Greatest Show on Earth** (1952)—A huge, mawkish, trite circus movie directed by Cecil B. De Mille in a neo-biblical style. It suggests that the rivalry and love affairs of a couple of trapeze artists (Betty Hutton and Cornel Wilde), an assistant to an elephant trainer (Gloria Grahame), the circus manager (Charlton Heston), and a clown (James Stewart) are awesome. Life under this particular big top is awesomely clean and awesomely melodramatic; Stewart isn't just a clown—he's a doctor who's disguised himself as a clown. Also with Dorothy Lamour, Lyle Bettger, Henry Wilcoxon, Lawrence Tierney, Emmett Kelly, and John Ringling North. This cornball enterprise won the Academy Award for Best Picture. (Regency; May 24-25.)

**The King of Comedy**—Robert De Niro plays Rupert Pupkin, a grossly insensitive, cold-hearted deadhead who is determined to become a TV star like his idol, the comic Jerry Langford, played by Jerry Lewis. The director, Martin Scorsese, must have decided to give us the cold creeps; the shots are held so long that we look for more in them than is there. Scorsese designs his own form of alienation in this mistimed, empty movie, which seems to teeter between jokiness and hate. With Sandra Bernhard as the hysterical Masha, who helps Pupkin kidnap Langford. (Pupkin's ransom demand is a ten-minute guest appearance on Langford's late-night talk show.) Also with Diahnne Abbott and Shelley Hack. From a script by Paul Zimmerman. (3/7/83) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad; through May 19.)

**Local Hero**—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and New Yorker.)

**Napoléon** (1927)—Presented in a reconstructed version in 1981. Abel Gance originally made it as a six-hour silent film, in color (the prints were tinted and toned by a dye process), and with sections designed to be run on a triple-width screen, by a process called Polyvision. His conception was far more complex than what directors later did with Cinerama, since Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects—history became an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds. The film is both avant-garde and old-fashioned. In Gance's view, Napoleon (Albert Dieudonné) is a Man of Destiny. Before that, when he's still a boy (Vladimir Roudenko), he's a Boy of Destiny. As a thinker, Gance is essentially a fantasist, a mythmaker enslaved by his own schoolboy gush. And when Napoleon is treated as the embodiment of the French Revolution you know you're in the grip of a crazy. Gance isn't rounded (as, say, Renoir was). His films are superb in glimpses or in sequences, but they're not unified by simple emotion, as Griffith's epics were. They're held together by obsession, by fervor. (When Gance tries for simple, ordinary feelings, he's usually at his worst.) But he's a great moviemaker. In the opening section, a fortresslike military school is in the distance, while in the foreground the courageous twelve-year-old Napoleon commands his outnumbered troops in a snowball fight. The camera seems to encompass miles of landscape, yet there's so much activity within the shots, and the movement of the boys is so quick and darting and funny, that the effect is of your eyes clearing—of everything becoming bright. Gance cuts from the long shots to closeups, and adds superimpositions, and then the cutting becomes fast and rhythmic, with Napoleon's face flashing by in one frame of every four, and you realize that the principal purpose of this jazzy blinking is to give you a feeling for speed and movement—and for the possibilities of the medium. Gance doesn't dawdle; he starts off with pinwheels, sparks, madness. The film was chopped down into so many different versions (some of them reëdited by Gance himself) that it took the English filmmaker and film historian Kevin Brownlow years to assemble this new, relatively complete version. Francis Ford Coppola served as impresario for its release in the United States, and a score was prepared by Carmine Coppola. With Gina Manès as Josephine, Pierre Batcheff as her lover General Hoche, Nicolas Koline as Fleuri, Annabella as his daughter Violine, Antonin Artaud as Marat, and Gance himself as Saint-Just. (Sutton; starting May 20.)

**The Night of the Shooting Stars**—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

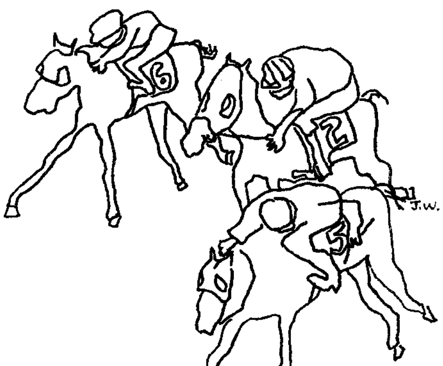
**La Nuit de Varennes**—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look towerингly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting May 20.)

**An Officer and a Gentleman**—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

**Peeping Tom** (1960)—Michael Powell, of the Powell and Pressburger team that made "Black Narcissus" and "The Red Shoes," did this thriller about a psychotic who kills women and photographs their last agonies. It was a controversial film at the time—and some considered it repellent. It has also been an influential film, and its reputation has grown with the years. With Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 22-23. . . . ¶ Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting May 24.)

**Poltergeist**—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Exorcist" without morbidity, or, more exactly, it's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. But he isn't really thinking in this film—he's just throwing ideas and effects at us, and there's no rationale for the forms that the poltergeists (there seem to be multitudes of them) take on or for what they do. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family itself in its tract home, full of toys, in a fast-expanding new subdivision. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. When the ghostly manifestations start in the kitchen, what happens seems so benign that the mother reacts as if her household objects were staging a vaudeville show for her—she's turned on by it. The four-foot-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind and brings the film to a momentary halt, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Steven Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (U.A. 85th St. East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin; through May 19.)

**Raiders of the Lost Ark** (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The year is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting May 27.)



**Rancho Deluxe** (1975)—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. These two pranksters rustle cattle because the facetious machismo of it appeals to them; they do it "to keep from falling asleep." Their sly asides are too kicky, too pleased; the self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. McGuane sets up some funny situations, but the film's deadpan distancing makes everything seem anticlimactic. Things brighten up whenever Harry Dean Stanton or Richard Bright or Slim Pickens is on the screen. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 25.)

**The Ruling Class** (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Loews New York Twin; through May 19. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; starting May 20.)

**Say Amen, Somebody**—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the Depression years. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. At seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith has astonishingly firm and strong contralto tones. And the three middle-aged Barrett Sisters sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem for the young filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg. They bring the film to an emotional pitch, and we in the audience want to go on soaring; we feel let down when we get more reminiscences and only snatches of song. With the twin O'Neal brothers, and a sensationally attractive St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds). (4/4/83) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Sophie's Choice**—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house where they live and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Manhattan. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; through May 19. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; May 20-26.)

**Sorry, Wrong Number** (1948)—Lucille Fletcher wrote this overextended treatment of her radio play about a bedridden hypochondriac

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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who calls her husband at his office, overhears a couple of men arranging a murder, and slowly comes to realize that she is to be the victim. Barbara Stanwyck is the terrified and, finally, whimpering woman; Burt Lancaster is her morose husband. The director, Anatole Litvak, seems to be defeated by the extravagantly jumbled, shallow script. With Ann Richards. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 27-28.)

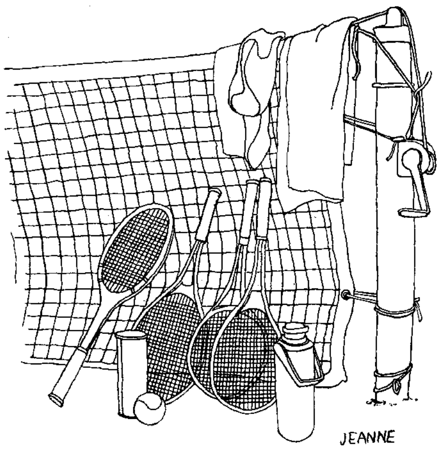
**Still of the Night**—The writer-director Robert Benton is unquestionably intelligent, but this murder mystery set in Manhattan shows almost no evidence of the nasty streak that's part of the pleasure of a good thriller, or of the manipulative skills that might give us a few tremors. Meryl Streep plays the icy hot woman suspected of murder, and her performance is all about her hair. It's platinum-white, it hangs bone-straight like a curtain, and part of her face is hidden behind it; from time to time she peers up and shakes it back a little. This femme fatale is meant to be guileful and slinky—a woman with neurotic wiles. But Streep's high-strung emotionality isn't fun in the way that Faye Dunaway's has often been. She seems pale and gaunt, and more zombified than anything else. And as the psychologist who is attracted to her yet is afraid that she's a killer, Roy Scheider is competent but colorless; he brings nothing to his role but his physical frame—some sinews, a profile. In the early part we do get some prickly sensations from Josef Sommer as Scheider's patient and Streep's lover, who works in an art-and-antiques auction house that resembles Sotheby Parke Bernet. Sommer here is like a snide and slightly dirty Trevor Howard; he and Sara Botsford—she's one of the women who work at the auction place—are lively (in a creepy-crawly way). But Benton seems to have misplaced his sense of fun; it's as if he couldn't really get down to dirtying his mind with the genre he's working in. The film needs static and, shot by Nestor Almendros, it looks sterile. With Jessica Tandy, Joe Grifasi, and Irving Metzman; the story line was worked out by David Newman and Benton. (12/13/82) (Olympia Quad; through May 26.)

**The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle** (1939)—This was the last (and ninth) of the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers R.K.O. pictures. The re-creations of the Castles' dances are painstakingly authentic, and most of them are fun to watch, but the movie is cursed with the dullness of big bios—especially those produced when some of the key figures are alive. And there's another problem—Astaire and Rogers lose their giddy personalities and their romantic breeziness when they're playing husband and wife, and in a period picture (the First World War) at that. With Edna May Oliver, Walter Brennan, Lew Fields, Victor Varconi, Etienne Girardot, Janet Beecher, Donald MacBride, Douglas Walton, Leonid Kinskey, Frances Mercer, and Marge Champion (in those days she was called Marjorie Bell). This may be the only musical in which Astaire ever looked unintentionally funny: when he does a brief Spanish dance he's a howl, because he hasn't the macho fire and anger that it requires. H. C. Potter directed, from a script by Richard Sherman, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Dorothy Yost, based on Irene Castle's memoirs. (Thalia; May 24.)

**Tender Mercies**—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptised at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director, Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the widow's motel-gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how she could ever make a living from it.) Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. (These two have matching deep-sunk eyes.) The theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Quad Cinema, and Guild. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through May 19.)

**Tootsie**—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through May 26.)

**The Verdict**—When Sidney Lumet gets serious, his energetic, fast-moving style falls apart. The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. Newman plays his role for all it has got, but it's a tired old show-business view of "a good man." In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have time to recognize what a hopelessly naïve, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer the hero is. With Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, Milo O'Shea, Edward Binns, Julie Bovasso, Lewis Stadlen, and Wesley Addy. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (1/10/83) (Greenwich Playhouse; through May 19.)



**Weekend** (1968)—Only the title of this extraordinary poetic satire is casual and innocent. The writer-director, Jean-Luc Godard, has a gift for making the contemporary satiric and fantastic. He begins with just a slight stylization of civilized living now—the people are more adulterous, more nakedly mercenary, touchier. They have weapons, and use them at the slightest provocation, and it seems perfectly logical that they should get into their cars and bang into one another and start piling up on the roads. The traffic jam is a prelude to highways littered with burning cars and corpses. As long as Godard stays with cars as the symbol of bourgeois materialism, the barbarity of these bourgeois—their greed and the self-love they project onto their possessions—is exact and funny. But the picture goes much further—sometimes majestically, sometimes with surreal details that suggest an affinity between Godard and Buñuel, sometimes with methods and ideas that miss, badly. There are astonishing passages, such as a bourgeois wife's erotic confession, and a long virtuoso sequence of tracking shots of cars stalled on the highway, with the motorists pressing down with all their might on their car horns, which sound triumphant, like trumpets in Purcell. Though deeply flawed, this film has more depth than any of Godard's earlier work. It's his vision of Hell, and it ranks with the greatest. As a mystical movie, "Weekend" is comparable to Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" and "Shame" and Ichikawa's "Fires on the Plain" and passages of Kurosawa, yet we're hardly aware of the magnitude of the writer-director's conception until after we are caught up in the comedy of horror, which keeps going further and further and becoming more nearly inescapable, like "Journey to the End of the Night." With Mireille Darc and Jean Yanne. Score by Antoine Duhamel. In French. (Metro Cinema; May 25.)

**The Yakuza** (1975)—An attempt to sell a romantic view of gangsterism in an exotic setting. The yakuza are Japanese mobsters, and one of the items in their code is that you can show penitence for an offense against the mob chieftain by slicing off your little finger and presenting it to him. Robert Mitchum plays an American private eye who goes to Japan to rescue an American girl kidnapped by yakuza; he enlists the aid of a "retired" yakuza, a master-teacher of swordsmanship (Takakura Ken, or, if you prefer, Ken Takakura), and they fight side by side, the gun and the sword. At the end, Mitchum realizes that he has offended the swordsman and commits his act of penance. This is a swaggeringly meretricious fairy tale, overloaded with exposition, and solemn when it means to be Orientally inscrutable. Richard Jordan, as Mitchum's bodyguard, gives the film its only fresh, unexpected moments; the director, Sydney Pollack, doesn't seem to understand how action-film mechanisms operate. The script, by Paul Schrader, from Leonard Schrader's story, was given a rewrite by Robert Towne. With Brian Keith and Eiji Okada. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 27-28.)

**The Year of Living Dangerously**—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (Olympia Quad; through May 26.)

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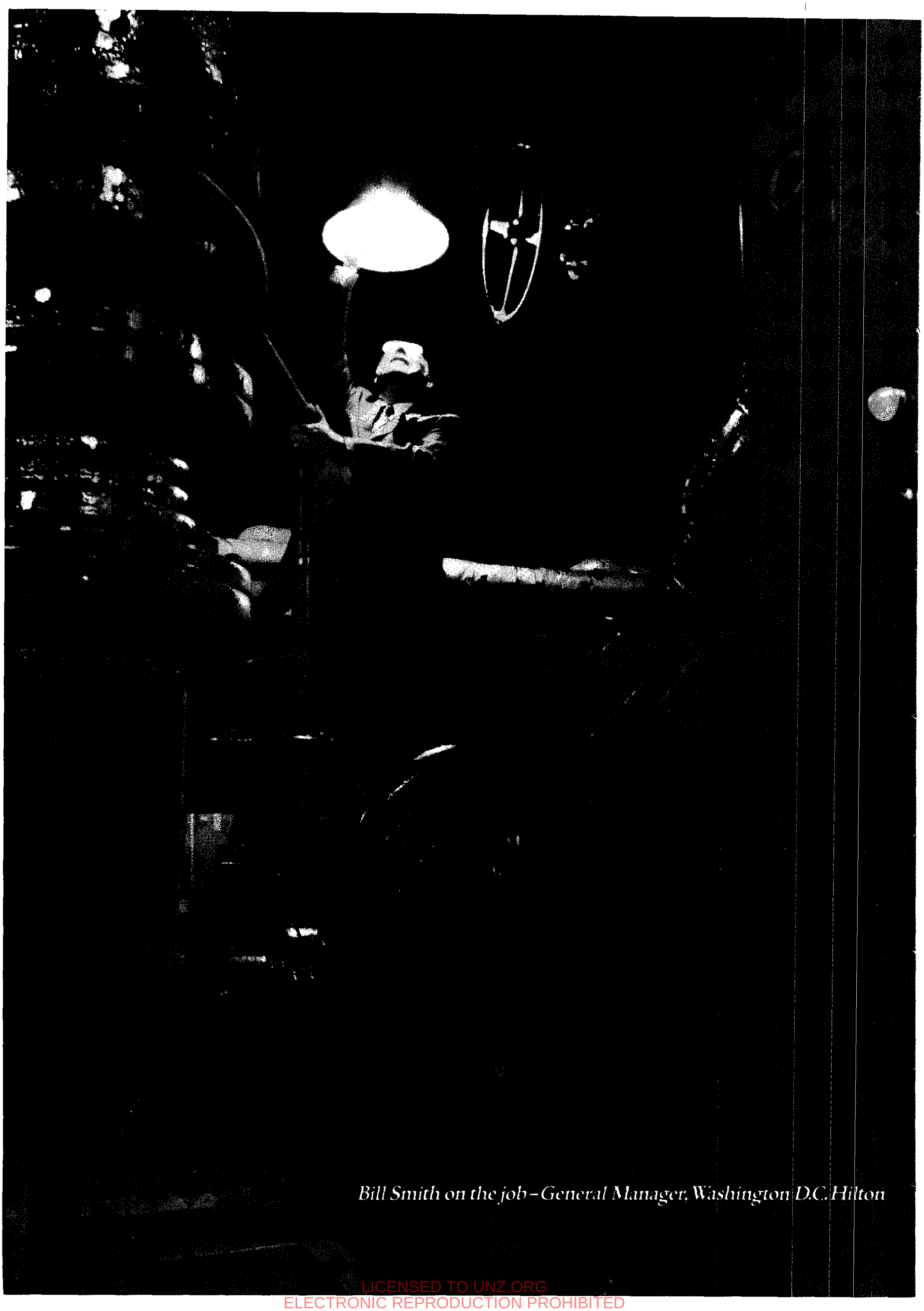

*Bill Smith on the job – General Manager, Washington D.C. Hilton*

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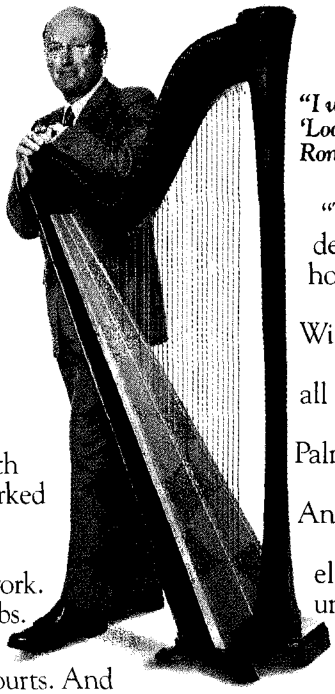

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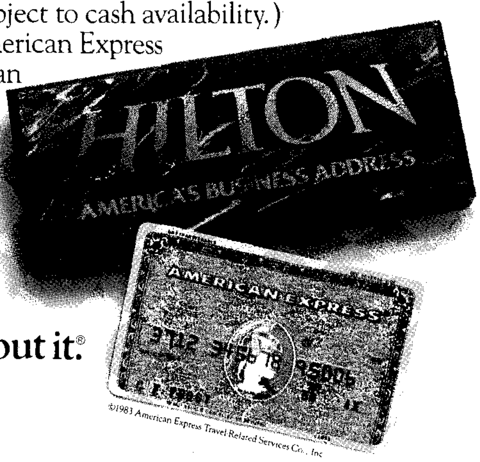

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THE
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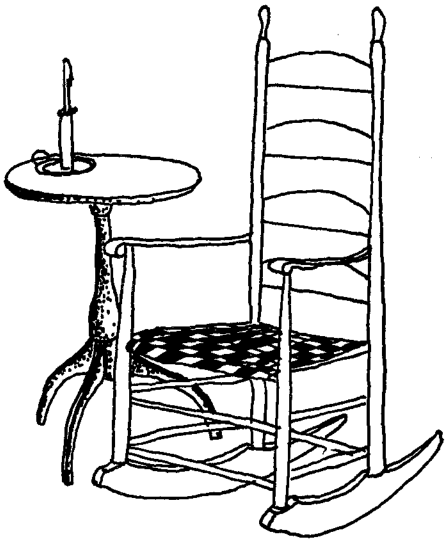
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

IN the Catholic bishops' pastoral letter on war and peace which was issued earlier this month, two orthodoxies collide. One is the teaching of the Catholic Church, which extends back almost two thousand years, and the other is the more recent but hardly less obdurately ingrained teaching of the nuclear-deterrence theorists, who now sit at the elbows of the powerful, giving them guidance in the deployment and possible use of their nuclear arsenals. At the heart of the Catholic teaching is the Christian abhorrence of violence of all kinds—the command not to kill, to turn the other cheek, to hold all human life sacred. At the heart of the deterrence theory, on the other hand, is a readiness, under certain circumstances, to commit mass slaughter on a scale with no precedent in all history. Indeed, it is almost a qualification for theorizing in this field that at the outset one accept the proposition that it is morally tolerable to kill hundreds of millions of people. It's no wonder, then, that for the better part of the world's almost forty years of experience with nuclear weapons the great majority of people have preferred not to think about the matter at all, and have left it to the experts. One undebatable virtue of the experts was that they, at least, did not hesitate to think and speak without evasion about policies that the rest of us were ready to acquiesce in but not to examine very carefully. No one who picked up the experts' professional journals could be in any doubt that at the very core of deterrence there had to be a willingness to rain thermonuclear weapons down on the cities of the adversary. To pick a passage almost at random from this extensive literature, one highly regarded strategist wrote a few years ago, under the subheading "The Threat of City Attack—the Essence of Deterrence," "If one of two sides possessed, either overtly or clandestinely, the ability to destroy a large number of cities of the other side when the other did not . . . it could at any time force the outcome of a dispute or a war by threatening cities or actually destroying as many as required to force surrender." In other words, in a nuclear world there is no deterrence without the ability to destroy cities. And that is why, in strategic discussions over the last several decades, the chief question has been not whether one should or should not target cities but only what one should threaten to target *in addition.* Thus, many strategies envision attacks on military targets, but none have ever proposed ultimately to surrender the city-destroying ability. The bishops' letter is radical (in terms of present policy) because it would rule out this mainstay of deterrence as morally unacceptable. Deterrence theory holds that we *must* be willing to annihilate the cities of the adversary. The bishops hold that we *must never* annihilate cities—not even in retaliation for an attack on our cities. They write, "Under no circumstances may nuclear weapons or other instruments of mass slaughter be used for the purpose of destroying population centers or other predominantly civilian targets." The central question that the bishops have called on each of us to ask himself is: Was I put on earth to take the lives of hundreds of millions of people? And a corollary: If mass slaughter is perpetrated against the people of our country, do we thereby gain the right to perpetrate mass slaughter against others? Could this be what Christ meant when he said "Love your enemies"? To be sure, having in effect rejected the mainstay of deterrence, the bishops then in a sense contradicted themselves, by holding that deterrence (and thus, by implication, the targeting of cities) can be tolerated provisionally—as long as strenuous efforts to reduce, and finally to abolish, nuclear weapons are under way. They recognized, no doubt, that an unequivocal rejection of deterrence, if it were adopted as policy, would be tantamount to unilateral nuclear disarmament—a position that the bishops were far from being ready to adopt. But if in trying to steer a course between city-destroying and unilateral disarmament the bishops ultimately arrived at what Archbishop John Roach, president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, candidly called "ambiguity" their letter had along the way performed a historic service. In it they had breached the barrier between the world of strategic policy and the world in which we live our lives. They had made it clear, in language that not only Catholics but the public at large could understand and accept, that nuclear strategy could no longer be treated as though it constituted a separate and independent moral realm, in which the standards by which we otherwise judge our affairs are suspended. And thus, bringing to bear the full weight of their spiritual tradition,



they took a crucial first step in the long and arduous process of reclaiming for mankind the ground that our species has ceded to nuclear weapons.

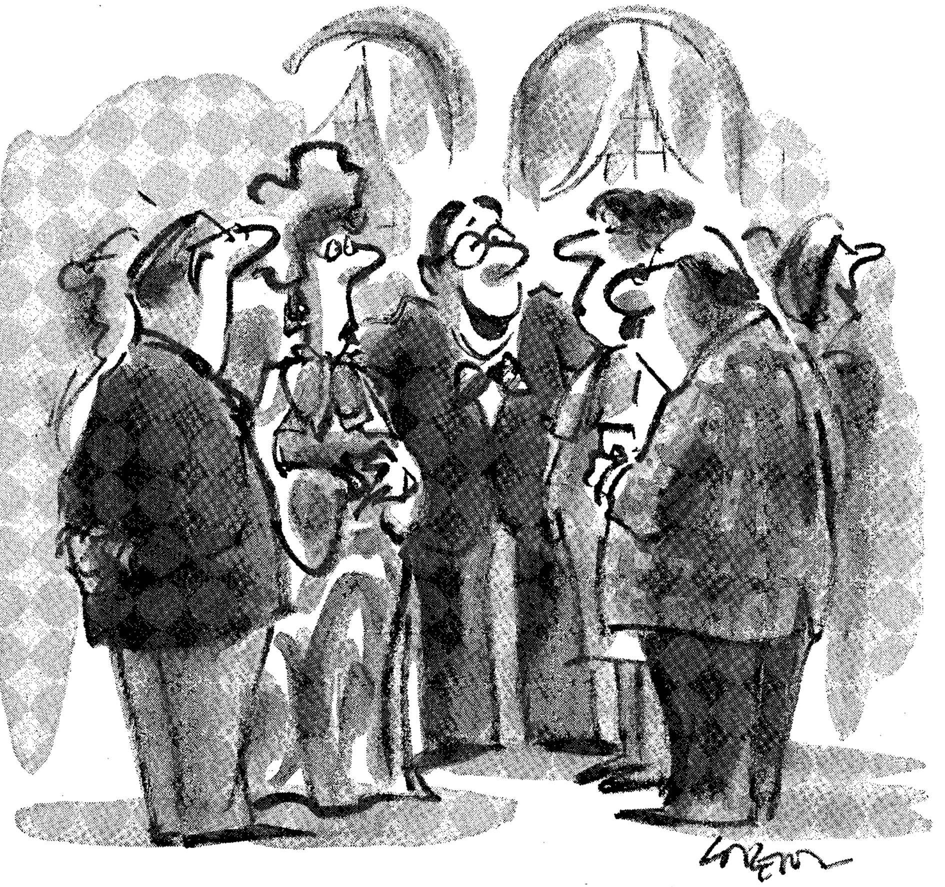
• •

## A Night Out

A YOUNG man we know writes:

On a balmy night this spring, through a conjunction of emotions and circumstances too complex for present description, I found myself pedalling slowly through the streets of upper Manhattan toward Central Park; and although I had no particular desire to spend the night there the idea presented itself, on that evening, as better than the available alternatives.

At the entrance, I paused, peering beneath the trees and along the paths. There was nothing, no one to be seen. A football-shaped moon rose in the east, just clearing the tops of the trees, and shed a soft yellow light over the hills and empty fields. I got off my bike and walked along a path under the sparks of lampposts and then turned up the slope of a small hill toward the luminous shape of a cherry tree in bloom. In the shadow of that small tree, I laid down my bike, arranging it so that it formed, with the tree, a sort of enclosure. To appease my remaining anxiety, I wandered up to the top of the hill and then through the surrounding terrain—down among the trees and over the fields and along a path to the edge of the lake. On a distant bench I saw what appeared to be a man sleeping, but when I arrived I found only a trash can tipped over on its side, discharging its contents in melancholy disarray on the ground. I returned to my site, and there laid down my coat and, on top of that, myself. But though I was sleepy I remained vaguely conscious of my surroundings, and every few minutes I would look up; it seemed, too, that the earth beneath me was growing inexorably cooler, and so was I. But the air was warm and fragrant, and through the pale light of the moon I could make out a thin veil of reassuring stars, and in time I fell into a kind of pale sleep, in which distant sounds mixed with dreamed events. The honking of a far-off horn became the bellow of an ocean liner that I had accidentally boarded and had failed to get off in time, and that was now carrying me out to sea. A steward approached to show me to my room, but when we arrived we found only a bed on the open deck. "A room without walls," said the steward, and he smiled.



*"Liz and Dick, meet Twiggy and Tommy Tune."*

I dreamed that there was silence, that there was no sound; and then there was a sound—a sweet single note of a bird. I heard the sound again, and as I slept I realized that it was real. Something in this frightened me, and all at once I remembered where I was. In a sort of convulsion of my body, I leaped up, and then I stood staring through the darkness around me: the slope slid away, pallid and empty in a soft white light; the moon had inched its way across the sky. And there it was again, and again—the sweet single note of the bird, forming a strange duet with my beating heart.

I pressed my hands into my pockets and began to wander slowly among the fields and hills and paths of the park: down to the pond where old men and children sail small boats on warm days; past the sculpture of a giant rabbit, now rearing up into the darkness like a bad dream; and to the edge of the lake, its stacked chairs and tables looming like ghosts of the off season. As I walked, I stopped now and then to sit on a bench or to inhale the scent from a blossoming tree; and now and then I came upon a bird standing on the ground or lightly swaying on the tip of a frail branch, and stopped to stare at this apparition. Sometimes the bird stared back, and, as if in objection, its beak opened to release a pure single note into the still night air.

Appeasing the cold through the modest motion of my body, I wandered for what seemed hours, but I was shivering on a bench when at last the dull gray-black of the sky seemed to release itself, shifting like the color of the sea before a storm; the air became filled with a different sound, a singing, and the night gave way to the premonition of dawn. And suddenly I felt sorry for all those people who were sleeping, trapped in thousands of little rooms in the city, oblivious of what was about to happen. And as I resumed my wandering the landscape I had come to know as shadow revealed itself in the rising light of day: birds hopped from branch to branch, the shapes of trees bloomed to shades of white and pink, the grass turned from gray to blue and then to a soft, pale green. The singing of birds rose in a general crescendo of avian impatience, and, as if at the start of a play, squirrels skittered across the ground, a man with a cane tapped life into the silent walk, and, with a sound of thumping feet, a jogger moved past down the road. Stars went out like street lights, and the moon—now faint, waning—settled shyly in the west, dipped behind budding branches, and was gone.

I was sitting on a stone on the crest of a hill when the first rays of sunlight cleared the tops of the buildings and touched the tops of the trees with orange light. And when the first triangular patch reached the ground I was already there, lying on the grass beneath the fragrant cherry tree, again asleep. I woke to the bright light of morning, and sat up sleepily, like Rip Van Winkle, to a world changed by time. A large dog sniffing dandelions tugged its master across the grass; couples ambled by and collapsed to the ground; people moved along the road as inexorably as a river current. The sky was the purest, softest blue. Everything had an uncanny clarity, as if in my sleep I had somehow acquired extraordinary vision. There was no wind, and although the earth retained a trace of the night's chill the sun was warm. I stood up, breathing in the keen morning air. My bicycle lay near me in the grass, and I got on and rode away.

*"Research and development."*

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## *Lacrosse*

ON a brisk, clear, windy Saturday not long ago, we travelled to Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, to attend a reception and a game of lacrosse in honor of the school's centennial as the unofficial capital of that thrilling but little-known sport. We've followed lacrosse with enthusiasm for many years, but now, in the company of Hopkins' lacrosse alumni, a few of whom played for the college sixty years ago and have rarely missed a home game since, we felt like an upstart. In the middle of an airy gym, where the reception was in full swing, a half-dozen members of the school's 1928 team greeted each other with big smiles and affectionate digs. ("Look at John Lang—he's two of him!")

Robert Roy, a '28 defenseman and a former dean of the Hopkins engineering school, told us, "No team had as much heart as ours. We had a good season, but no one expected much of us in the Olympic trials. We won them and went on to Amsterdam, where we beat the Canadians, who beat the British, who beat us. Against the best in the world, we came out even. We went over and back on the S.S. President Roosevelt and had a ball."

William K. Morrill, Jr., who began to learn about Hopkins lacrosse as the team mascot when his father was coach in the forties, and who became a three-time All-American attackman in the class of '59, grinned when we reported Dean Roy's remarks. "I'm sure there are members of the '32 team who would argue with him," he said. "That's the only other team that went to the Olympics, and they won the competition out in Los Angeles. And the '50 team never lost a college game. They think they were the best ever. Just ask them."

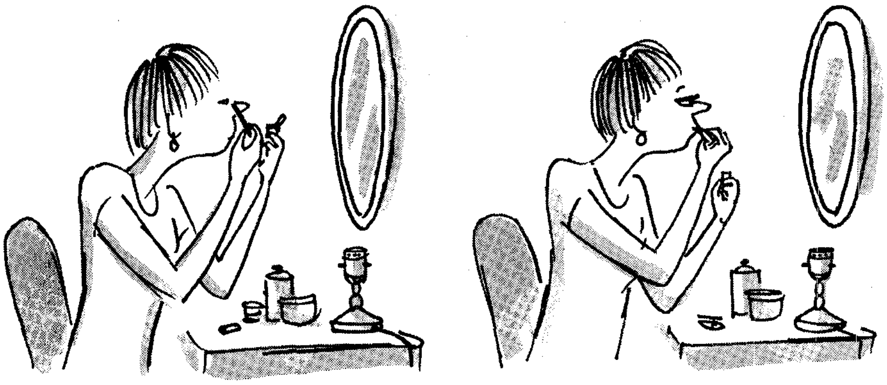
Lacrosse wives wore white carnations interspersed with ribbons in two shades of blue, and they hailed each other in genial spirits. ("Phyllis, you've come to a game! First time since he played?") With half-size lacrosse sticks, kids flicked balls against the walls of the gym as they waited for the current Hopkins team to play Army outside on Homewood Field.

While the teams warmed up, we joined the Hopkins rooting section in the Homewood stands and noticed that several changes had taken place on the field since we were there last. Hopkins had replaced its thick but vulnerable grass with a bright carpet of AstroTurf, and jazzed up the team's black-and-blue-and-white uniforms with commemorative stars. Leading cheers and the school's rambunctious band was a giant Blue Jay (in the Big Bird family), with a puffed silver chest and floppy yellow feet, prancing and mugging on the sideline. The Indians who invented the game had played it with wooden sticks—short ones shaped like spoons, and tall ones with loose nets and crooks like the crook of *la crosse* carried by a bishop, which gave the sport its name—but the college players carried streamlined aluminum sticks a yard or two long that were topped with inverted triangles made of hard plastic and woven with nylon mesh. They used them to pass the sport's hard-rubber ball in smooth, quick, catapultlike motions. When they missed and the ball skipped on the man-made field, it bobbed like mercury.

Once the game started, we were reassured to see that its object was still simple. On the big green field, with goals of white net at opposite ends, ten players on each side tried to defend one goal and put the lacrosse ball into the other. Army wore all-black uniforms, contrasting strongly with the Hopkins garb, and a bright sun sharpened the pageant's colors; the breeze roused a sense of movement even when the game slowed down. But, to the satisfaction of the Hopkins fans, who appeared to thrive on a real contest, the game had a little bit of everything that keeps lacrosse scores close. Attackmen from both teams passed the ball from stick to stick in an elegant, measured rhythm and scampered to evade defensemen. Midfielders squared off, butting for the ball, and when it spent more time on the synthetic turf than in their sticks the game turned into a Keystone Cops routine. Defensemen, with long sticks high above their heads, resembled giraffes as they loped up the sidelines and threw the ball in silvery trajectories. Goalies for both sides made show-stopping saves of shots fired at point-blank range. Coaches squalled at sloppy play, members of the Hopkins band razzed the referees ("Go do baseball, man—it's easier!"), and a gum-chewing woman who sat near us had the best of two worlds as she followed the action below while catching an Orioles' game on her Walkman.

At halftime, with Hopkins ahead, four goals to three, members of teams from the nineteen-thirties and earlier were introduced by an announcer as they broke from informal lines on the field. Wearing an assortment of houndstooth hats and visored caps, these men, who helped win almost a third of Hopkins' thirty-eight national lacrosse championships, and some of whom were among the first of the school's forty members of the sport's hundred - and - forty - seven - member Hall of Fame, hopped up and down on the springy AstroTurf to test the surface they'd missed. They laughed with pleasure at each other's recollections, and clapped with gusto as the names of fellow-players were called over the P.A. system. Each one, when his turn came, bowed graciously, doffed his cap with a decorous wave, or saluted, and Emanuel Aaronson, who is eighty-two years old and a member of the class of '24, won a robust cheer when he took two steps forward, jumped easily, and clicked his heels.

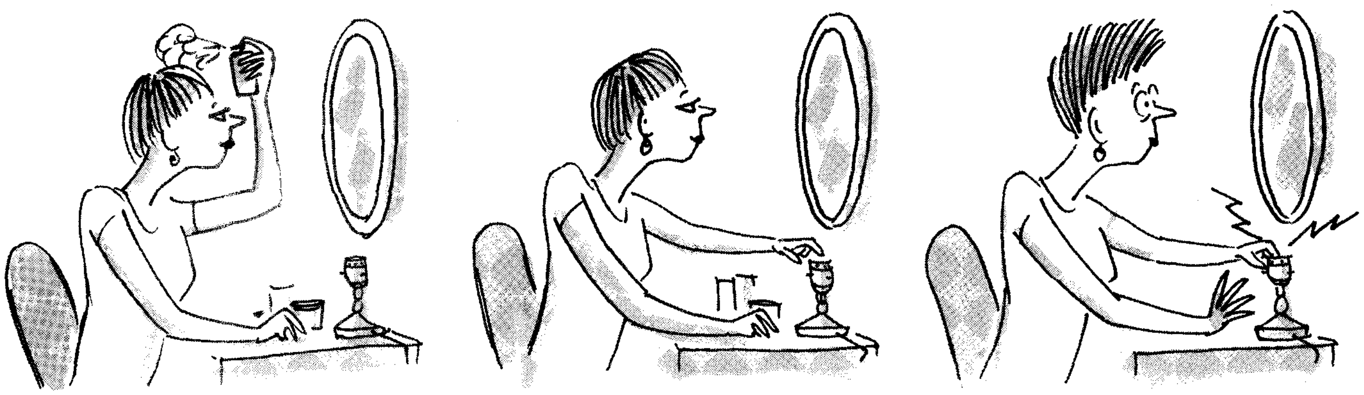
The game resumed, and during the third quarter Army stayed close. But in the last quarter Hopkins moved ahead for good. Hopkins beat Army by 9–6, and, following a tradition whose origins are mysterious but which everyone seemed to applaud, a group sitting near the Hopkins band, having chosen John Krumenacker, who had scored four goals, as the game's outstanding player, threw him a banana.



## *Two Bridges*

ONE morning last week, we walked west across the Brooklyn Bridge, sharing the promenade, as usual, with a large crew of joggers (speedy, staggering, or all tuckered out), strollers, and amateur and professional bench-sitters. Once in Manhattan, we climbed aboard an I.R.T. train, which shuddered uptown and let us off at Grand Central. We walked over to Sixth Avenue, to the basement of the McGraw-Hill Building, which is where people head when they want to undergo "The New York Experience"—a movie-and-museum sort of experience, that is. Oddly, the experience's first attraction turned out to be a life-size replica of an I.R.T. car, quite antique and quite clean. Near it stood a gaggle of reporters, all talking about the Brooklyn Bridge. The reporters had been summoned to "The New York Experience" for an "all-media briefing," conducted by the people in charge of next week's celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the bridge opening. In case you have been worrying that the celebration might be spontaneous or impromptu, or even mildly chaotic, we can assure you otherwise. This thing is *planned.* If the people in charge knew exactly which one and a half million New Yorkers were going to show up, they'd probably make place cards for them. An efficient P.R. person named Lenore ran the briefing, and she touched briefly on an immense number of topics, like the availability of 110-volt A.C. for portable computers, and the selection process for the "limited number of elevated vantage points," and even the precise number of phones that would be available at each of four "media information centers" that will be set up for the grand day. She ordered each "media outlet" to fill in a questionnaire detailing special requests. Our favorite question was "Line of sight needed to Empire State Building?" The very model of a professional planner, Lenore let a hard edge creep into her voice only once during the briefing. She stressed that quiet was necessary if the crowd was to enjoy the sound-and-light show scheduled for the evening. "Therefore, we would really appreciate your coöperation in not bringing your helicopters into the bridge area at that time," she said. Much as it pained us, we pledged to ground our chopper.

On another day last week, we visited another bridge (same river) and another sort of celebration. Even though we were not carrying New York City Police Department credentials, or keeping our parking permit in plain view, or lugging our computer terminal, no one turned us aside as we walked up Delancey Street to the promenade of the Williamsburg Bridge, where eight lower-East Side sculptors were staging a show to pay homage to that span. Perhaps fifty people, many of them wearing ponchos (it was drizzling), were on hand to drink beer and look at the sculptures, one of which consisted of a cantilevered arm stretching out over Delancey Street, and another of some street lights embellished with old pipe. There was no sound-and-light show, but there was a tape of Elvis Costello singing "(What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love and Understanding." And there was also the bridge. Few books have been written, few poems penned, few concertos composed about the Williamsburg Bridge. One reason is that on its face this eighty-year veteran is as ugly as sin, resembling nothing so much as the experiments of a child who will soon abandon his Erector set to pursue instead his obvious talent for vandalism. But no one should judge a bridge until he has walked its length, and after a forty-five-minute stroll we had a number of things to say in the Williamsburg's defense. First, the promenade is runway-wide—"like Coney Island without sand," as one of the sculptors, Anne Messner, remarked to us. And the herd of joggers doesn't migrate this far north, so one has a chance to reflect on topics other than jogging. Also, the J train rumbles by now and then on its way to Bed-Stuy and Richmond Hill and Jamaica, and when it does you can look in at the passengers. We don't know if we'd go as far as the sculptor John Morton, who, while adding the last mists of gold spray paint to a twelve-foot-high column, told us that the Williamsburg Bridge "makes me think of Heaven." But this we do know—there is a honey of a line of sight to

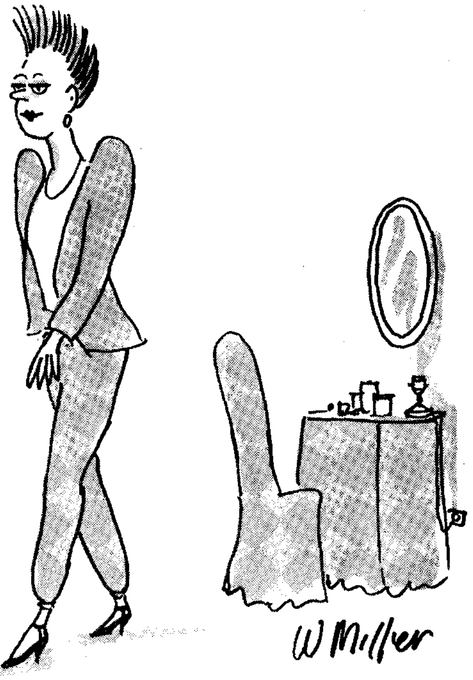


the Empire State Building, not to mention the Domino Sugar refinery.

## *Varoom!*

IN one corner of the Plaza Hotel's Terrace Room (where, by the way, the carpets don't even hint of ground-in dirt), there stood a pantheon of suction cleaning, a floor-care reliquary, a veritable vacuum archive—in short, the Hoover hall of fame. There was the Model 700, which, in 1926, introduced "the famed principle of positive agitation." ("The Hoover slogan 'It beats as it sweeps as it cleans' was given new meaning by this machine.") On its right was the original Hoover Model O, from 1908, which weighed forty pounds and came with a "sateen bag." Nearby stood the elegant Hoover 750, manufactured from 1931 to 1933, which was "the first Hoover to have a dirt-finder headlight as a standard feature." There were others—the Constellation Model 82, with its "distinctive spherical shape," and the Celebrity, with power guard to warn of motor overload, to name but two—and standing around them were small clusters of men and women sipping drinks. Some of the men and women were reporters, often from magazines like *Totally Housewares* and *Appliance Manufacturer*, who had been summoned to witness the birth of a "significant new Hoover product development." Some of the men and women were Hoover executives, on hand to help unveil the significant new product development, which sat alone at the far end of the room, wearing a purple cloak. No sense, of course, standing in the way of progress, but more than a few of the Hoover veterans we chatted with seemed as deeply moved by the sight of the old machines as by the prospect of the new. E. O. Hatfield, who is now the Hoover vice-president for marketing, told us, "I came on board in 1948, selling that old Model 28 there door to door in Kirksville, Missouri. The first thing was to get in the door. I'd do a quick sweep of her carpet, and then I'd take out the bag and dump the dirt back out on her floor in a pile. And *then* I'd sweep it up again. I'd say, 'It looks like a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day, doesn't it? Like a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day!' The trick was to get the housewife to understand that that was *her dirt* I'd swept up, that she and her family had been living in that dirt. I'd say, 'If the Hoover stays, the dirt goes. If the Hoover goes, the dirt stays.' " Mr. Hatfield went on to say, "I was pretty good—I sold as many as eleven in six blocks," and we believed him, seized as we were with the urge to return home and do a little living-room Hoovering.

We moved from the past to the present when we started talking to Hoover's president, Merle Rawson. He told us that the floor-care market was "mature," which means that everyone already has a vacuum cleaner, but that "the demographics" encouraged him, because a lot of people were entering "your fifty-five-to-sixty-five bracket," and he explained, "It's your fifty-fives-to-sixty-fives who are likely to buy your models with, say, power drive," which removes the need to push a vacuum cleaner. From the present, a manager named Bob Arnold whisked us into the future with his lecture on the merits of the significant new product development, which turned out to be a vacuum cleaner—but a vacuum cleaner with a hand-held drapes-and-upholstery cleaner nested in its belly for easy removal, like a mama kangaroo with her joey. Mr. Arnold's slide show and talk on the U3301, or "Concept Two," model impressed us tremendously, although a lot of it went straight over our head. We joined in the general applause for the new machine, but we had three small quibbles with the proceedings. First, Mr. Rawson said in introducing Mr. Arnold, "The Hoover name is and has been synonymous with leadership throughout its history." Except for that tough stretch with Herbert, we wanted to add. Second, when Mr. Arnold demonstrated the U3301 on a carpet covered with synthetic dirt ("kapok," we were told, "specially designed to simulate cat hair and lint"), he concluded by holding the rug aloft and declaring, "The Concept Two has cleaned this aggravated condition." Maybe we're old-fashioned, but we'd whip out our wallet a lot faster for "A ray of sunshine on a cloudy day." Finally, there is the matter of the slogan the Hoover promoters have chosen for their new machine: "The *Ultimate* Cleaning System." As we made our way out of the Terrace Room, stopping for one last look at 1949's Model 62, the first Hoover model to carry the reusable paper Hygienisac, we somehow doubted it.



# HITLER'S SECRET DAIRY

June 25, 1933

Telepathic vibrations have relayed the electrokinetic force of my will into the minds of others! Today, E. led me out into the dooryard and presented me with a cow! Female, classically Rubenesque, black-and-white camouflage! Tomorrow, like a cowboy, I will pat her head!

June 27, 1933

E. says a Brown Swiss would match my shirt, but I remind her that the Holstein is the more German animal. Only the left-handed and others in the grip of the world riboflavin trust, which I will smash, would dare argue to the contrary!

August 16, 1933

I will not refuse Destiny's mandate! The cow has had a cub today, the two-hundredth anniversary of Frederick the Great's marriage to Elizabeth of Brunswick-Bevern! Führer, architect, artist, dairyman!

November 12, 1934

I confer with my milking instructor, who insists that I must have been a milkman in my previous incarnation, so quickly have I mastered the tricky Friesian Squeeze! No sign of Himmler (22:30 hrs.)! He should have finished cleaning the stalls by now.

April 17, 1935

Göring *again* lets his straw make disgusting noises as he finishes up his milkshake. I am forced to decree that hereafter only E. and I are to be served milkshakes. E. begs me to hear her ukulele recital of highlights from "Die Walküre," but I am in no mood for culture festivals!

August 2, 1937

Bormann brings me a Belted Galloway heifer to inspect. It steps on von Rundstedt's nice shiny boots! Ha ha!

February 6, 1938

That Goebbels is a didactic little pettifogger and an advertising man! He wastes an hour of my time tonight attempting to convince me that cowboys should correctly be called horseboys. But he has his uses. Tonight he showed me a film. The Adolf Hitler Bovine Battalion has trained its entire crack herd to wag their tails in unison forty-eight times on command, in honor of my age! I insisted that Goebbels run this stirring tribute several times, once backward. E. claims that my eyes were brimming. This I will not deny!

September 1, 1939

Busy day. Nevertheless showed Speer my sketches of an underground dairy, which future difficulties may make advisable. He must design the largest and grandest dairy in the entire history of the human and bovine races, not omitting a Rotunda of the Germanic Bovines, large enough that the Great Pyramid of Cheops could easily fit beneath its ceiling! I shall call it "Lactia." It will last a thousand years. Who can tell? With good management, perhaps even longer!

October 23, 1939

My first public milking attempt is sabotaged by Ribbentrop's coughing fit, which startles the cow, Irmtraud, who is high-strung. Hess tries making a joke of this, knowing well how I despise jokes—and jokesters who make jokes! He should clip his eyebrows. Ribbentrop is a dandified weasel who incessantly puffs on English cigarettes, and never gives me the little cards inside with pictures of ocean liners and aircraft and trains. Hess leaps to light Ribbentrop's infernal smokes. So! The two *are* in cahoots after all!

October 24, 1939

Such incidents as yesterday's would be grist for the mills of that hack Sunday painter Churchill and other smart-aleck cads. I have ordered that my dairy interests and activities must henceforth be an official secret of the Reich. E. must tell the locals that she is Frau Schicklgruber, a lost aviatrix.

March 4, 1940

The chubby hat collector Göring swears never to use a straw if he is again permitted to drink milkshakes. E. says his hands feel like blancmange and that he would make a poor dairyman. She says I have fine hands for milking, as the perspiration makes an ideal lubricant. I believe she is correct in this!

June 30, 1940

Hess bursts in with a look of pure triumph, swiftly erased. When I demanded the Jerseys and Guernseys, I meant the *animals!*

August 21, 1940

Old Pétain, along with Laval, visits. The French know nothing of cows or milking. I explained to Schacht afterward that great dairy undertakings have been historically alien in all cultures with vowel-dominant languages. He was fascinated.

March 12, 1941

The fatheaded scientific masterminds plead that my design for a rocket-powered milking machine is "impractical." That is what they think, is it? Is that what they think? I think "Ha ha."

May 15, 1941

Is the Aberdeen a beef cow or a milk cow? Tonight at supper (cheese, buttermilk, yogurt), Rosenberg and Funk answered yes. Bormann asked which I wanted it to be. Only Hess offered to find out. Perhaps I have misjudged him; a chowderhead, but a chowderhead with initiative!

May 16, 1941

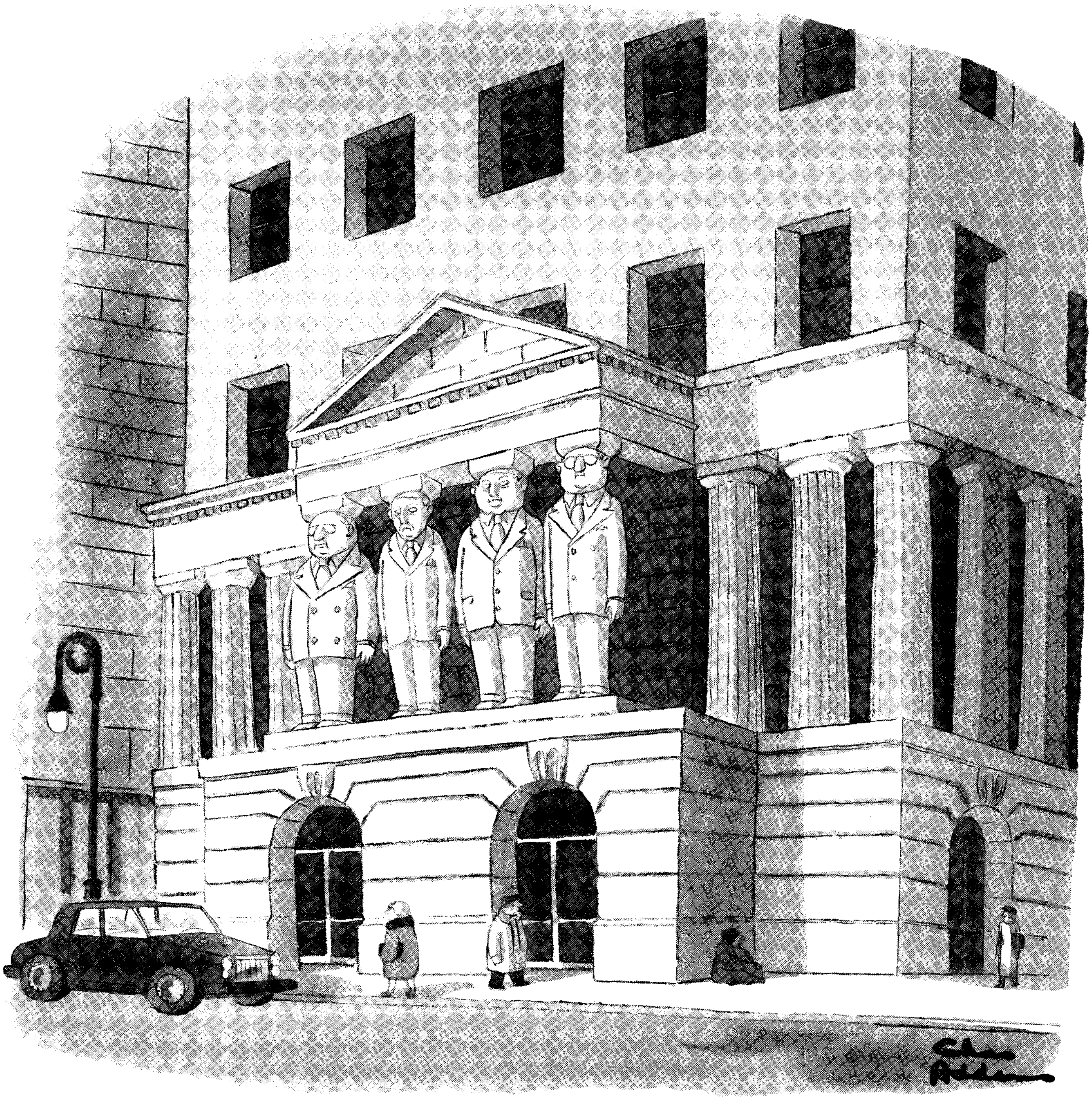
The chowderhead went to Scotland!

January 21, 1942

A pair of silk milking gloves from Mussolini. Wrong size! How I wish to cuff that popinjay fibber-deluxe of a Duce with them!

September 16, 1943

Doenitz claimed today that cottage cheese is not made from dairy prod-



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ucts. Raeder disagreed violently. I let them argue it out.

November 8, 1944

E. insists the cows are saying "moo," not "boo." I have ordered recordings to be made and analyzed. It is just like those dumb walking milkbags to turn on one the moment adversity strikes! They bear watching!!

January 11, 1945

Treacheries afoot! I caught the entire herd red-handed today, all facing in the same direction, toward the west and the advancing Allied forces! Bormann failed to prove to my satisfaction that they were *not* British cattle parachuted in. I left him with orders to monitor the movements of Irmtraud, the walleyed Holstein—*or her double!*

February 2, 1945

I have today ordered Lactia to be converted immediately into a practice rink for the new roller-skating regiments that will soon reverse events—*if* Speer can get enough ball bearings!!!

March 12, 1945

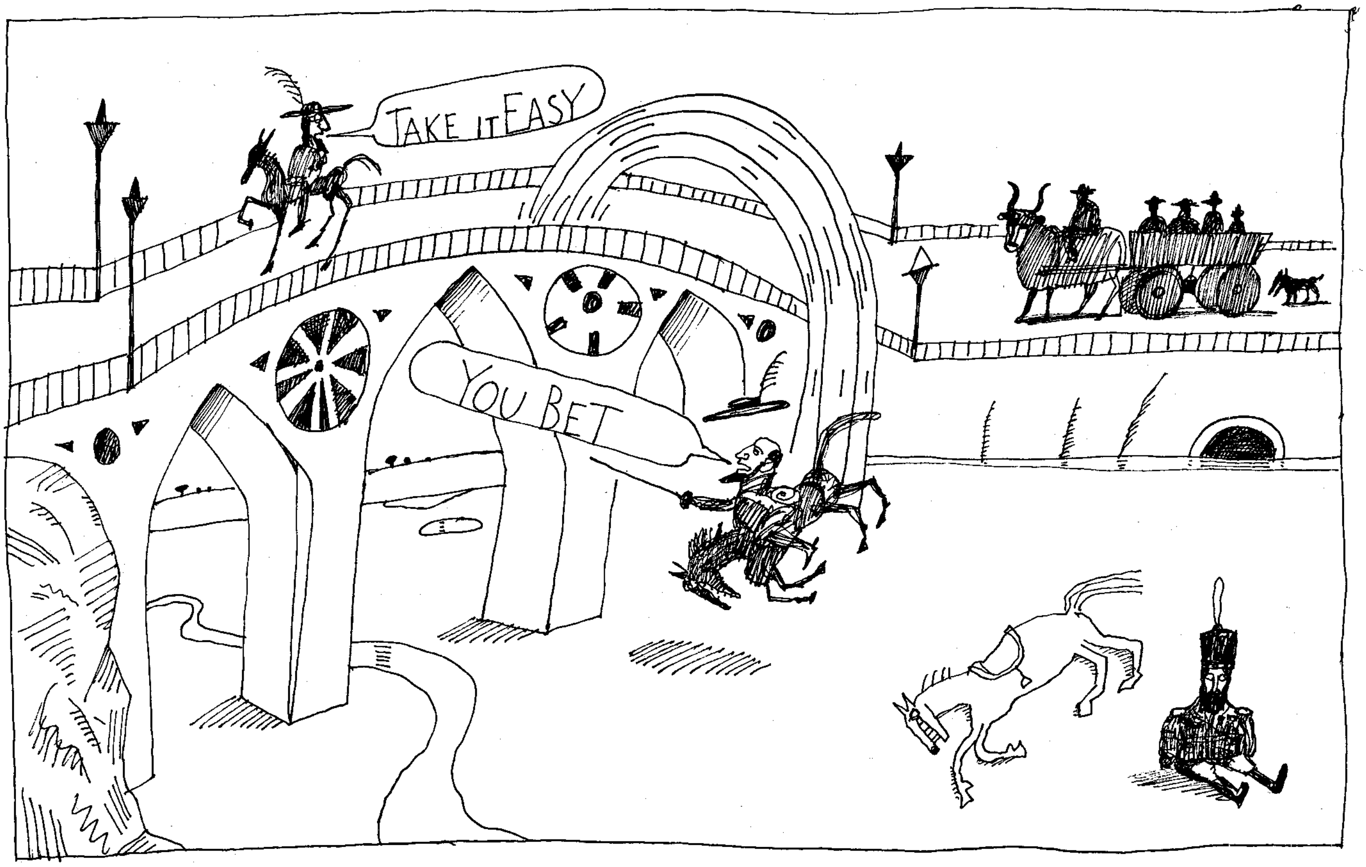
Up all night designing a new kind of cow. Upon it depends the future!

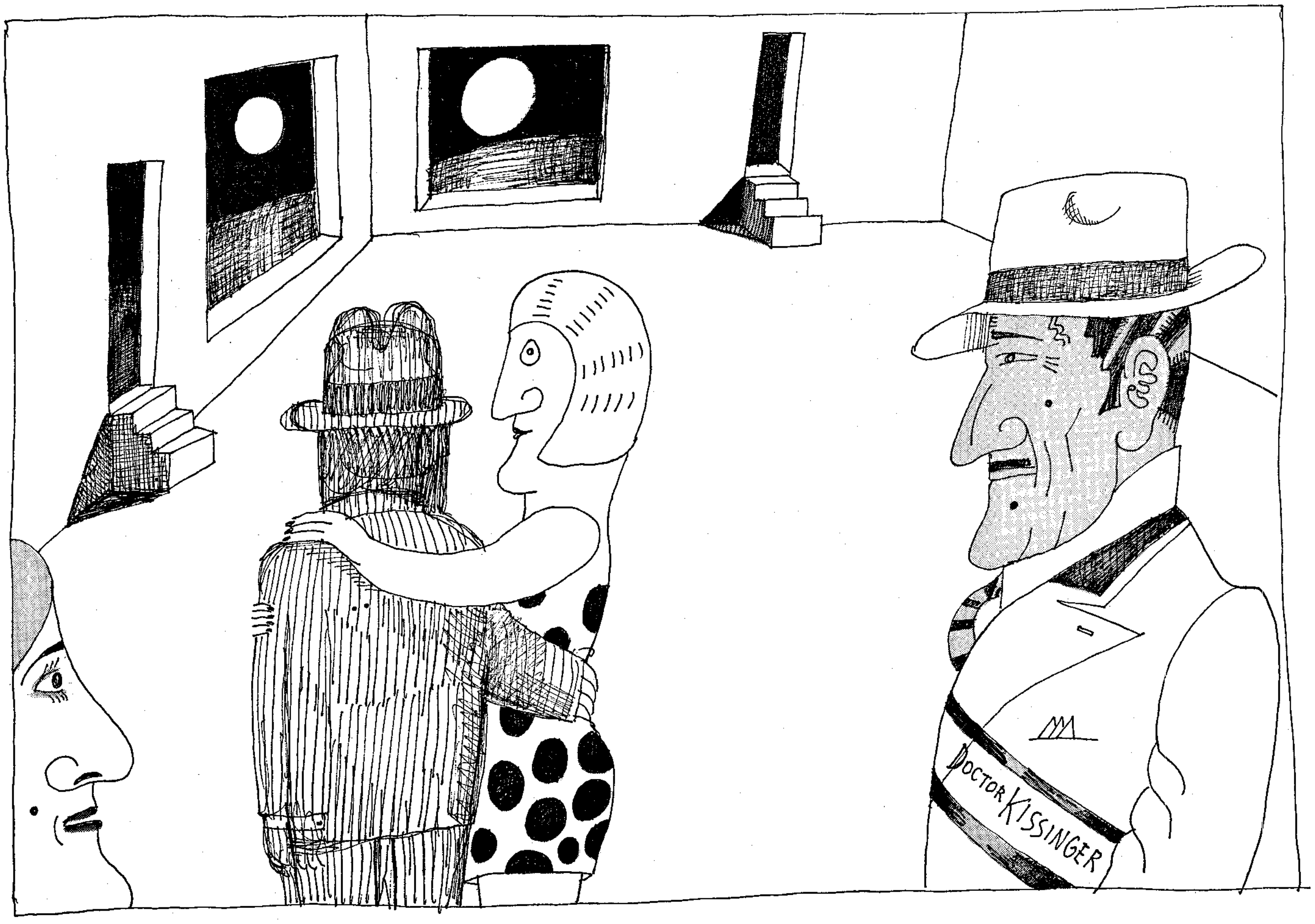
April 27, 1945

Midget cows on rocket-powered roller skates! Firing concentrated lactic acids! Penetrating tank armor from a range of ten thousand metres!

—Bruce McCall

# DREAMS


TAKE IT EASY
YOU BET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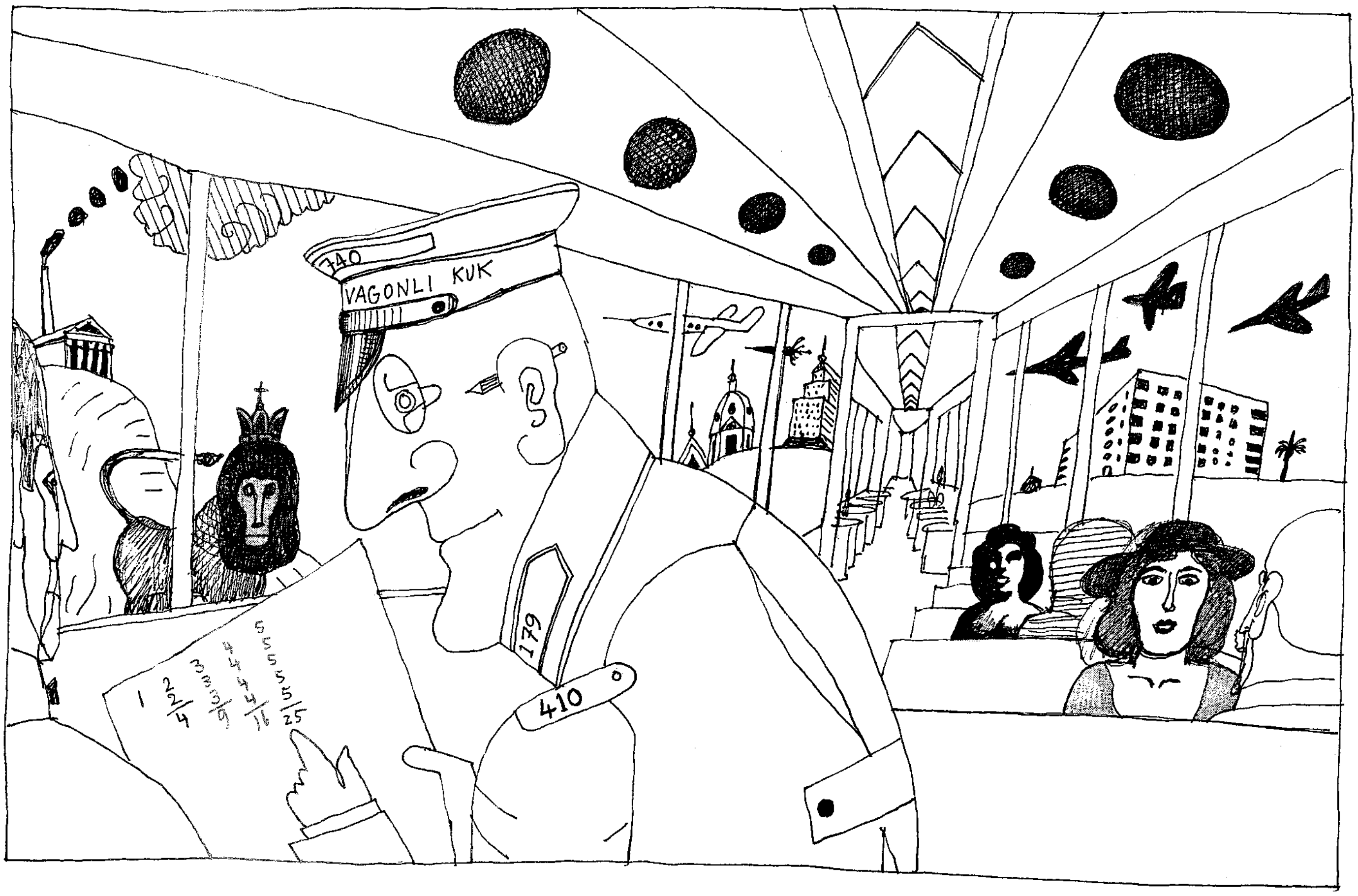
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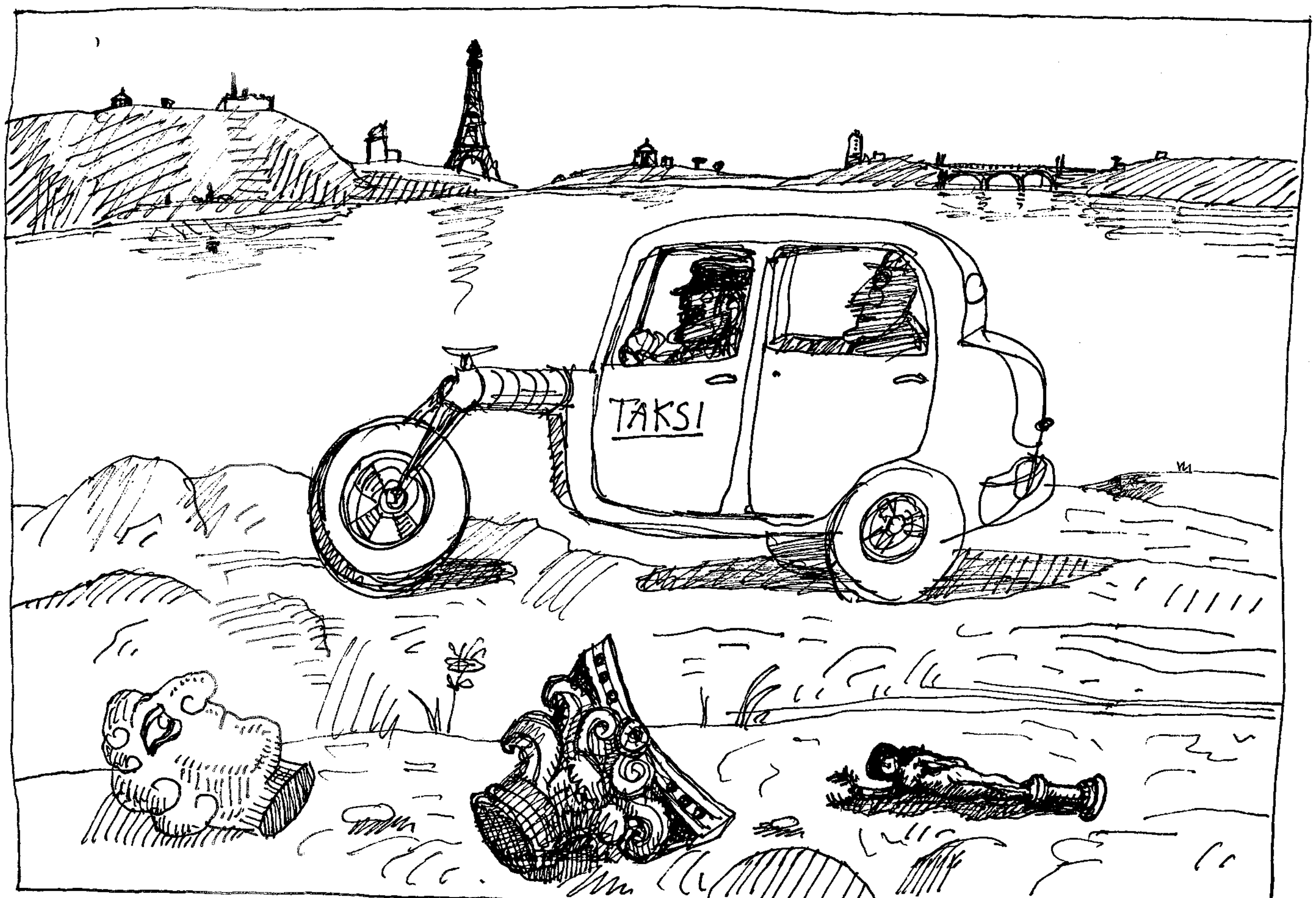


STEINBERG

# STILL-LIFE

At his ex-in-laws' thirty-fifth-wedding-anniversary party, Brad is the only guest to arrive in faded corduroy pants and a sweater that has seen better days. All the men are in ties and jackets, and most of the women are wearing dresses and lots of jewelry. But in a crowd of fifty people it is doubtful whether anyone will notice him, and anyway he's not planning to stay long. He's only here because Nina followed up a written invitation with a phone call begging him to come. Nina, his ex-wife, has a new husband and a new baby and is the happiest person she knows. When she told all this to Brad over the phone last week, he immediately fell silent, though he knew that she was waiting for him to congratulate her on having achieved with someone else what had been only a painful subject for discussion when she was married to him. Listening to her go on about her happiness had exasperated him, and he cut the conversation short, perhaps was even the slightest bit rude, telling her the toaster oven had just popped open with his dinner and that he couldn't talk anymore. To make up for his rudeness, he bought her parents a pair of carved wooden candlesticks that cost him more than he'd intended to spend. And for the baby he settled on a bear dressed in a blue hooded coat, red rubber boots, and a broad-brimmed yellow felt hat. The bear came in three sizes; he quickly decided on the largest, wondering later just whom he'd been trying to impress.

When he was first married to Nina, Brad had done very well at the large corporate-law firm he worked for. But working for what seemed to be a thousand hours a week on what he was sure were the most unworthy cases in the world made him miserable. Understanding this, Nina encouraged him to quit. Given a choice between misery and happiness, it would be crazy to make the wrong decision, she said.

They left the city and moved up the Hudson to a tiny rented house in Garrison so Brad could be a country lawyer with Nina working as his secretary in an office they shared at the front of the house, just off the kitchen. Lunchtime, they went into the living room and ate their sandwiches on a black vinyl couch while they laughed at ancient reruns of "I Love Lucy." The couch had been borrowed from Nina's parents, and it was the one where she and Brad made love every Saturday night before their wedding. Brad found himself remembering their whispered conversations and the time Nina had said she loved him, her voice so soft he hadn't caught the words. "You what?" he'd asked her more than once (probably sounding a little cranky), but Nina was too embarrassed to repeat it. Later, whenever one of them mentioned love the other always answered, "You what?"

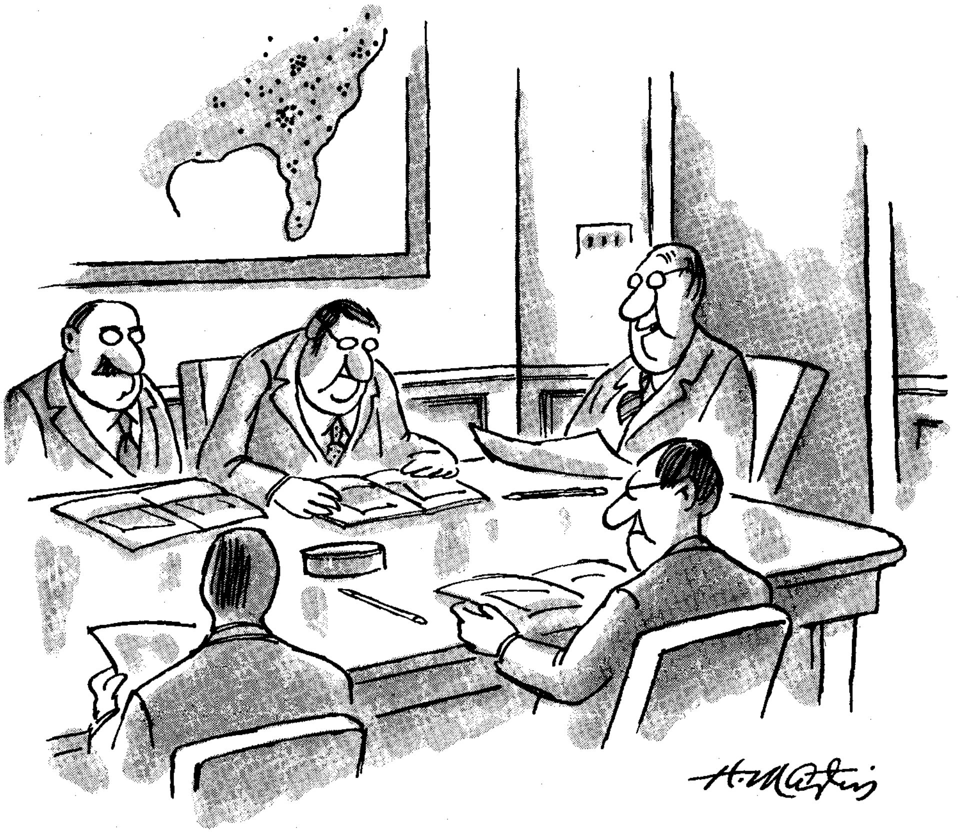
They'd been in Garrison almost a year when the transmission in their Toyota went and their stereo system and TV set needed major repairs, all in the same month.

"I just can't live like this anymore," Nina said one afternoon in the office, laying her head down on the typewriter so that her mahogany-colored hair streamed over the edge of the desk dramatically. "It kills me to admit it, but I was brought up to want things." Her voice was apologetic, even embarrassed. None of the things she named seemed unreasonable: a house with rooms larger than closets; vacation trips to interesting places; and, most important, children.

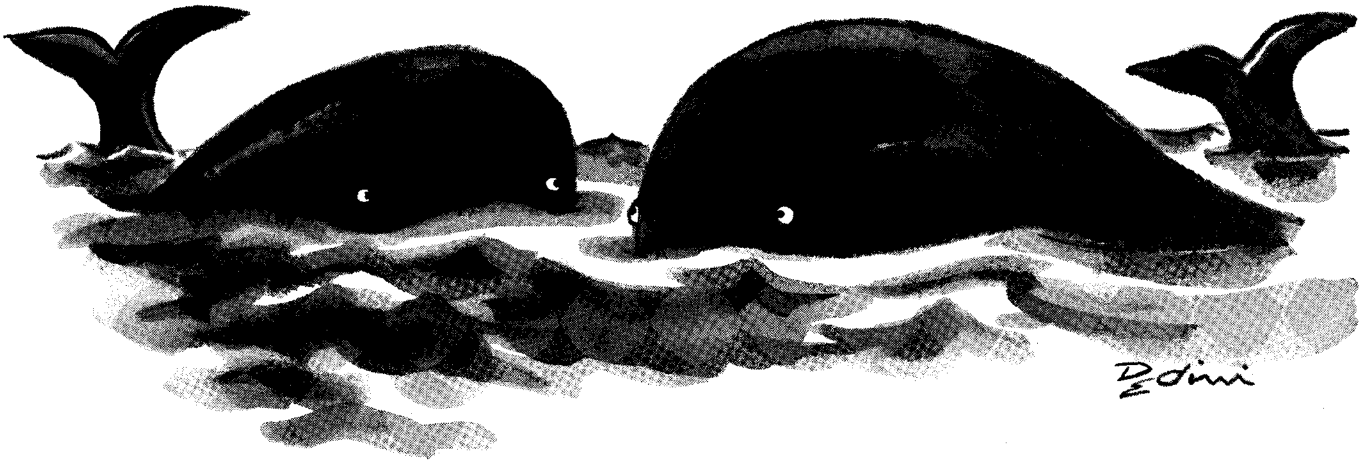
When he came around to her and caught her hair in his hands, Brad could see that she was crying. "Our marriage," she said, lifting her face to look at him. "I can't imagine letting it go."

That night, in bed, they talked about Nina's wanting to have a child, both of them trying hard to see how a baby might fit comfortably into their life together, but they came to the same conclusion: there wasn't any way they could manage it in the near future. "It's only a matter of being patient," he soothed her, "of waiting for things to fall into place." For Brad, what mattered most was that he loved his work, that he was actually providing a useful service to a handful of ordinary, honorable people.

The following year, which turned out to be the last year of their marriage, Nina had an accidental pregnancy, which ended in early miscarriage. She insisted on showing Brad exactly what they had lost. Looking at a book of magnified photographs of an eight-week-old fetus with pudgy hands and fingers and an indistinct face, Brad felt nothing but confusion—the photographs were like a display



*"Each of you has a packet that contains the sales figures for 1982, the projected figures for 1983-84, the revised territory assignments, and a recipe for vanilla Chantilly cream squares."*



*"But can they save themselves?"*

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of abstract paintings. He wasn't as patient with Nina as he ought to have been. He was disappointed in her for having all but given up on their small-town, small-time life (her words), for having convinced herself that neither of them was adventurous enough or romantic enough to live from hand to mouth with any degree of grace or pleasure.

He waited for her to leave him, and when she did he could make no sense of her explanation. She just didn't want to be married, she said, to a man who showed so few signs of ever being happy. Refusing to meet his eyes, she said, "I fantasize about some kind of happiness for you, but I can't figure out where it's going to come from."

"You're talking about yourself," Brad told her, staring at the little opal ring she twirled around her finger. "You're the one to whom everything looks imperfect, impossible."

NOW, nearly two years later, as he eases his way through Nina's parents' crowded living room and discovers Nina waving to him from a high-backed satin chair that looks like a throne, he has to smile. But his smile is vague, as if he were approaching someone he knew only slightly and couldn't remember from where.

"Didn't I get you that sweater for Christmas about a hundred years ago?" she asks him, but pleasantly.

He bends to kiss her, and as he does, the baby against her shoulder grabs a fistful of his hair and pulls so hard tears spring to Brad's eyes. Holding his breath, he unfolds the baby's tiny damp hand, saying, "Is this what they call love at first sight?"

"Don't feel special," Nina says, laughing. "She does that to just about everyone."

The baby, a little bald girl in a knitted white dress and white tights, looks at Brad with wide-open eyes and then yawns.

"It *is* kind of a boring party," Nina says. "Lots of fourth cousins I've probably seen twice in my life. I'm sorry Ken's not here. I think you guys might have been able to strike up a conversation or two." The baby hiccups. "Well, maybe not," Nina says. "Maybe it's just as well."

"He's at the hospital?"

"His beeper went off the minute we got here, and that was that."

"It must be hard, never knowing when your plans are going to be disrupted."

"Not so hard. You make the best of it, that's all."

"Unbelievable," Brad says. "Is that your new philosophy of life I'm hearing?"

"Baby doll," a voice says. "Brad!" He turns to see Nina's grandmother smiling in his direction. Approaching him, Evelyn puts a hand over each of his ears and kisses him on the forehead. "You know, I'm very disappointed in you," she says. "Come over here so I can talk to you." Leading him into a spare bedroom full of coats, she closes the door behind them and leans against a plastic-mesh playpen.

"I should have called you," Brad says. "I'm sorry I dropped out of sight like that."

"You know, when Nina told me she was going to marry this other young man I just felt sick," says Evelyn. "It makes you sick to your stomach to hear a story like that. 'What's so terrible about Brad,' I asked her, 'that you couldn't make an effort to keep your marriage in one piece?' "

Nina's grandmother is five feet tall, but broad and fleshy. She is wearing black leather Space shoes, the only shoes that fit her at all, and a fancy silk dress with swirls of magenta and gray. "How do you like these new cataract glasses they've got me wearing?" she asks Brad. "They keep slipping down on my nose, and all day long I'm annoyed with them."

"I didn't even know you'd had the surgery. Nina and I haven't really been in touch." He hangs his head, feeling bad that he's neglected her. When he was married to Nina, her grandmother used to send him a soft, battered-looking ten-dollar bill on his birthday, slipped between a large index card folded in half. Front and back, the index card said "With 'love' "—no signature. He and Nina had never figured out what the quotation marks meant, though near the end of their marriage Nina admitted she'd always assumed her grandmother was mocking him, letting him know that in her eyes he would forever be an in-law, never the real thing. Brad, who was touched by her gifts (which he could never bring himself to spend), considered that ridiculous. There were four bills in all, one for each year of their marriage. He kept them in a coffee mug on the top of his dresser, along with some loose buttons, a set of tarnished cufflinks, and a torch-shaped National Junior Honor Society pin that he'd given Nina as a joke when they got engaged.

"At the end of my life, I'm seeing

things differently," Evelyn tells him. "I look through these dumb glasses and everything is glittery and bright, like diamonds." She says this with a mixture of amazement and disgust, shaking her head slowly. Now her voice has softened to a whisper. "Do you want me to tell you about Nina's new husband? I see things there that keep me up at night, if you understand what I'm saying."

Sitting on the edge of a bed piled with coats, Brad trails his hand through someone's mink. "She claims to be very happy," he says.

"For some people, women especially, the loneliness is too much. They'll do anything to avoid it," says Evelyn. She looks up at Brad, her eyes exaggerated and blurred behind the lenses of her glasses. "And you?"

"I work very hard," he says quickly. "And after work I'm usually in the basement, puttering around, refinishing furniture—that kind of thing." He stands up, sticks his hands in front of her face, lets her see that his fingers are stained a reddish brown.

Evelyn takes a step back from him. "So you're down in the basement all night. So that's what you've been up to."

"There's more," he says, but won't elaborate. There are friends he occasionally drinks with, women he occasionally sleeps with; there's no point in telling her any of this. Still, he hates it that his life sounds so stark, so needy. "I'm getting by," he says. "Sometimes it seems almost enough."

"This new husband," says Evelyn, "is a toothpick of a man. All sharp bones and about ten feet tall. Do you want to see a picture of him?"

"Are you kidding?" Brad says. "Not even a snapshot."

"He doesn't talk to her nicely. Even before they were married, he was speaking to her the wrong way, as if she were a salesgirl in some store wasting his time, showing him all the wrong things."

"Listen to me," Brad says. "You can't contradict someone when they say they're happy. It just can't be done."

"You stubborn mule," Evelyn says sadly. "I could just kill you. I could put my hands around your throat and . . ."

AT her suggestion, Nina and Brad are going to take the baby for a walk around the block in her carriage.

# THE SUMMER RENTALS

## (For My Father)

Today we went to see the summer rentals
that belong to Mrs. Marian Forster.
Her house, up the road from the Camden marina,
was off to the left, placed on the bay
across from the Curtis Island lighthouse.

She was a talker, with a quick, momentary smile—
you would have likened it to a jab,
but would have liked her handsome good looks.
I thought of you because she had just married
a man she knew in Los Angeles thirty years ago

who was built like you, tall and thin, elegant
in his dark suit and tie. A European with your face,
had you lived long enough, and your good humor
that lived in the eyes. His name was Karl.
Over proper drinks we talked summer rentals

with Mrs. Forster, or Mrs. Someone Else now—
we weren't given Karl's last name.
It was clear from the way he watched her
he was in love for the first time,
or still in love with his first love.

Talking to him was like talking to you.
Although I don't think we spoke of anything
in particular, it was like the talk we had
tossing a ball back and forth outside our house,
or walking down Van Nuys Boulevard.

Mrs. Forster liked us—we were "an interesting couple."
She took Jeanne's face in her hands
and asked me, "Is this a summer thing?"
Mrs. Forster, working the world of possibility,
never lost the spirit of romance.

She showed us, with delicate speed, "the small house,"
in which we could hear the sounds of the bay—
but not as well as in her house, she explained.

• •

Outside, in front of the house, one of Nina's cousins is washing his new car, a Datsun 280ZX with a red leather interior. The cousin, who is called Bobby, is dressed in a zippered jumpsuit, despite the cold. Underneath a mimosa tree across from the Datsun is a portable tape deck playing David Bowie songs.

"Perfect day for a car wash," Bobby says, pointing to the cloudless sky with a dripping sponge.

"I just love your jumpsuit," Nina says. She winks at Brad. "Ideal for any occasion, no matter how formal."

"Did you get the invitation to my wedding?" Bobby asks.

"We're looking forward to it."

"Well, tear it up," says Bobby. "The wedding's off."

"That's a shame. I don't know what else to say."

"Yeah, well, to thine own self be true and all that jazz," Bobby says. "From now on, it's just me and my Z."

"Beautiful car," Brad says.

"You bet." Spinning around and facing the hood, Bobby opens his arms wide, as if in an embrace.

Brad and Nina walk slowly along a sharply curving street past houses set close together on frozen, gray-brown lawns. "Cousin Bobby's clearly a man who knows his own heart," Brad says after a while.

"Pathetic," Nina whispers. She stops the carriage and leans in to look at the baby, who's already asleep. An angora hat with two small peaked

The stove in our kitchen had only four burners
and used electric heat, on which she refused to cook,

hers being a Garland with six gas burners
and a salamander, suitable for her style of living.
She told us the guests who lived on her property
had keys to every door, but as we grew silent,
followed with a confirmation that she of all people

believed in the importance of privacy.
I wonder what you would have thought.
Certainly you would have voted against renting,
in spite of being charmed by Mrs. Forster
and her property's flawless situation on the water.

We returned to her house and the women wandered off
to look at other rooms, pieces of furniture,
photographs of the second wedding and of her
first husband,
who remained one rarely referred to in that house.
Karl and I talked a bit about his work in California,

his new life with Mrs. Forster, and he even explained
that when Mr. Forster died he had arrived to take her
"out of the woods." I knew he was Swedish
by the quick intake of breath that occurred when I said
something he agreed with. His sidelong glance and smile

presented the one context we could share.
It seemed to me, as we talked, that he knew
I was talking to you.
It was his eyes that allowed me to imagine asking
the two or three things I've wanted to ask you.

For some reason, as we left, knowing it would be impossible
to return,
I remembered the first room I rented, against your better
judgment,
as well as the room where I last saw you. I shook Karl's hand.
It was large and dry and surprisingly strong. As strong,
I returned the handshake you taught me as a boy.

—DANIEL HALPERN

• •

mouse ears covers the baby's head. "Am I prejudiced, or would anyone in the world agree this is one spectacular three-month-old?"

"Oh, I'm sure," says Brad.

"Of what?"

"Wait, watch out," he says, and he lifts the carriage over a large patch of swollen concrete, then sets it down gently.

"You're so funny," Nina says. "What a father you'd make."

He assumes she is being ironic, and feels insulted. "You're always doubting me, hinting that I'm incompetent. Even now, when you have no stake at all in anything I do."

"Sweetie pie," Nina says, and grabs his arm. "That was a compliment back there. I was very moved, thinking what a devoted father you'd be. And actually I've missed you," she says, leaning her head against his coat sleeve. "Though I guess not our life together."

"In another setting, I'd be very desirable, is that what you're telling me?"

"I don't know what I'm telling you."

Rushing toward them from the other side of the street, a gray-haired man in a long tweed coat yells, "Do I see a baby?" He takes a large, awkward step over the curb and looks into the carriage.

"So what do you think, Dr. Glassman?" Nina explains to Brad that Dr. Glassman was her childhood dentist. "One year, I had seventeen cavities and spent a whole summer in his office, clenching my fists and staring at the plaid curtains he had up over the window," she says.

"That's not seventeen teeth we're talking about, just seventeen surfaces," Dr. Glassman says. "Now tell me about your wonderful baby. Am I looking at a boy or a girl?"

"Her name is Amanda," Nina says, and pauses. "This is Seymour."

Dr. Glassman shakes Brad's hand. "I congratulate you on your lovely little family, Seymour. And my professional advice is that you enjoy to the fullest these years as a young family. It all passes like a dream; in the blink of an eye it's gone."

Brad nods. He feels Nina's hand slipping into his own. He is lightheaded, thinking of his secret life as a husband and father. Soon his child will be grown and he and Nina will be middle-aged, comforting each other in the silence of their empty house.

"Seymour," Nina is saying.

"I'm right here."

"Don't you think we ought to be heading home?"

"Home?"

"Let me just suggest that you wipe the baby's gums with a wet washcloth at least once a day," Dr. Glassman says. "Even at this age." With his back turned to them, he raises a hand high over his head and waves goodbye.

"I'm feeling very lonely all of a sudden," Brad says, and sighs, watching Dr. Glassman disappear into a white Cadillac parked not too far up the street.

"What's the matter?"

"It's the empty-nest syndrome, striking a little early."

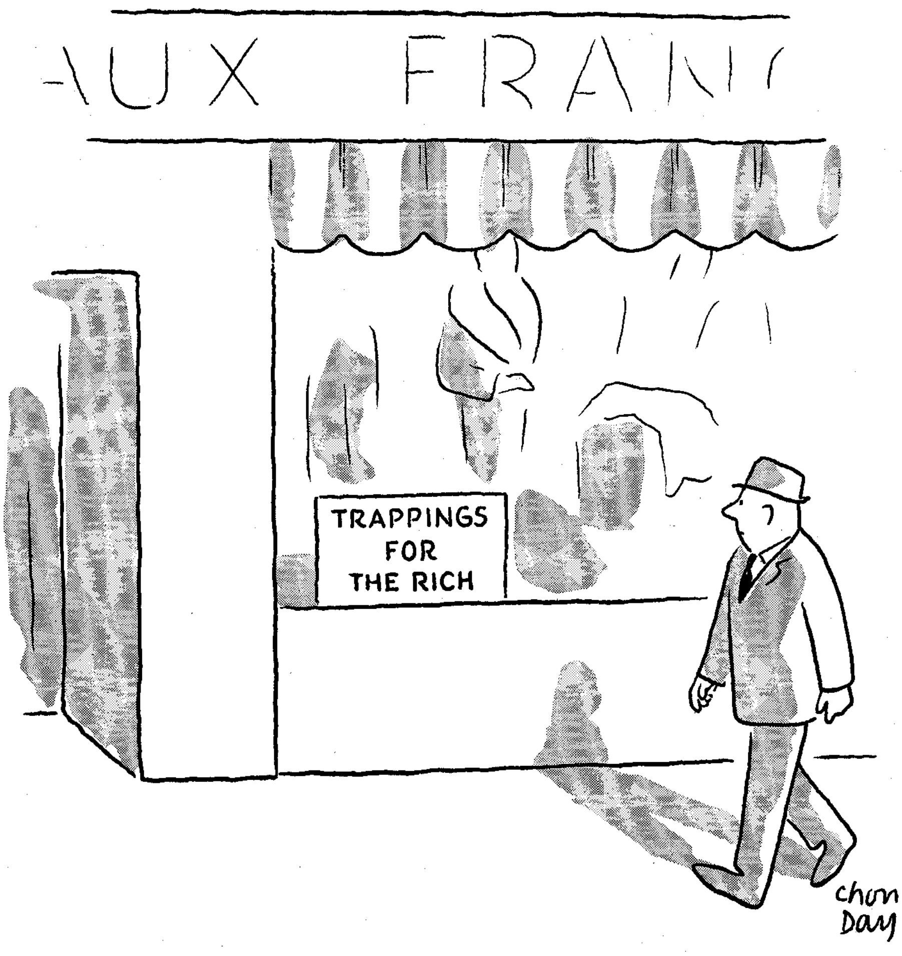
"You must think I'm a Looney Tune," Nina mumbles, "trying to pass you off as my husband."

"Don't you know you're talking to a man who drove ninety miles to a party he'd been dreading all week?" And then he is imagining, with astonishing ease, the two of them as lovers, their affair stretching effortlessly over a lifetime, accommodating her marriage, his marriage, children, grandchildren—every obstacle thrown (or carefully placed) in their path. As he envisions it, they won't ever be free to marry each other; really a very romantic notion, he thinks—just what is needed to keep things passionate. Not that he would want to be married to Nina again; he wouldn't dream of altering his life to suit her expectations. But at this moment, looking at her small, round winter-pale face, her eyes large and grave as a child's, he sees that what he has missed most these past two years is the thrill of desire. It seems incredible now that he's managed so long without it, indifferent to nearly everything except his work: women, friendship, the food he prepares for himself, the music he listens to as he falls asleep at night.

"Ninety miles," he says, and puts a hand over hers on the velvety roof of the carriage. He rubs his palm back and forth across her knuckles, no farther. Toward the end of his trip today, crossing the Throgs Neck Bridge, he'd been in such a panic that he missed the outstretched hand of the toll collector entirely, his quarters and dimes falling to the ground and rolling in all directions over concrete. The toll collector, a black woman about his age, looked on with amusement as he jumped from the car and on his knees gathered the coins together breathlessly, as if his life depended upon it. "You one desperate son of a bitch," the woman said, taking the money from him with both hands. Her hair was in dozens of little braids, decorated with beads and leather and thin gold coins. She shook her head at him, and the braids made a tinkling sound, like wind chimes. It was only later, when he arrived at the house and got out of the car, that he noticed his knuckles were bleeding slightly, the skin scraped in layers so delicate they were almost imperceptible.

DRINKING champagne punch from clear plastic cups, Brad and Nina sit close to each other on a couch in her parents' den, their knees touching. On the other side of the room, people are crowded around an aluminum folding table filled with platters of food. The room is uncomfortably warm. Too many people, too many chairs wherever you walk, too many hanging plants blocking your view out the jalousie windows.

A little girl, about four or so, wearing a long flowered skirt and white patent-leather clogs, is crouched on the step that leads into the den. She stares at Nina. "Where's your baby?" she says. She puts a cocktail frankfurter into her mouth and chews on it a long time. "My mother told me I could play with her."



"The baby's asleep in a bassinet in one of the bedrooms," Nina says. "And, you know, the last time I saw you, Janey, you were a baby yourself."

"You have milk in your bosoms?" the little girl says.

Nina and Brad think this is very funny (they look at each other and smile), but Gloria, Janey's mother, who comes along at just the right moment, does not; she yanks her up from the step and says, "Watch your mouth, Lady Jane." Then she taps Brad on the knee, saying, "Terrific to see you."

"If you have any influence at all with your brother," Brad says, "maybe you could get me a whirlwind tour of the neighborhood in his new car."

"Oh sure." Gloria rolls her eyes. "You came to just the right person."

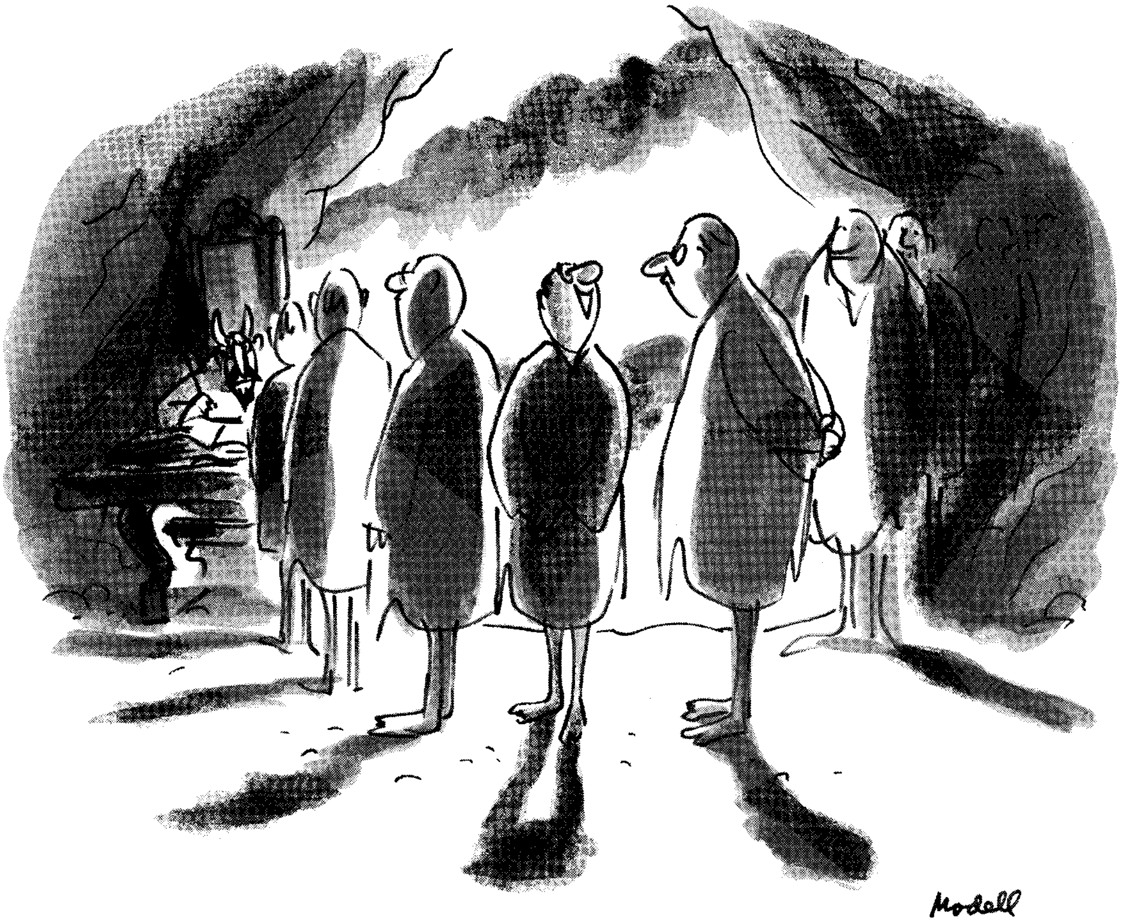
"What happened to his girlfriend?" says Nina. "Or can't you tell us?"

"She traded him in for a better model, so to speak." Gloria looks startled, as if she can't believe what she's just heard. "Can I talk to you for a minute?" she asks Nina. She pulls at Nina's hand. "It's absolutely imperative."

As Nina rises from the couch and turns so that she is facing him, Brad sees what it is that has unnerved Gloria: two wet stains are spreading across the front of Nina's shiny, off-white blouse. She is leaking milk, he realizes, and then, unexpectedly, he is overwhelmed by a longing to shelter her, to shield her from the husband who speaks to her in a voice that has nothing to do with love.

"I HAVE an announcement to make," Nina's grandmother hollers from the middle of the dining room. "The bride and groom will now cut the cake. I'd like everyone at the table right now. And that includes all those men who locked themselves away to watch football on TV."

Nina has disappeared. From all directions, people begin moving toward the dining-room table, which has been cleared of everything except a white sheet cake decorated with pink roses set in green-gray leaves, and stacks of dessert plates and silverware. Brad finds himself almost directly behind



*"Oh, sure, it's hot, all right, but it's a dry heat."*

Nina's mother and father, to whom he hasn't said a word all afternoon. The candles are lit and blown out, then Nina's father is asked to make a speech. What does he have to say after thirty-five years of marriage, Nina's grandmother wants to know.

"Ah, well," Leon says, and clears his throat theatrically. "Life has its little disappointments." A few people, mostly men, laugh uneasily. Then there is silence. "A joke," Leon says, raising both arms in the air. "A *joke!*"

"You'll hear from me later, you stinker," Nina's mother says, but of course she is teasing him, her voice light and friendly as she guides cake into his open mouth with an ornate silver fork.

Leon has just spotted Brad and is motioning to him to come closer to the table. "Hey, buddy," he says. "Are you friend or foe?"

"Happy anniversary," Brad says. Nina's father seems slightly drunk. His smile is goofy, his face flushed and shiny. Brad doesn't like the feel of Leon's hand clamped on his wrist.

"Happy anniversary," says Leon. "And many more."

Nina's mother passes a plate of cake to Brad. "I'm going to cry," she whispers, tipping her head so that it's nearly resting on Brad's shoulder. "If anyone wants to know where I am, just tell them I'll be hiding in the bathroom for the remainder of the party."

Leon sighs as he lets go of Brad's arm. "Can I ask you a personal question? Yes? Did I invite you to this party? And if so, why?"

"It was Nina."

"Nina," Leon says, snapping his fingers in front of his face. "Who else." He blinks at Brad. "She's not a happy person, buddy. I don't know how she got that way, and I don't know what to do about it. I spend a lot of time thinking about it, though." His eyes are closed now. "Do you think I'm wasting my time?" When he doesn't get a response, Leon says, "At least there's a baby this time. That's something, I suppose."

Brad says, "I don't think you want to talk to me now. I think what you want to do is slice up the cake and pass it around to your guests, don't you?"

"The thing is," Leon says, "I don't think of it as a waste. There's no such thing as wasting your time when it comes to your children." Accepting the wedge-shaped knife Brad offers him, Leon runs his finger over the serrated edge. "When she was a little girl," he says, "Nina always had to have a rose."

Brad reaches for the knife and skims it along one side of the cake, collecting a row of perfect pink roses. Slowly, with a second knife, he transfers them to a plate that Leon holds solemnly in his hands.

Walking along the narrow hallway that leads to the bedrooms, his fingers curved around the thin china, Brad can feel his hands shaking slightly. Amazed, he stares at his strange coppery fingers, stained, he realizes now, the color of Nina's hair. He presses the rim of the plate into his middle, hugs it delicately, his elbows stiff at his sides.

He finds Nina in her parents' room, nursing Amanda in a blond bentwood rocker. Late-afternoon sunlight falls in narrow bands across Nina's thighs. The baby is asleep; Nina raises a finger to her lips in warning to Brad. She smiles at him, at the roses, but says nothing. The smile has not yet left her face as Brad settles on the floor with his back against the edge of the rocker. In his mind, they are a still-life: a mother nursing her child in a sunlit room, while at her feet a man waits patiently, motionless, with a plate of bright roses.

—MARIAN THURM

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3:35 PM—SILENT RUNNING, the story of a scientist left alone in space with Bruce Dern.—*Adv. in TV Guide.*

Yikes!

# PROFILES

## ADVOCATE

Surrogate's Court
Hall of Records,
New York, N.Y.,
December 10, 1953,
10 A.M.

In the Matter of the Last Will and
Testament of Eleanor Morgan Satterlee.

Before: Hon. George Frankenthaler,
Surrogate, and a Jury.

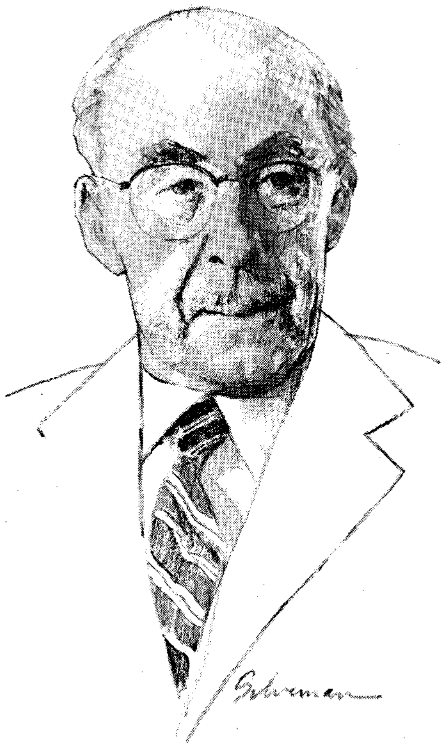
(Summation by Mr. Rifkind on behalf of
the proponent.)

MR. RIFKIND: May it please your Honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury: Whenever in the course of my professional work it comes my turn to address a jury, I am always filled with a sense of elation. I am filled with elation because, although I am speaking now to a small audience, in that audience I see a cross-section of our country. Between Mr. Auerbach and Miss Krowther, in One and Two places, and Mr. Sudhoff and Mr. Boyd, in the last two places in this box, I see men and women from every kind of origin, from every kind of social background, from every kind of economic position—really a small America. And when I realize that the problems that we have been discussing here for the last six weeks are going to be left to the decision of this group of men and women, I know that I am experiencing democracy at work, and democracy living, because no man has a right to ask more than that his problem and his controversy should be submitted for decision by his neighbors, fairly selected, free from bias and prejudice, but his neighbors. . . .

What we are fighting here, what is in controversy here, is something far more precious than [money]: reputation—the reputation of a girl who is dead, and the reputation of . . . professional men whom you have seen, who have served their country well, and who are here being challenged in a way that jeopardizes their professional lives.

You heard Mr. McGrath [for the contestant] ask Colonel Rosenblatt whether he regarded this case seriously, and you remember his answer, that this was the most serious thing in his life. That was no exaggeration. No professional man can survive an adverse verdict from a jury such as this. I would suppose that no battle he has ever engaged in, battles for which he has won the battle stars of his country, was for him personally more important than the battle that he has waged during the past six weeks in this courtroom against the accusations of Mabel Ingalls with the assistance of the House of Morgan.

I spoke of the reputation of a girl, Eleanor Morgan Satterlee. Her cause in this courtroom is being championed by Colonel Rosenblatt. . . . And all I can say to you in apology for these long weeks of trial is that, although this was scheduled as a will contest, in which the only question is whether a piece of paper is the true will of the person who signed it before subscribing witnesses, as the trial progressed I found myself defending a murder case, an embezzlement case, an alienation of affections case, a kidnapping case; every accusation in the calendar was thrown quite recklessly, I think—and I hope you will agree with me—at these persons who have heretofore done nothing to warrant such accusations.



*Simon Hirsch Rifkind*

THE case concerned the will of a granddaughter of J. P. Morgan, Eleanor Morgan Satterlee, who had executed the will before witnesses at the Sulgrave Hotel, in Manhattan, on November 3, 1950, and had died of cancer the following April. The will was challenged by Mabel Ingalls—Eleanor Satterlee's sister—with the support of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company, which was named in it as co-executor. Mrs. Ingalls had alleged through her lawyer, John P. McGrath, that the will had been made when the testator was not competent to do so. She had further alleged that Sol A. Rosenblatt—a retired colonel in the United States Army, Mrs. Satterlee's lawyer, a co-executor of the will, and, not incidentally, an important beneficiary of it—had exercised undue influence on the testator in his own favor in the preparation of it and had conspired with Mrs. Satterlee's doctor to hasten her death through the withholding of medical care. Counsel for Colonel Rosenblatt, the proponent of the will, was Simon Hirsch Rifkind, a small, trim lawyer with round spectacles and a small Charlie Chaplin mustache, who over the years has repeatedly been singled out by his peers as the greatest courtroom advocate of his time and perhaps the greatest all-around lawyer of his time.

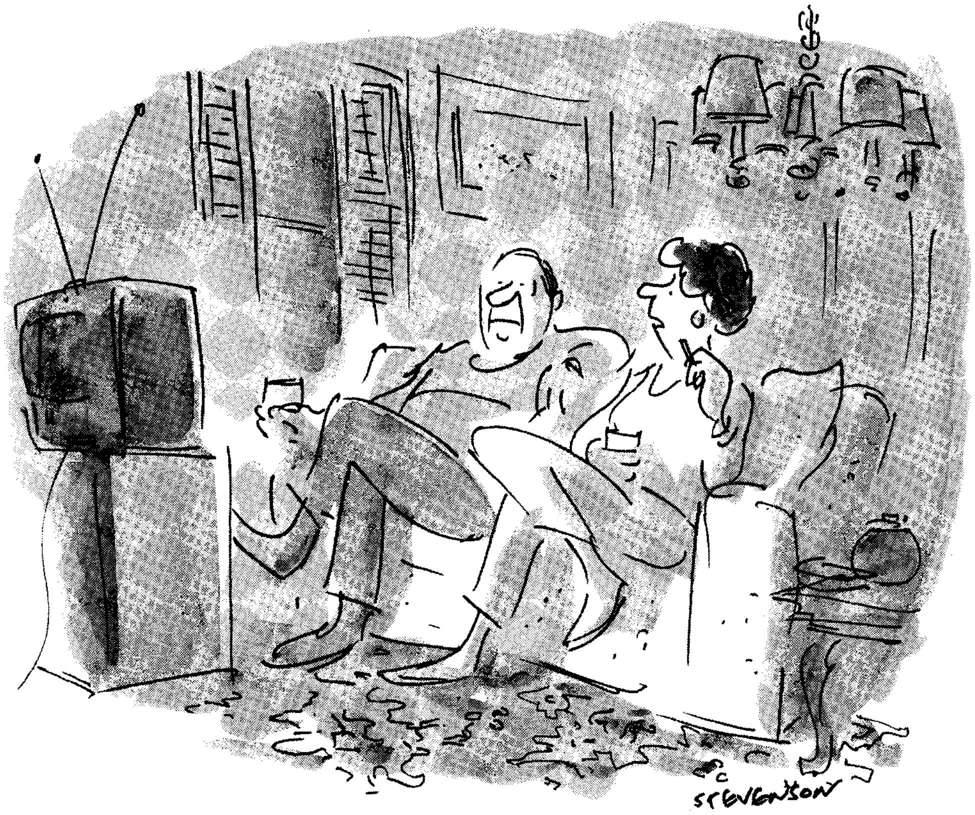
In various respects—the references by name to several of the jurors, the appeal to the glories of American democracy, the insistence that the real subject of the case was not money but reputation, and the air of sweet reasonableness played in counterpoint to a tone of fierce argumentation—the passage above, Rifkind's introduction to his summation of his case to the jury, represents a fair sample of his courtroom style, which has been characterized by one of his law partners, Jay Topkis, as that of "a great storyteller who always puts things in terms of drama." Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, in his book "The Court Years," named Rifkind as "the most outstanding advocate of all" in the nation, and the senior among Rifkind's partners, Lloyd K. Garrison, has called him quite simply "the finest lawyer we shall ever know." Rifkind's detractors among lawyers who have worked with him, or argued against him, accuse him of deliberately debasing his intellectual gifts in the interest of persuading judges and juries to his clients' points of view, and some judges who have listened to his courtroom dramas give them mixed or unfavorable notices, finding them to be too corny. Rifkind himself might be inclined to go along with these criticisms. Of the Satterlee case—which he won hands down—Rifkind says, "That was a perfect courtroom drama, the kind of thing I would want to write fiction about if I could write fiction. I am, I guess, a bit of a ham, and it gave full scope to the ham in me."

At eighty-one, Rifkind can look back on an unusually varied career in the law—a career marked by a penchant for being in the thick of not only many of the most important but also some of the more diverting public events of his time. From 1927 to 1933, he was chief assistant to Senator Robert F. Wagner, of New York, and played a key role in the shaping of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal.

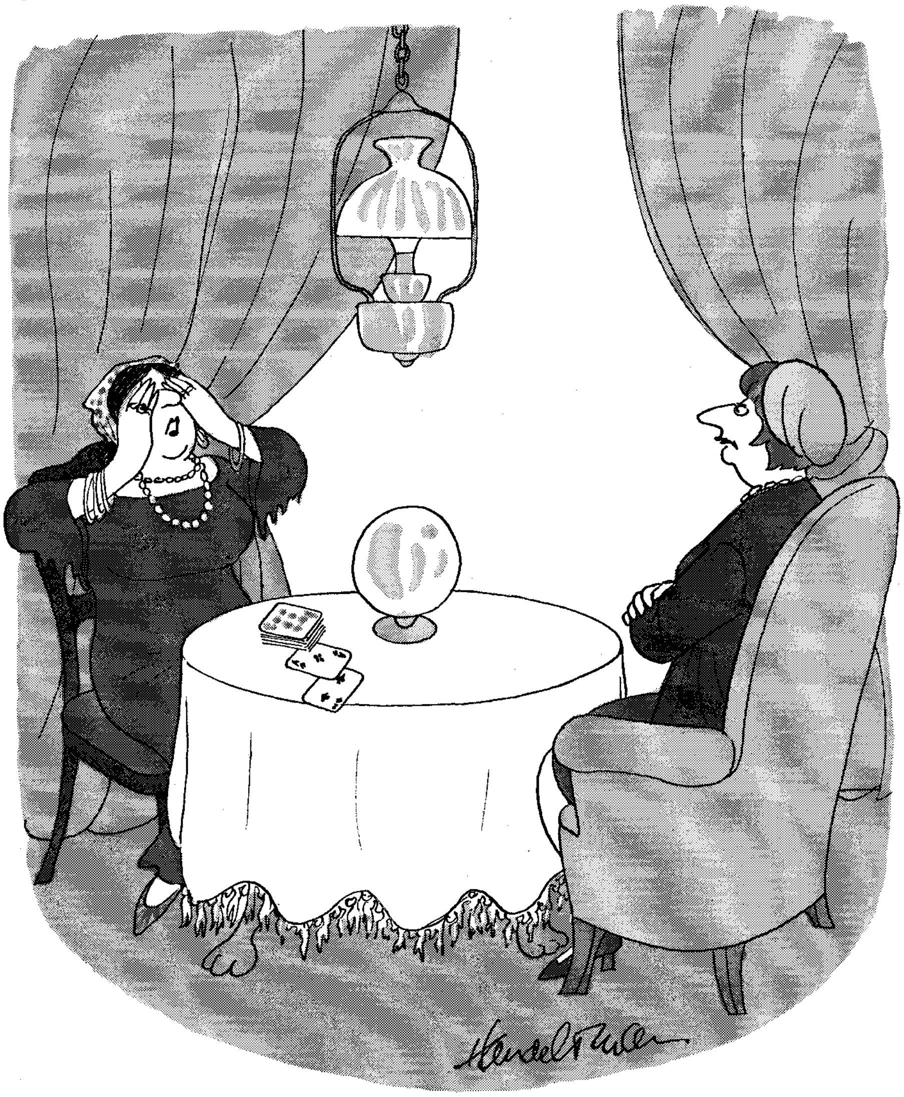
He was involved in investigating the strange disappearance, in 1930, of Judge Joseph Force Crater. From 1941 until 1950, he served as a federal judge in New York City. Since then, he has been a leading member and the driving force of the celebrated law firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison. Comparatively few good judges make good advocates, and vice versa, evidently because the mind and temperament required by the two callings are so different. Rifkind is an exception; having won high praise for his work on the bench, he went on to even greater acclaim as a litigator. Temperamentally, though, his heart may always have been in the latter role. Rifkind as a judge could render balanced judgment, but he was born to argue in court.

Vigorous or ruthless advocacy for a fee is, of course, one of the things that have tended to make lawyers as a group unpopular down through the ages. It was probably what made St. Luke write, "Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers." It was certainly in the mind of Thorstein Veblen when he wrote, with characteristic exaggeration, in "The Theory of the Leisure Class," "The lawyer is exclusively occupied with the details of predatory fraud, either in achieving or in checkmating chicane." Moreover, hardly anyone in the laity likes a constant arguer, much less a highly effective one, and arguing constantly and effectively is what litigation is. Still, people are glad to pay for a lawyer's services when they have a dispute of their own. (As far as Rifkind's firm is concerned, they pay at rates ranging from eighty dollars an hour for the lowest-paid associates up to three hundred dollars an hour for the highest-paid partners.) A problem for many lawyers is that of giving their best efforts to cases and causes that they themselves have trouble believing in. Rifkind seems to have solved this problem through a kind of self-hypnosis. Topkis says, "Once he has taken a client on, he becomes totally dedicated to his cause. Rifkind has represented a lot of sinners. That is, they may have been sinners when they walked through his door, but as soon as he accepted their cases, to him they became angels. At that moment, he stopped being able to see their flaws. The flaws became 'problems.' I've represented some sinners myself—and so have others at Paul, Weiss—but I must say I don't think I've brought to their service quite the same degree of self-persuasion that Si Rifkind has."

Rifkind himself lays down two principal requirements for successful litigation: "One: Litigation is conducted on a public stage in the presence of a sophisticated audience. You cannot fool the fans. They know quality or the absence of it when they see it. Two: Litigation is an emotional experience. It calls for identification with the client. I have never seen a great actor who did not identify with the character he impersonated. The same is true of a successful litigator." Rifkind takes a romantic view of the courtroom itself. "In the courtroom, I have seen courage in the face of odds," he said some years back. "I have seen steadfastness in adversity. I have seen magnanimity in victory. In the courtroom, the lawyer enjoys the exhilaration of victory and suffers the chastening of defeat." Among the cases that during his thirty-three years with Paul, Weiss have brought him exhilaration or chastening are that of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy (later Onassis) against the writer William Manchester, concerning the latter's book about the death of President Kennedy; that of the New York *Post* and its then editor, James Wechsler, against the columnist and commentator Walter Winchell, on the arresting allegation that Winchell, in calling Wechsler an "ex-Communist" in his newspaper column and in broadcasts, had so loaded this pronouncement with innuendo that by implication he was calling him a Communist; and that of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Chinese Nationalist Generalissimo, who had been mentioned in what she considered to be a defamatory way in a book by Drew Pearson. The Paul, Weiss firm, in a description of itself recently submitted to "The American Lawyer Guide to Leading Law Firms," said, with evident pride, "Rifkind helped earn the firm's litigation reputation with his involvement in highly publicized cases." Partly as a result of that involvement, over a long period he was one of the few lawyers who were mentioned frequently in newspaper gossip columns—in his case, particularly that of Leonard Lyons in the *Post*. But Rifkind is scarcely either a publicity seeker or a bon vivant. Some more relaxed members of his profession call him a "workaholic" whose idea of a vacation is to come into the office on Sunday afternoon wearing a sports coat. He dines out infrequently, is at his desk ten or twelve hours a day when he isn't in court, and throughout his career has avoided press interviews (although he did once or twice volunteer thoughts of a more or less scholarly nature to Lyons for inclusion



*"This should be studded with more stars."*



*"I think your late husband is coming through now. A man about five feet ten, right? Graying hair? Charming smile? Accompanied by a lovely young girl?"*

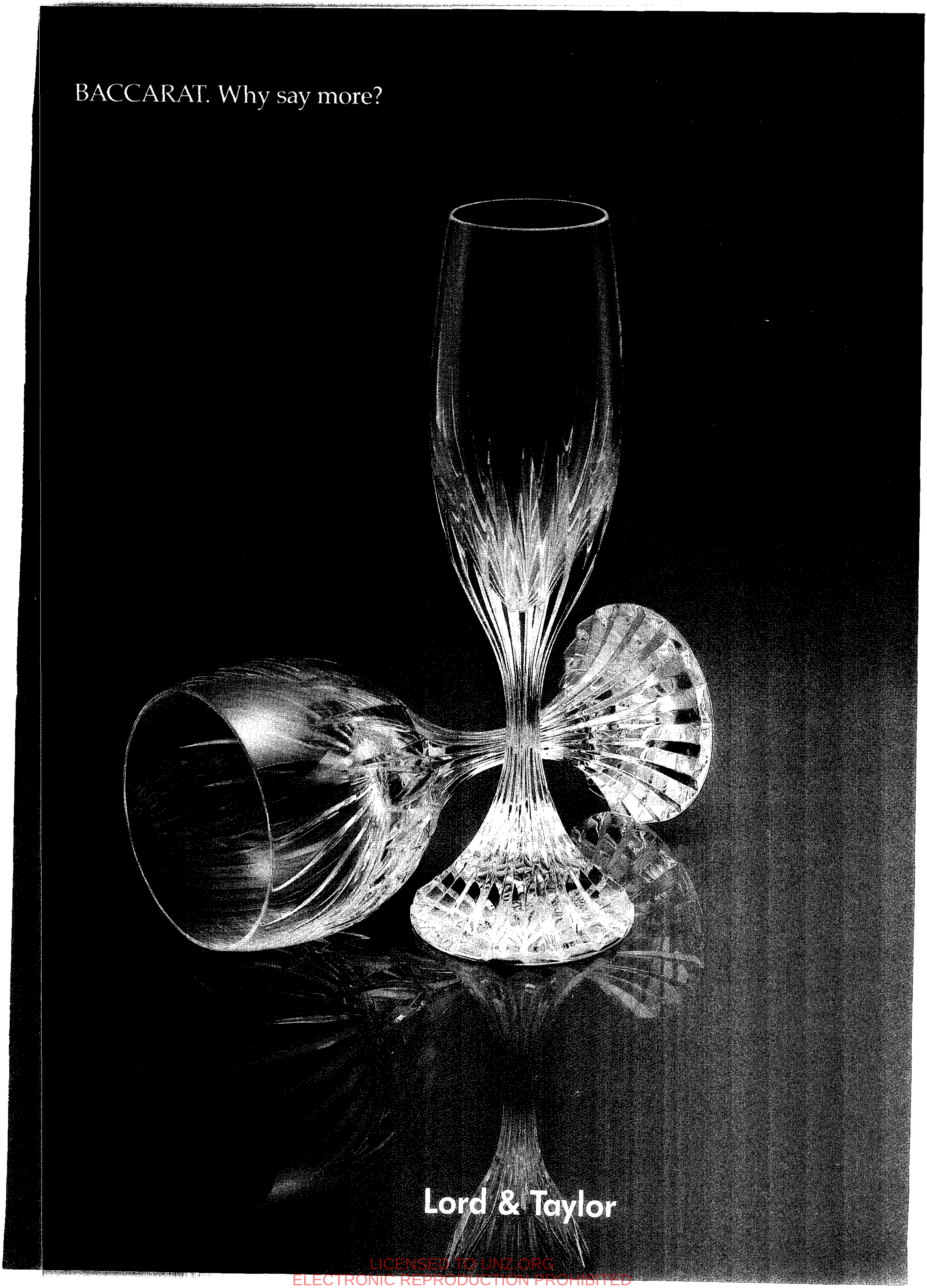
• •

in his column). In fact, most of his important cases have been intricate in their legal content and consequently less appealing to the public. These include his defense, in the nineteen-fifties, of various American oil companies against a charge that they had conspired to boycott imports of oil from Iran; his work on behalf of Justice Douglas during a House impeachment inquiry in 1970; his role in the formation of the Municipal Assistance Corporation for the City of New York in 1975; and his role—not as an advocate but, rather, as a Special Master, or quasi-judge, appointed by the United States Supreme Court—in the historic case, which ran from 1952 to 1963, concerning the apportionment of the waters of the Colorado River among Arizona, California, and other Western states.

Surely one of Rifkind's most notable accomplishments has been his leadership in transforming the Paul, Weiss firm from a modest affair into one of the most formidable legal juggernauts in the country. When he arrived, in 1950, it consisted of thirty-seven lawyers, including partners and associates, and only one of the partners was regularly engaged in litigation; the firm was known chiefly as a specialist in such matters as theatrical and tax law. Now its roster includes two hundred and fifty-four lawyers—seventy-one partners, one hundred and eighty associates, and three partners in the emeritus status that lawyers call "of counsel." A hundred and one lawyers are engaged full time in litigation, and the firm is best known for its prowess in that form of practice. Paul, Weiss people agree that Rifkind, far more than anyone else, was responsible for this transformation—and also that it was chiefly on his initiative that the firm came to include among its partners at one time or another such men of national fame as Adlai Stevenson, Arthur Goldberg, and Ramsey Clark. Perhaps to the bewilderment of some of the partners of longer standing than Rifkind himself, the former legislative aide and judge turned out to be not only a champion litigator but an empire builder, too.

Paul Hoffman, in his book "Lions in the Street: The Inside Story of the Great Wall Street Law Firms," wrote that Rifkind "excels as a courtroom battler . . . an astute litigator, an ace business-getter, an able administrator" and quoted an anonymous attorney who gave this thumbnail sketch of Rifkind: "One hundred per cent lawyer—he eats, drinks, breathes the law; he probably even dreams the law." (In fact, Paul, Weiss was never a "Wall Street law firm" in the sense of having a client list consisting almost exclusively of large corporations; it did formerly have its offices downtown, but in 1951 it became the first substantial general-practice firm to move from there to midtown.) Along with its glowing professional reputation, the firm—and Rifkind in particular—has acquired in some quarters a less enviable one as a ferocious fee-charger. For example, in December of 1978, the *Village Voice*, noting that Paul, Weiss had charged New York City almost three million dollars for its help in setting up the Municipal Assistance Corporation, called Rifkind "probably the highest-priced lawyer in New York," and in 1968 the New York City Bar Association put on a theatrical spoof of Rifkind and his career entitled "Megabuck."

Rifkind sometimes makes remarks that tend to reinforce this reputation. In the late nineteen-sixties, when Ralph Nader sued the General Motors Corporation for invading his privacy by setting detectives on him, Rifkind represented General Motors. Asked recently whether he would have represented Nader instead if Nader had applied to him first, Rifkind replied, "Certainly—assuming that he could have paid my fee, which I doubt that he could have at the time." The astonishing thing, in the light of this apparent financial savagery, is that according to the testimony of some of his partners Rifkind is scarcely interested at all in personal financial advantage. While he may be hardhearted with his clients, he is generous, at his own expense, with his partners. After all, a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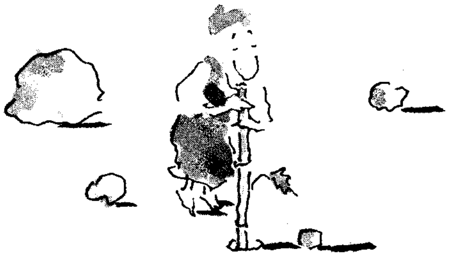

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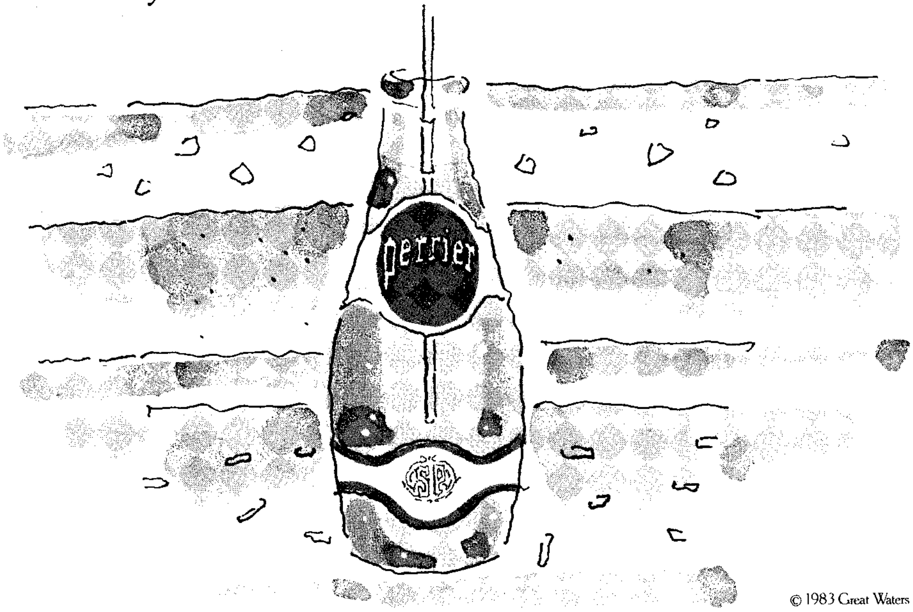

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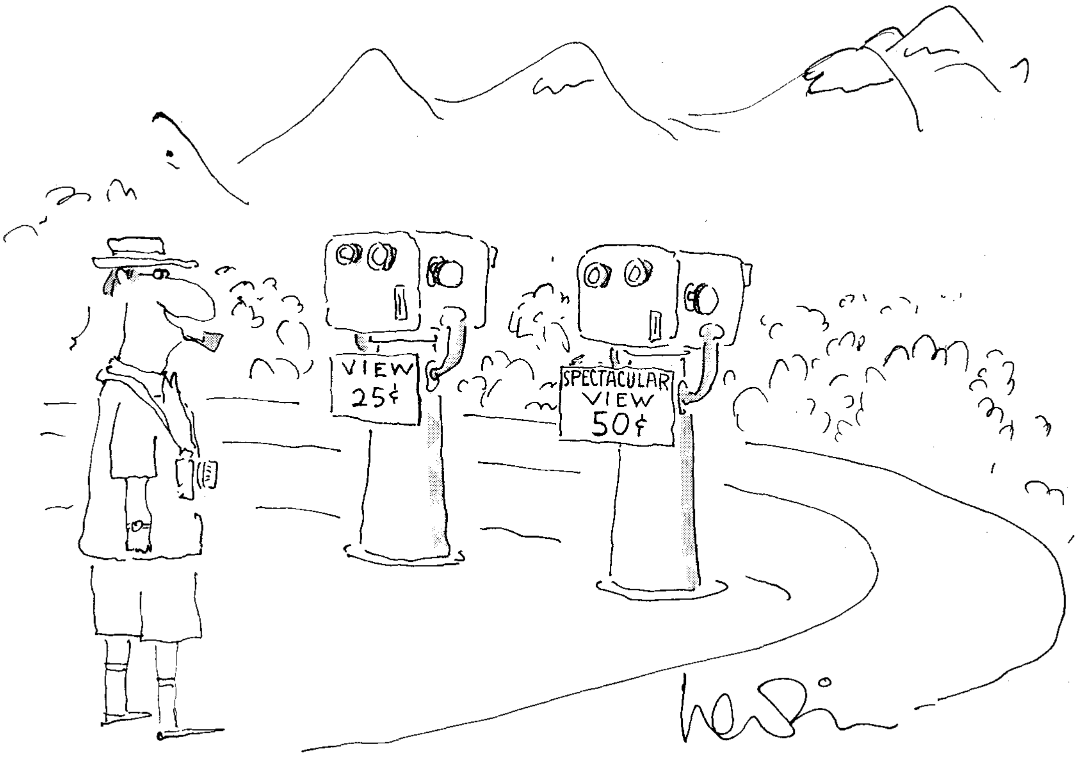
man who eats and drinks the law saves on restaurant and bar tabs. Robert H. Montgomery, Jr., the head of Paul, Weiss's renowned entertainment department, says, "It simply isn't so that Si is the highest-paid lawyer in New York, or anywhere near that. Of course he charges high fees, but most of the money goes to the firm. Many New York lawyers take much more out of their firms every year than Si takes out of ours. In fact, there were many years when he could have taken out four or five times as much as he did. During my first ten years as a partner—I became one in 1961—Si made a personal gift to me of between one-third and one-half of my annual compensation. It was money that he was entitled to take himself but insisted that I have. The truth is that Si never had money ambitions for himself. What would he do with a lot of money? What he really loves is the practice of law, and his ambition is not to be rich but to make his law firm the best there is."



RIFKIND spent the first nine years of his life, 1901 to 1910, in Meretz, Lithuania, in Imperial Russia—a village of three or four hundred people perched on a hillside overlooking the River Neman, which runs into the Baltic Sea. The Jewish inhabitants of Meretz spoke Yiddish; their written language was Hebrew. Modern technology had not reached the place: water was drawn from a common well and carried home in buckets suspended from shoulder harnesses, and houses were warmed by wood-burning ovens. During his years in Meretz, Rifkind never wore a factory-made garment and never saw a newspaper. Residents lived at subsistence level by conducting various small businesses; Rifkind's father, Jacob, the son of a Hebrew scribe in Grodno, sold fish he caught in nearby lakes. But the real occupation of Meretz in those days was waiting for a chance to emigrate. Of course, there are still thousands of living Americans who can look back on more or less similar early childhoods. Rifkind, with his flair for the dramatic, sees the experience as a sixteenth-century window through which it has been his peculiar destiny—and, in some ways, advantage—to look at twentieth-century life. As he said to a gathering of young Paul, Weiss associates a year or so ago, "to you, I take it, an automobile is an indispensability; to me it's an amenity. To you air-conditioning is a necessity; to me it's a luxury. To you television and air travel are routine; to me they are still miracles. . . . There is really only one universe in which I feel at ease with my young brethren, and that is the universe of the law." Meanwhile, his view backward in time—three-quarters of a century of his time, several centuries of the world's—is untinged with affection. "I never felt myself a native of that country," he says. "I never learned its language, I never spoke to its people. I never thought of myself as Russian or Lithuanian. I've never felt any desire to go back. It was as if we were living as refugees."

Like many such families, the Rifkinds emigrated by degrees, the head of the family first. In Rifkind's infancy, his father crossed the Atlantic in steerage and settled on the lower East Side, where he became a merchant of woollens; the family's two elder sons soon followed, and became store clerks. By 1910, Jacob Rifkind had accumulated enough money to allow the rest of the family—Rifkind's mother, his two sisters, and himself—to make the Atlantic voyage outside steerage, and he sent the money for them to come. The reassembled family's first home in the land of gold-paved streets (Rifkind had actually heard that expression repeatedly in Meretz) was a crowded tenement on Madison Street, near Catherine. Rifkind went to a Jewish religious school, where, during most of the day, instruction in the Talmud and related subjects was conducted in Hebrew, with a nod toward English grammar and composition, arithmetic, and American history in the late-afternoon hours. Later, the family moved to the Bronx. Rifkind went to DeWitt Clinton High School (then in Manhattan, at Fifty-ninth Street and Tenth Avenue), where he became fluent in English, got used to associating with an ethnically mixed group, and, during the First World War, became the sort of fanatically patriotic American that most of Meretz had been in its daydreams.

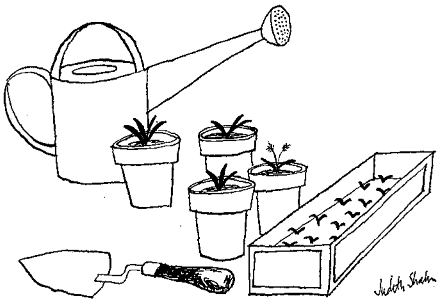
At City College, which was in full flower as a place of initiation into the liberal arts for immigrants and children of immigrants, Rifkind became interested in philosophy, studying under Morris Raphael Cohen, whose thought was based on rigid logic, and Harry Overstreet, whose orientation was toward psychology. (Inspired by the latter, Rifkind went to the New York Public Library to borrow Freud's "The Interpretation of Dreams;" he had to convince the director of the reading room that he was a serious student before he was allowed access to it.) He graduated, a member of Phi

Beta Kappa, in 1922 and was accepted at Harvard Law School. He spent a fruitless summer in Cambridge and Boston trying to find part-time employment so that he could pay his tuition, and had to abandon Harvard. Back in New York, he applied to Columbia Law School, which was already two weeks into its fall session. The assistant dean, Young B. Smith, turned him down, on the grounds that he was too late and that, in any case, Columbia didn't "encourage people who are going to have to work to pay tuition." Undeterred, Rifkind applied to Smith's superior, Dean Harlan F. Stone (later Chief Justice of the United States). Stone accepted him, whereupon Rifkind, who had taught Hebrew in his spare time during his high-school and college years, got a job as head of the religious school at Temple Bnai Israel, thirty blocks up Riverside Drive from Columbia.

Thus began three grinding years of juggling law school with work to pay for it. Mornings, Rifkind attended his law classes. Afternoons, he went to Temple Bnai Israel. The time consumed by the outside work prevented him from serving on the *Law Review* and also forced him on some occasions to take the second half of a course before he took the first half, in order to accommodate his work schedule. "The strain was intense," Rifkind says of his law-school days. "There was no room for fun or play. I didn't get too much sleep. In order to get some exercise and spend some time outdoors, I took to horseback riding. I rode in Central Park every Saturday morning." Along with sleep, he missed the chance to watch actual trials, which already fascinated him, and to study at first hand the art of litigation. "In those days, you had no clinical education in advocacy," he recalls. "In law school, nobody ever mentioned the word 'courthouse.' You just read cases. I never saw a case tried until I tried my first one. But all through law school I fantasized about trials."

Summers were free, and during the summer of 1923, following his first year in law school, Rifkind embarked on that most American of a young American's adventures, a camping trip across the country. His interest in what might lie west of the Hudson—unknown lands to him—had been piqued by a classmate, William O. Douglas, who was destined to become his lifelong friend, and who had announced himself as coming from a distant place that to Rifkind sounded comical, alluring, and imaginary: Walla Walla, Washington. Having acquired, for three hundred dollars, a tent and a Dodge equipped with a removable top and isinglass windows, he set out with another classmate, Abraham Sainer, to see the country. See it they did—the Midwest, the Great Plains, the Rocky Mountains, the Southwest, California, and Walla Walla. In those last years of America's unsophistication, instead of multi-lane highways skirting the cities, dirt country roads ran directly into them; touring by car was still new and strange. Although there were motels, in the form of primitive "tourist cabins," and roadside restaurants, known as "diners," the two law students usually camped out and made fires to cook their meals. Rifkind was enchanted with the trip and came back feeling much more American. Soon after their return, Sainer arranged a double date for himself and Rifkind with a friend of his and *her* friend, a New York girl named Adele Singer. Shortly thereafter, Sainer married his half of the double date; four years later, in 1927, Rifkind married his.

Out of law school in June, 1925, Rifkind was admitted to the bar the following year, and began casting about for a job. Law offices at the time did not recruit their associates; essential for an applicant were a letter of introduction, the patronage of a desirable client, or, best of all, kinship with a member of the firm. To complicate matters, most of the larger firms were closed to Jews. (As for women and blacks, there were very few in the profession, since hardly any were admitted to the major law schools.) Rifkind landed at a small firm on William Street called Feiner & Skutch, where for a few months he did the menial tasks that were the common lot of young lawyers without exceptional connections. Late that year, an unusual opportunity came his way. Robert F. Wagner, an immigrant from Germany and a regular Democrat with progressive leanings, had just been elected to the Senate, and, in search of someone to fill the position then called legislative secretary and now called administrative assistant, he consulted Huger W. Jervey, the dean of Columbia Law. Jervey recommended his recent graduate Rifkind. Rifkind accepted, over the objections of his earlier dean, Harlan Stone, who feared that Wagner was just another Tammany hack.



Rifkind went to work for Wagner in his newly formed Washington office, where the staff consisted entirely of Rifkind and two stenographers. At the same time, he became associated with Wagner's New York City law practice. (In those days, when Congress was seldom in session more than three months a year and congressional pay was low, it was not only acceptable but often necessary for members to continue their commercial or professional activities at home while serving in Congress.) Rifkind divided his time between New York and Washington—often, for reasons of economy, leaving his wife behind in New York during his Washington stays. A certain formality prevailed in Wagner's office. Rifkind addressed him as "Senator," and Wagner addressed Rifkind as "Rifkind." Rifkind now says of Washington in those days, "It really was a pretty small-scale town, even by American standards of the time, and certainly in comparison with other world capitals. Why, it just wasn't in the league. It didn't have a theatre; occasionally a stock company would show up, put on a show for a week. It didn't have an orchestra; occasionally some orchestra would pay a flying visit. Of course, it had no ballet. Its major attraction was a fairly popular burlesque house—a place made famous by the visits of Justice Holmes. In lieu of all those forms of intellectual entertainment, conversation was an art widely practiced, and visiting with one another was a very popular sport. Pennsylvania Avenue looked like a run-down fifth-rate street in a city the size of Pittsfield." Pittsfield, perhaps, was the sort of place that Americans, with their distrust of big government, *wanted* their national capital to look like.

Senator Wagner quickly developed a passion for the legislative life and began neglecting his law practice, in which he had never been particularly interested. Rifkind, on the other hand, was interested both in legislation and in law practice and felt quite comfortable wearing two hats and working

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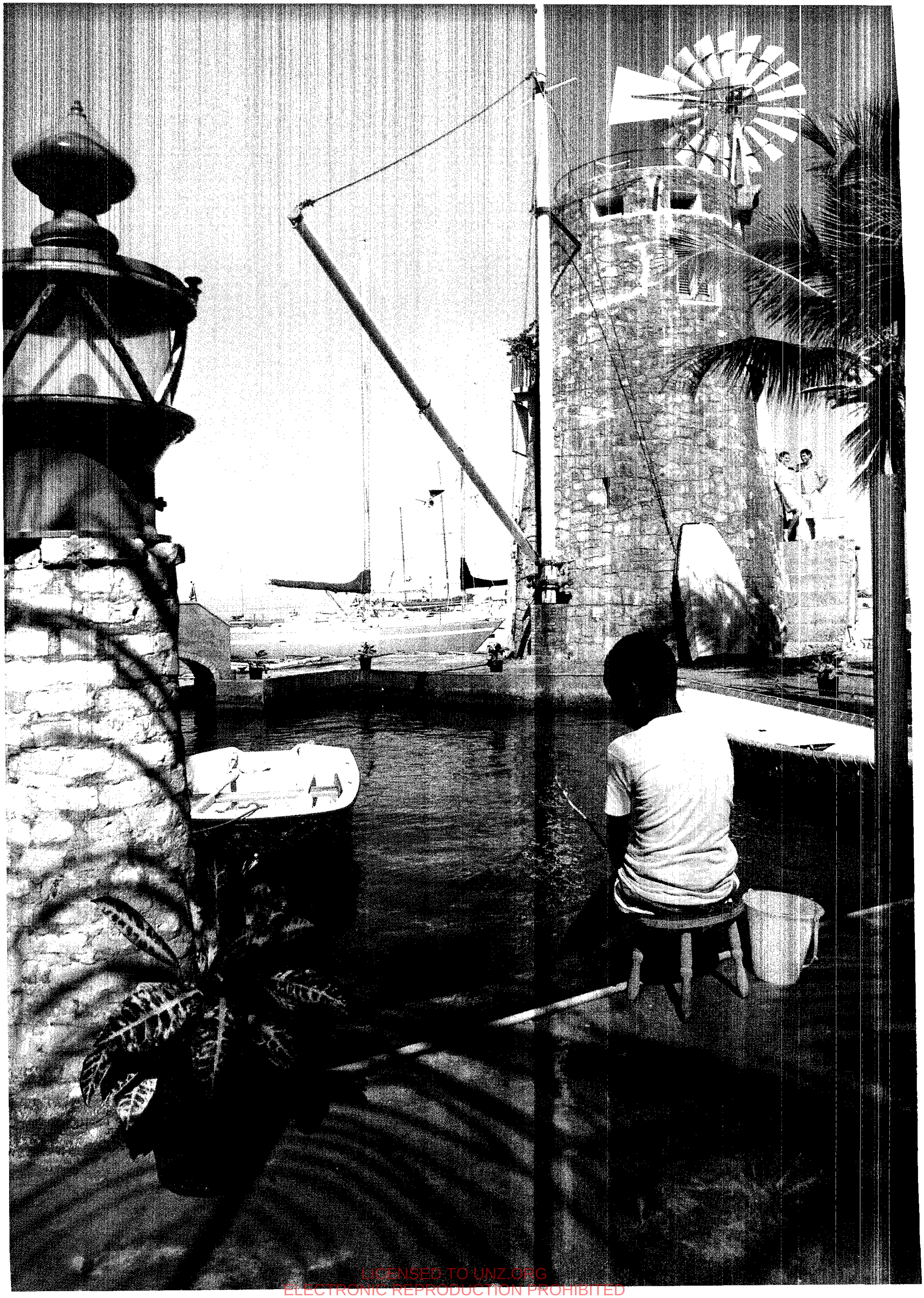

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# St. Croix

**In the American paradise: the United States Virgin Islands.**

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*"It's such fun to hear stock tips again."*

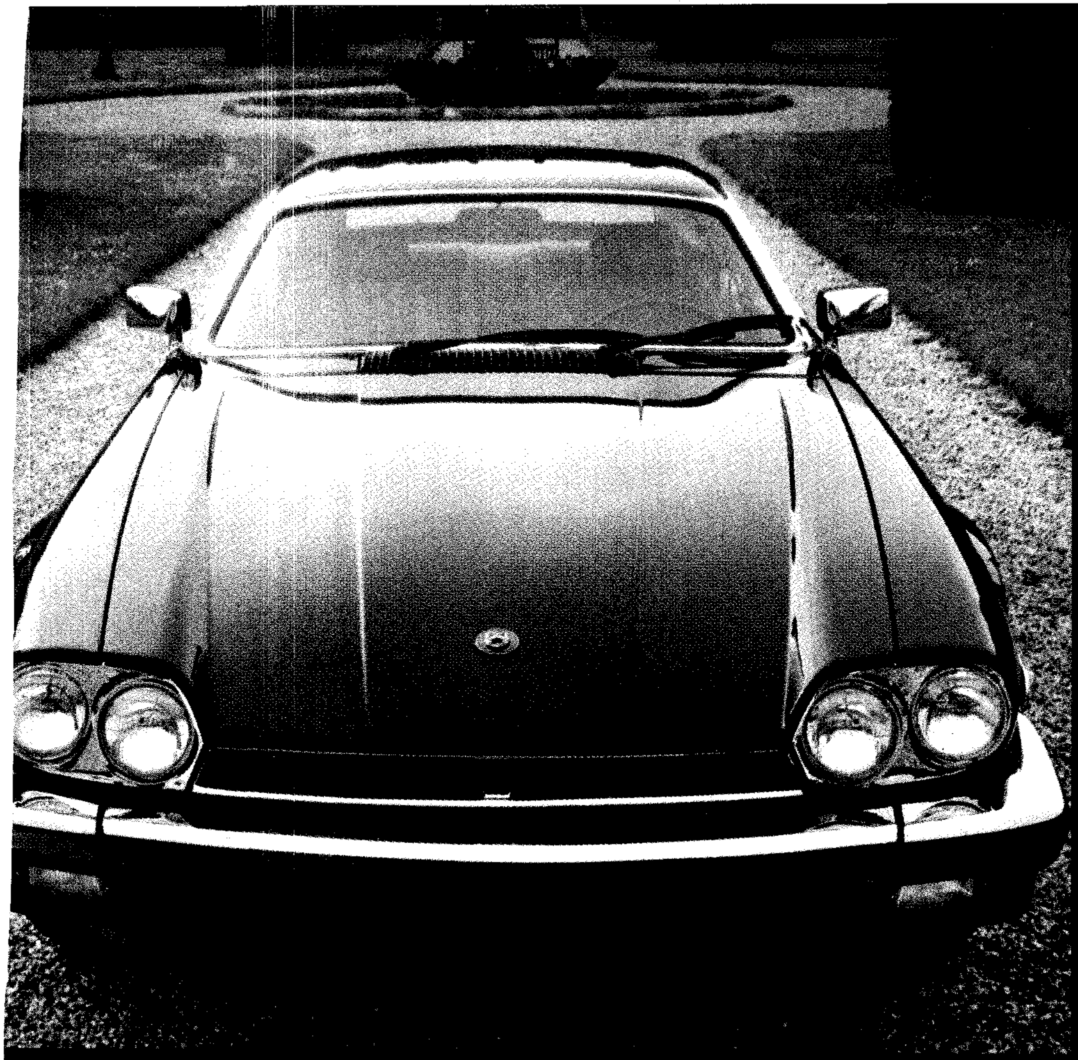
• •

long hours in two cities. In 1930, Wagner's law practice became a partnership—Wagner, Quillinan & Rifkind, Francis J. Quillinan being the son-in-law of Alfred E. Smith, the former governor of New York who had been defeated as the Democratic candidate for President in 1928—and Rifkind hired Edythe Griffinger, a young woman from Newark, to be his secretary both in Wagner's Senate office and in the law firm in New York. In 1983, Miss Griffinger—now a crisp, handsome, gray-haired lady—is still his secretary. She calls him "Judge" and he calls her "Griff." They have long since learned to communicate in a kind of oral shorthand, and relations between them are marked by terse exchanges, with no particular deference either way. "When I was first hired, I was on probation for three months," Miss Griffinger says. "Well, you know, I'm still on probation."

IN the same year, 1930, there began a strange episode in Rifkind's career—a sort of irrelevant yet somehow characteristic footnote. About the time Rifkind had joined Wagner's law firm, it had acquired another lawyer as an office tenant, Joseph Force Crater. Crater—like Wagner himself a proud product of the Tammany political machine—was a tall, long-necked man with a preference for conspicuously elegant dress. According to Rifkind, Crater was a brilliant lawyer, who taught him a lot about brief-writing. In April of 1930, he became a Justice of the New York State Supreme Court. On the following August 6th—after being seen having dinner in a restaurant in the theatre district and subsequently getting into a taxi alone—he disappeared. There was considerable delay in reporting Crater's disappearance to the police. Rifkind learned that Crater's law clerk had not reported it because, the clerk explained, he suspected Crater, a married man, of being "on a date" and wanted to protect him from adverse publicity. Rifkind finally went to the police himself and reported the Judge as a missing person. A reward was offered for information, and a grand-jury investigation was held (Rifkind was among those who testified), but Crater was never found.

Rifkind's subsequent occasions to recall the case have been laced with a kind of comedy—discordantly, in view of his respect and affection for Crater. In August, 1937, he and his wife were vacationing in Maine and decided to visit Mrs. Crater at her summer home in Belgrade Lakes. It was the seventh anniversary of Crater's disappearance, and several members of the press were also at Belgrade Lakes and were staying at the same hotel as the Rifkinds. By coincidence, the chief of the New York City Police Department's Homicide Squad was there as well. The press decided something was up, and when the Rifkinds left the hotel to drive to Mrs. Crater's house they found themselves at the head of a procession of cars occupied by a covey of reporters, including the Hearst columnist Dorothy Kilgallen. Rifkind threw the followers off the scent by turning in at the driveway of a man he happened to know. And in 1971 the New York City Bar Association received a letter from a conscientious but ill-informed New York City police inspector in the Missing Persons Squad, who wrote requesting any information the Association might have as to Judge Crater's whereabouts, adding that another person being sought was "Simon Rifkin [sic], Attorney, formerly of 120 Broadway, New York City, complainant who filed the Missing Persons report." Rifkind remarked to a *Times* reporter, "If they can't find me, how could they ever find Crater?" Rifkind himself has given up hope that Crater will be found or his fate known, but he still insists that speculation about improper conduct on Crater's part is gratuitous and inappropriate. The Judge, he says, was "a man of impeccable manners and propriety," and he adds, "If you live as closely with a man as I did with Crater and he has unsavory innards, you discover it."

DURING the Administrations of Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover, Senator Wagner concentrated on economic legislation—especially on measures with the then avant-garde purposes of encouraging the organized-labor movement and counteracting the business cycle—and gradually he became the prototype of the Northern urban liberal. Under his direction, Rifkind worked on these bills, which were defeated with monotonous regularity by the Republican-controlled Congress. Finding himself in a field in which he had no training or experience—his education had been in philosophy and law, not in the social sciences—Rifkind set about establishing a nationwide network of professional and academic social scientists to provide him with ideas and information; among them was Paul H. Doug-



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las, a professor of economics at the University of Chicago, who later, after he had become a senator from Illinois, said that his contacts with Rifkind in the late nineteen-twenties had been a factor in his becoming fascinated with the legislative process and wanting to be a part of it.

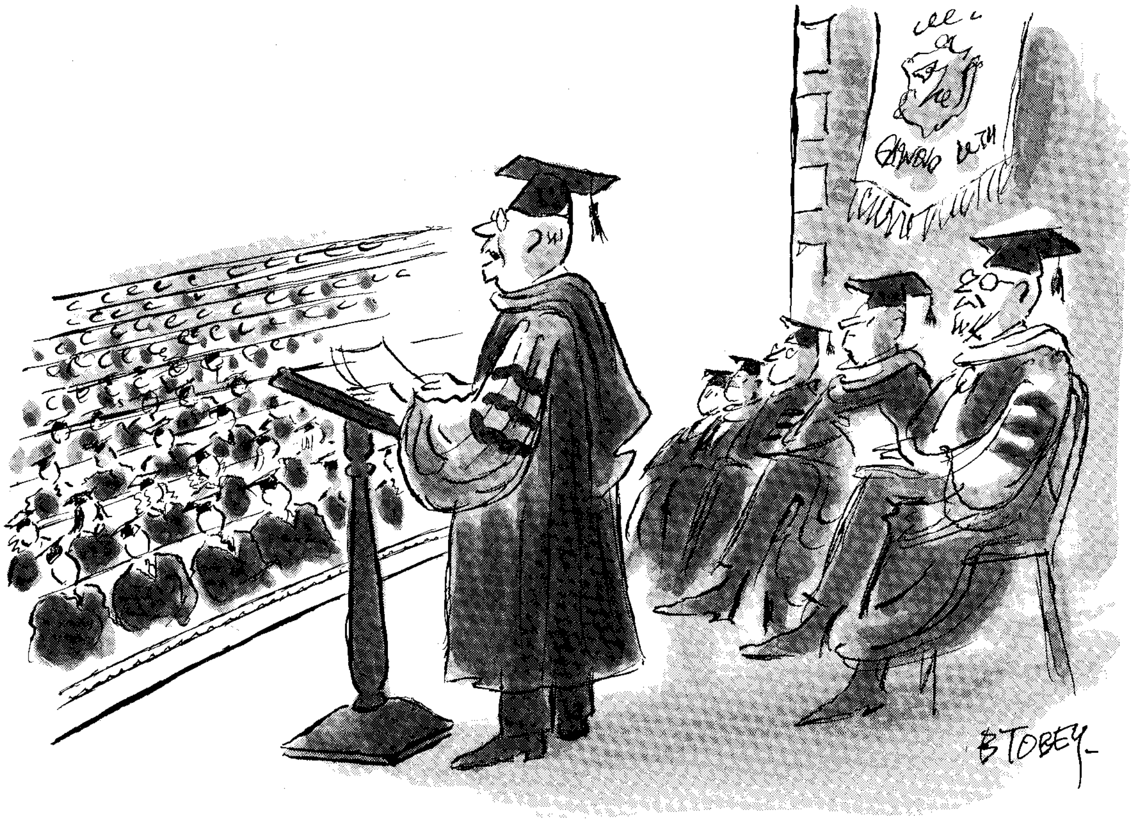
The onset of the Great Depression, in the wake of the stock-market crash of 1929, made Wagner's economic ideas more attractive to Congress but seldom to Hoover. Wagner proposed a two-billion-dollar public-works program, a permanent federal body for long-range public-works planning, a federal employment service, a federal system for collecting labor statistics, and a federal system of unemployment insurance. Two of the less crucial of these proposals—those for long-range planning and for labor-statistics gathering—were eventually enacted, in somewhat watered-down form, during the Hoover Administration; the others were vetoed by Hoover or blocked by Congress. The coming of a liberal President and Congress in March, 1933, naturally meant a sharp improvement in the climate for Wagner's ideas. It also marked the end of Wagner's first term as senator (he had been elected to a second term the previous November) and the end of Rifkind's commitment to serve him as secretary. Accordingly, following the Inauguration of Roosevelt as President on March 4th, Rifkind went straight to the train station and back to New York, to devote his full time to practicing law and to be with his family—now including a two-year-old son, Richard—whom he felt he had been neglecting. He had scarcely arrived home, and was still wearing his overcoat, when the telephone rang and Wagner informed him that President Roosevelt had called Congress into special session and that his presence was required in Washington immediately. Picking up his suitcase, he returned, and he remained until mid-June; in the interim, he made his most memorable legislative contribution, the famous language of Section 7(a) of the National Industrial Recovery Act.

The National Industrial Recovery Act, which created the National Recovery Administration, or N.R.A., had been in gestation for some time. As early as the spring of 1931, Rifkind, stimulated by Wagner, had begun studying possible conflicts between the process of industrial recovery and the anti-trust laws as they were then administered. That same year, various leaders of industry, notably including Gerard Swope, of General Electric, had suggested the establishment of industry-wide "codes of fair competition," which would authorize, in apparent contravention of the anti-trust laws, the maintenance of prices through price-fixing and restriction of production and would benefit the worker directly by establishing maximum work hours and minimum pay scales. Such codes were to be voluntary, but once they were adopted by industry and approved by government authorities they would have the force of law. Even President Hoover, in his December, 1931, State of the Union Message, went as far as to propose that Congress launch an investigation of the possibilities for such a law. Neither that nor anything else of a concrete nature was done on the matter during the crisis year of 1932, but a few weeks after Roosevelt's Inauguration the new President gave Wagner the go-ahead to prepare a bill, and work on one rose to fever pitch. Rifkind became a key member of various groups of economists, bankers, businessmen, legislative aides, union officials, and people from the new Administration, all working on the bill. He found himself in meetings that ran through most of the day and long into the night. In particular, it fell to Rifkind to write what became Section 7(a), which declared—in language that still sounds like poetry to partisans of American labor—that every industrial code must provide, among other things, that "employees shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, and shall be free from the interference, restraint, or coercion of employers . . . in the designation of such representatives."

Once written into the bill, Section 7(a), which gave a broader sanction than ever before for the organization and growth of unions in the United States, became its most controversial part. From the moment Wagner introduced the bill, on May 17, 1933, much of industry lobbied furiously against the section's inclusion, and some proponents of the legislation were ready to drop it in order to assure the bill's passage. But Wagner held firm. "No 7(a), no bill," he told one group of conferees, and on June 16th the National Industrial Recovery Act became law with Section 7(a) included. While the anti-competitive aspects of the act achieved a mixed record on bringing about industrial recovery, the impetus to unionization provided by 7(a) made its passage a landmark event for labor. Union membership rose more than twenty per cent by the end of 1934, and one major union, the United Mine Workers, increased its membership more than eightfold between the passage of the act and May of 1935, when the Supreme Court found the act unconstitutional on the ground that it involved excessive delegation of powers by Congress. By that time, for better or worse, the great Age of the Union in American life had dawned. Nor did Rifkind's words in Section 7(a) then disappear from United States law; they reappear, in greatly elaborated form, in the National Labor Relations Act of 1935, which remains the basic charter for unions and unionization in America.

a.ehrenberg

Rifkind finally left his Washington post for good on the day that the Senate passed the National Industrial Recovery Act, and one week before Roosevelt signed it into law. (He was succeeded as Wagner's assistant by the young lawyer and economist Leon H. Keyserling, who was later to become chairman of President Truman's Council of Economic Advisers.) Looking back now on his work in the act's preparation, Rifkind says, "We were much concerned with the problem of delegation of legislative power to the code writers. We worried about whether that was constitutional or not. We took a chance. Then again, when Hugh Johnson became N.R.A. head and announced his program I was shaken. We had thought of maybe ten industrial codes in the biggest industries—steel, rubber, and so on. We hadn't envisaged a great national public-relations campaign—remember the N.R.A. Blue Eagle?—or every pants presser and whatnot coming under a code. On the constitutional question, we were wrong. But by the time the Court knocked down the Blue Eagle the law had achieved its highly benefi-



"... *but first I'd like to read an excerpt from the address I gave in June of 1954.*"

• •

cial purposes. Thus I learned the uses of unconstitutional legislation."

Back in New York, Rifkind set about being a full-time lawyer, as de-facto head of what was nominally Wagner's firm. In the late nineteen-twenties, the firm had gained a reputation in labor law when, representing the subway workers' union against the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, it persuaded the courts, for the first time, that the notorious "yellow-dog contract," in which a worker agreed not to join a union while in the company's employ, was legally unenforceable—thereby virtually ending use of yellow-dog contracts in New York State. (Those who worked on the Wagner firm's brief in the case included Rifkind, Crater, Professor Herman Oliphant of Columbia Law School, and Wagner himself.) In 1933, however, with the Depression at its nadir and breadlines everywhere, Rifkind found himself a lawyer without clients. Meeting this circumstance with characteristic adaptability, he became an expert in bankruptcy reorganizations. Real-estate holdings in New York City were financed largely by mortgage certificates "guaranteed" by financial institutions, but now, with so many of the mortgaged properties in default, the guarantees meant little, and the courts had no systematic way of dealing with the situation. With the help of a group of fellow-lawyers, Rifkind invented one—to have a trustee appointed for each mortgage. Often, the trustee appointed was represented by Rifkind, and thus it came about that at one time during the middle nineteen-thirties he was in effect responsible for more parcels of city real estate than any other single taxpayer. Walking along lower Broadway, he was always in sight of one of "his" buildings—Nos. 39, 61, 120, 160, and so on. Meanwhile, the fees for managing these reorganizations made Rifkind well-to-do. "In those days, on twenty-five thousand dollars a year one could live like a gentleman—servants, a car, private schools for the children, a country place," he says. A second son, Robert, was born in 1936. Both sons eventually went to the old Lincoln School, on the West Side, and then to Loomis and Yale. When the boys were still small, Rifkind bought an old house with a dozen acres of woodland and farmland in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, as a place for his family to spend the summers.

In 1939, as the Depression approached its end, the gentleman—newly arrived in that status as a result of the Depression's ravages—had hardly realized that he would soon have to invent something else when Senator Wagner, on one of his comparatively rare visits to the law firm, walked into Rifkind's office and said, "Si, how would you like to be a federal judge?" Rifkind thought it was a joke. He knew well that Wagner's idea of humor was to say to almost any visitor at any time "How would you like to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy?" or "How would you like to be Third Under-Secretary of State?" However, he said to himself, "What harm would it do if I said yes?" and he did so. Wagner looked surprised, and proceeded to tell his law partner that he was making a big mistake. Nevertheless, he persuaded Roosevelt to make the appointment, and in June, 1941, Rifkind was sworn in as a judge of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York, at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year.

The judicial life agreed with Rifkind immediately, and he resolved that he would wear its robes for the rest of his days. He soon won a reputation as a good judge. In 1947, a colleague on the bench, Jerome Frank, wrote in the *Columbia Law Review*, "Excepting Learned Hand, this country, I think, has no abler judge than . . . Judge Rifkind." In addition—what is perhaps more surprising, in view of the rigid legal perfectionism that many lawyers speak of as the hallmark of his career—he eventually won a reputation for kindness toward inexperienced advocates. "Your Honor," wrote a young woman lawyer in January, 1950, shortly after she had been admitted to the bar and had argued her first case, "perhaps this note is out of order, but I have been wanting so much to thank you for your indulgence when I appeared on behalf of the plaintiff. . . . In spite of your heavy schedule you certainly displayed infinite patience in assisting me in mo-

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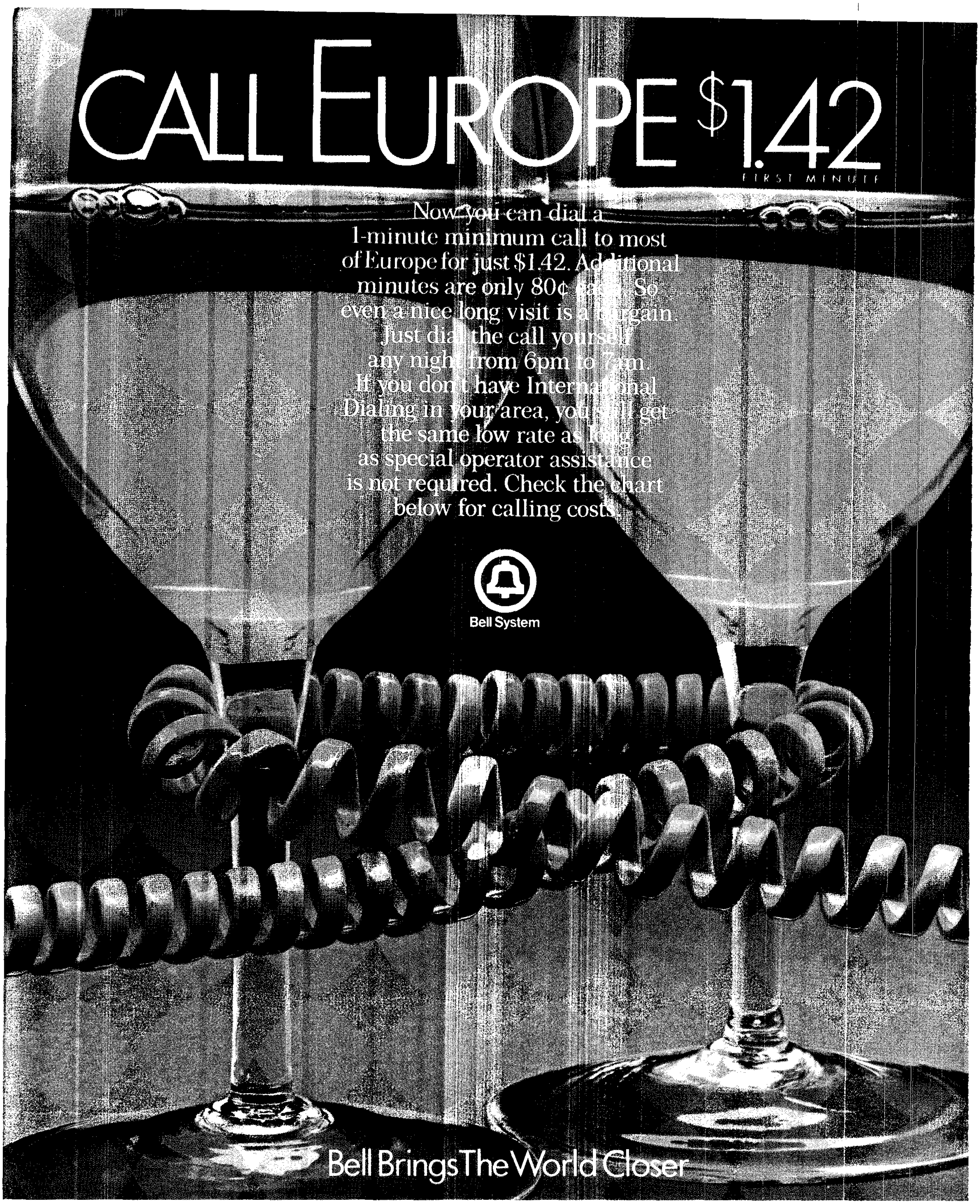

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In the first few years of his service on the bench, Rifkind heard many cases arising out of the Second World War—involving draft dodgers, smugglers of strategic materials, a woman accused of helping Nazi saboteurs land from a submarine off Long Island, and so on. In the early postwar years, his judicial diet (apart from routine cases) changed to deportation hearings, charges of spying, and the like. All the while, along with weighing testimony and writing decisions, he was mulling over the proper conduct of a judge in and out of the courtroom to an extent that probably few judges do, and the writings and utterances that came out of these mullings may constitute his most unusual contribution to the American judicial system. In them, while waxing lyrical about the social role of the judge, he sets almost draconian rules for judicial performance and demeanor. "The man on the bench is the maker and master of his courtroom," he said in a speech to a judicial conference in Cincinnati in 1959, long after he had left the bench himself. He went on to one of his more extravagant lyrical flights:

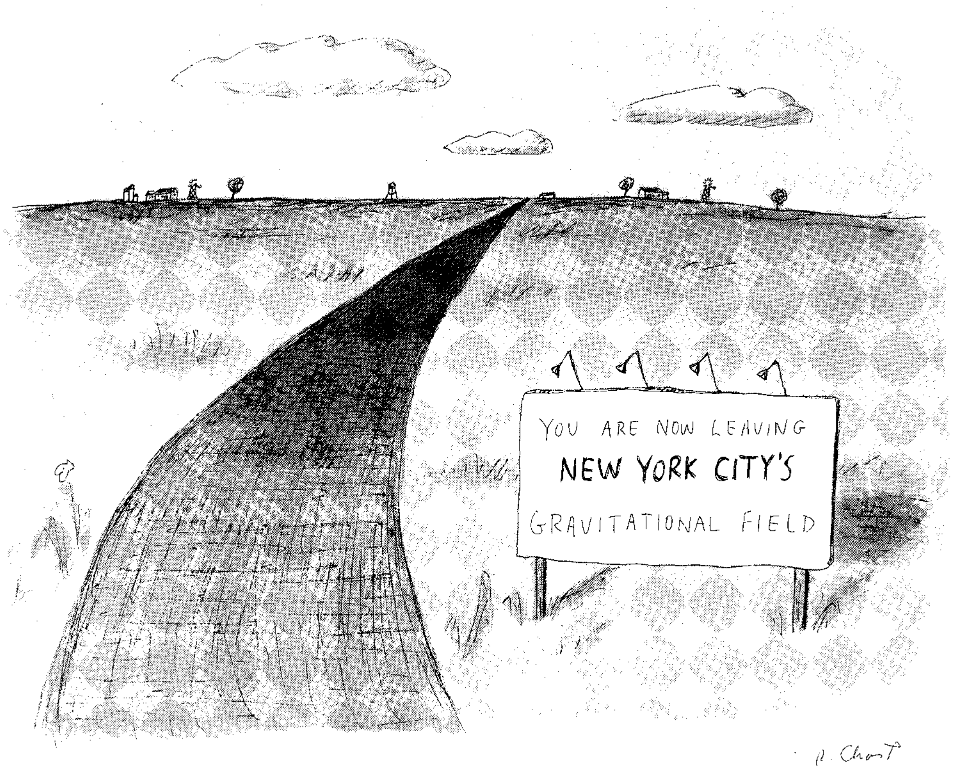
> The courtroom, sooner or later, becomes the image of the judge. It will rise or fall to the level of the judge who presides over it.... No one can doubt that to sit in the presence of a truly great judge is one of the great and moving experiences of a lifetime.
>
> Upon his countenance is mirrored a universe in motion. His face reveals a man who has laid many sacrifices upon the altar of his quest for knowledge. His speech discloses a cozy familiarity with the great literature of the world and with the art of the great masters. His eyes have beheld the missile-masted spires of great cathedrals in many climates and his heart has been moved to the tempo of great music.
>
> His demeanor is solemn but his eyes are atwinkle. In the spectators he inspires not fear but reverence.... To observe him in action in his courtroom is an experience comparable to seeing Pavlova dance or Sarah Bernhardt create a role upon the stage.... A gentle wave of the hand, like that of a great conductor, and a line of questioning is discontinued which is going nowhere or has already served its purpose.

The rules that Rifkind lays down for judicial conduct outside the courtroom are far more specific, and, by that token, doubtless easier to follow. "The judge who is too prominent a host in his community is, somehow, a lesser judge," he pronounced in 1964, in a talk to a conference on judicial ethics at the University of Chicago's Law School. "The same is true if he is a very conspicuous sport on the polo field, or a too frequent standee at the fifty-dollar window of the race track. Indeed, I believe that the public looks askance at the judge who eats too much, or drinks too much, or dresses in an excessively high style, or who plays too hard." The following year, he issued to members of the American Bar Association a new set of commandments—not from Mount Sinai but, rather, from a platform at the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach. Among these were:

> A judicial career and a scandalous life simply do not mix.
>
> A judge's wife ought not to be among the first to be seen in a topless bathing suit.
>
> I think a judge ought not to reach out for publicity, even to publicize virtues.
>
> The judge who asserts his right to go to the front of the line at the theatre box office is not serving the judiciary well.

It is surely to Rifkind's credit that none of the Bar Association members present seem to have been able to point to instances in which Rifkind, during his own term on the bench, violated any of these rules. Nevertheless, by 1978, when he was again heard from about judges—at a judicial conference of the Second Circuit—his tone had changed sharply. This time, Rifkind concentrated on delineating various types of judges in terms of their personal relations with the advocates who appear before them. He distinguished, for example, the "good scout," who, presumably out of the kindness of his heart, is always helping an inept prosecutor frame his questions more effectively, with the result that "a dagger is plunged into your client's case;" the "lamb turned lion," who suddenly begins loudly berating his friend the advocate, for no reason, it later develops, except "to show your client how hard you work, what a battle you are waging for him;" and "God's gift to young associates," who pours opprobrium and scorn on a succession of lawyers, so that when the important case defended by the young associate's law firm comes up the senior members of the firm will shun the court and give the young associate a rare chance by sending him in their place. It seems from that speech that almost thirty years of appearing before judges as Paul, Weiss's chief litigator had altered Rifkind's approach to the judiciary from stern prescriptiveness to mellow irony.

MIDWAY through his career as a judge, Rifkind took a leave of absence to serve for six months as adviser on Jewish affairs to the Theatre Commander of United States forces in Europe. In early October, 1945, he received a letter from Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson, who wrote, "The complexity of the problems which General Eisenhower faces in Germany in caring for Jewish survivors of Nazism and the urgency of their proper solution have prompted



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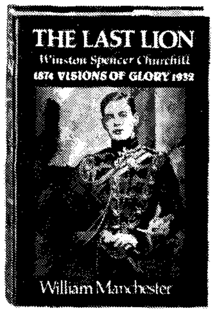
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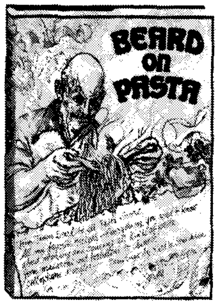
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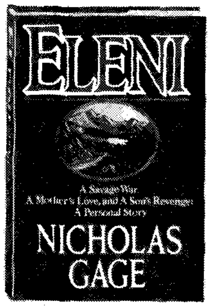
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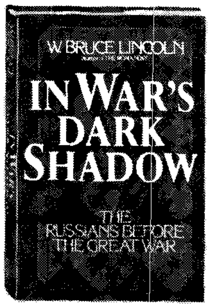
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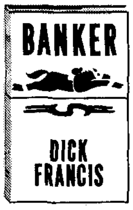
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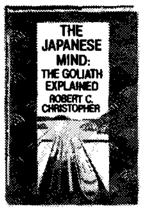
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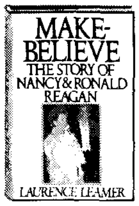
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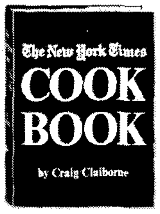
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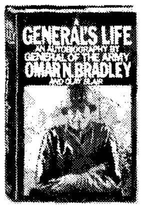
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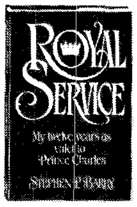
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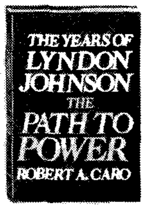
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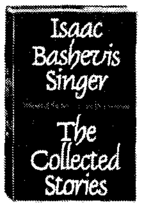
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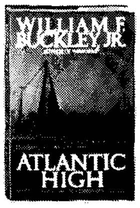
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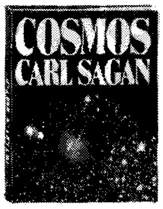
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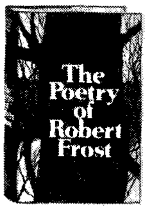
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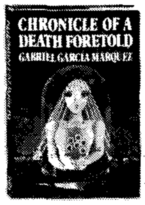
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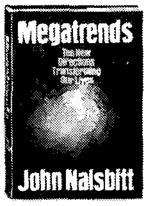
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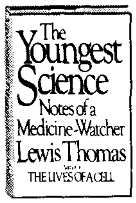
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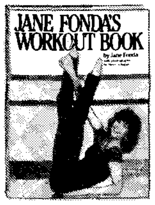
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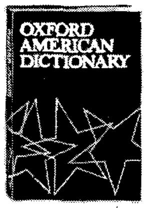
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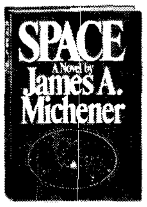
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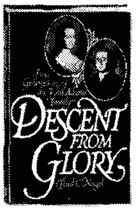
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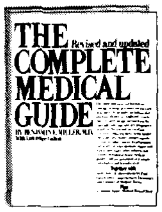
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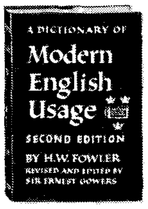
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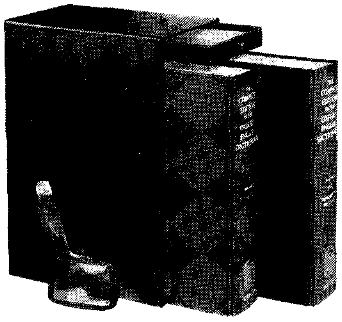

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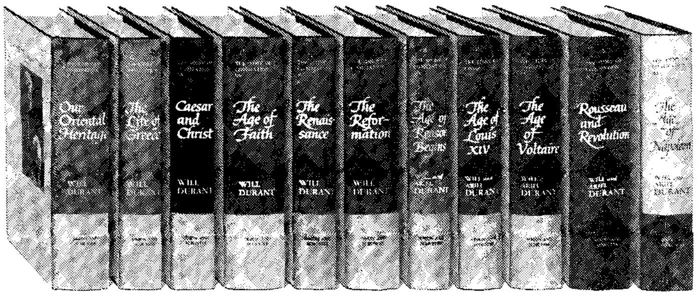
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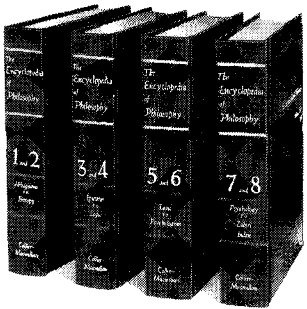
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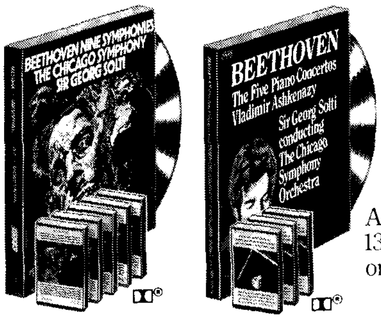
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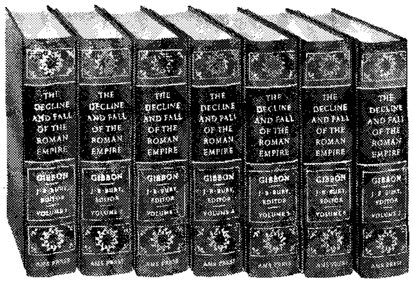
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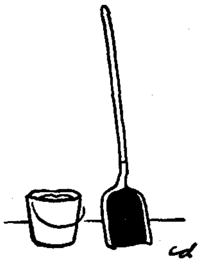
him to request the War Department to suggest an outstanding American Jewish civilian to act as his personal adviser on Jewish affairs in the U.S. Zones. . . . I am glad to join with General Eisenhower in inviting you to accept this position.” Having cleared his leave with the chief judge of the circuit, Learned Hand, Rifkind quickly accepted, and chose to take along as his deputy Lawrence Eno, a young lawyer who had worked for him at the Wagner law firm and who was now serving in the Army, in the Judge Advocate General's office, as a captain. Within two weeks, Rifkind, with Eno at his side, was on his way to Germany. After meeting Eisenhower at his headquarters in Frankfurt, and receiving a letter signed by the General which instructed all United States unit commanders to accept Rifkind's recommendations, he and Eno set out with a car and driver to tour the Jewish displaced-persons camps in the United States Zones of Germany and Austria.

It was, of course, a soul-searing experience for Rifkind, coming as he did directly from the generally cool and ordered world of an American federal courtroom. There were at the time about a hundred thousand Jews living in temporary quarters in these zones, and the number was increasing as new refugees from Eastern Europe moved in. Most of them had recently been freed from Nazi concentration camps and were physically and emotionally devastated; hardly any were in family groups, such had been the vehemence of Nazi persecution and mass murder; almost all implacably loathed Germany and Austria, and longed to be elsewhere. Early in his tour of duty, Rifkind, in a moment of despair, concluded that Hitler had won his war against the Jews. Later, he put his feelings in the Biblical cadences that he often adopts in moments of high emotion: “It seemed to me that I was surfeited with horror; my mind could not envisage any more; my heart could not endure any more.” Gradually, though, his mood changed. In the D.P. centers, he and Eno saw democratic elections, the establishment of schools and workshops, the founding of newspapers and journals, the rise of lively political and intellectual debate. In communicating with the people he met, Rifkind's fluency in Yiddish and knowledge of Jewish cultural tradition proved indispensable. He recalled recently, “I'd stop someone and ask how he was doing. ‘I'm content with my lot,’ he would reply. ‘Then you must be a very rich man,’ I'd say. Recognizing a traditional Jewish exchange, he'd slap me on the back, and we'd be friends.” That spring, he wrote, “One day the realization dawned upon me that I had blundered. It was not true that Hitler had won the war against the Jews. . . . He did not win it, because today in Germany and Austria there are one hundred thousand Jews who have the courage to endure, who are determined to live as Jews, who are prepared to pioneer again and create again a Jewish civilization.”



Thanks to the authority granted him by Eisenhower, Rifkind was able to improve the quality of food and equipment made available to the D.P. centers by the United States Army. (In his final report to the Theatre Commander, in March, 1946, Rifkind wrote that of the various agencies charged with responsibility for Jewish refugees the Army was the only one that up to then had made “a substantial and noteworthy contribution”—a remark that annoyed officials of a number of other organizations, especially Fiorello H. LaGuardia, former mayor of New York City and, in 1946, head of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.) But the heart of the problem, of course, was not how to improve life in the temporary centers but how to provide a permanent home for the displaced Jews.

Quite early in his assignment, Rifkind came to the conclusion that the only practical solution was the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. In December, 1945, after Rifkind had repeatedly expressed this view to Eisenhower—and after he had taken a leading role in arranging the first meeting between Eisenhower and David Ben-Gurion, the future first prime minister of Israel and at that time the leading champion of a Jewish homeland—the General sent Rifkind on a fact-finding trip to Palestine. Rifkind satisfied himself that, contrary to the received wisdom of the time, there was enough room there for the displaced Jews of Europe, and he even succeeded in setting up a temporary air service between Frankfurt and Jerusalem, using American military equipment and personnel. Two years later, Rifkind was the chairman of a committee of prominent American Jews—

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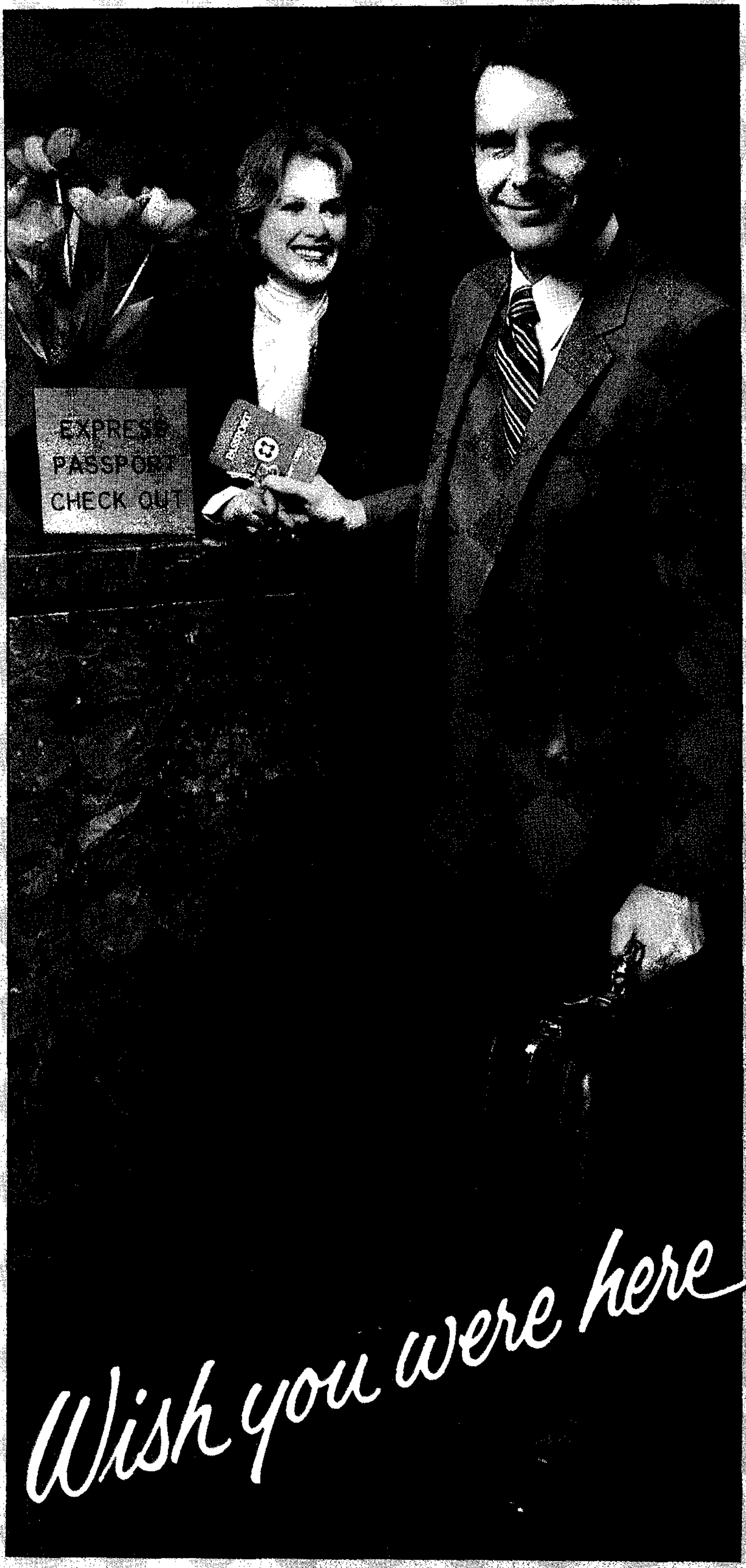

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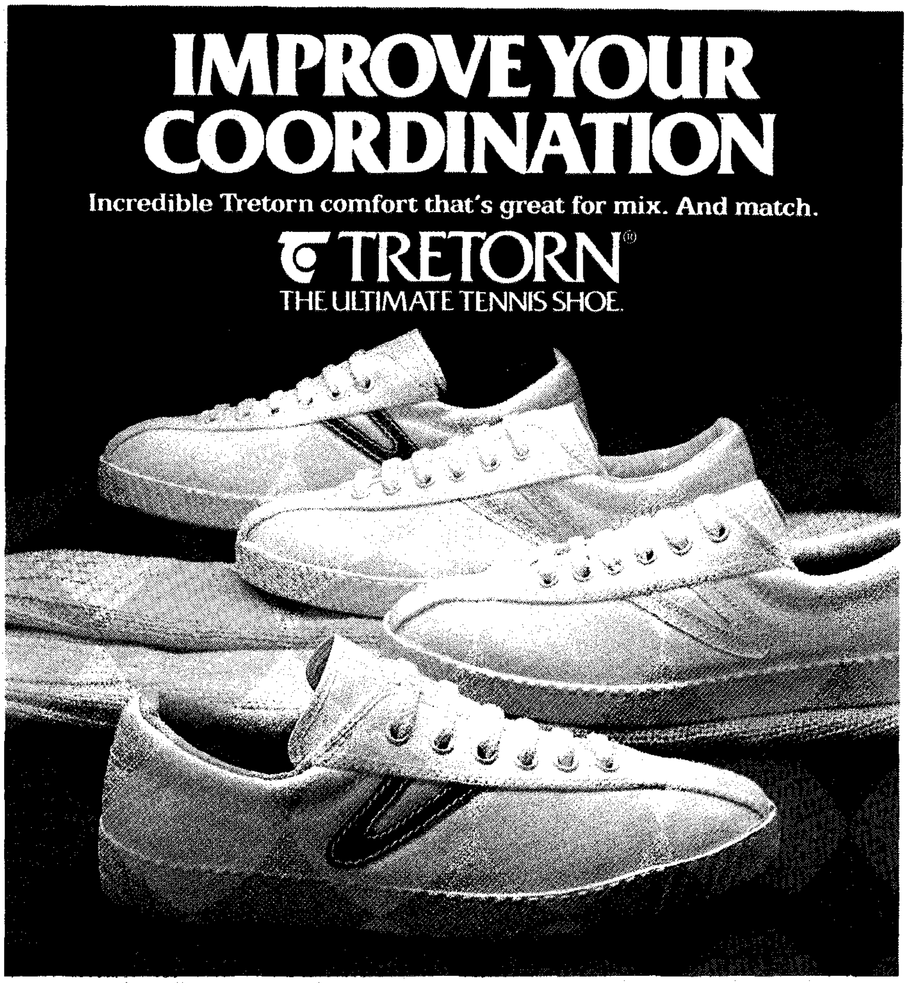

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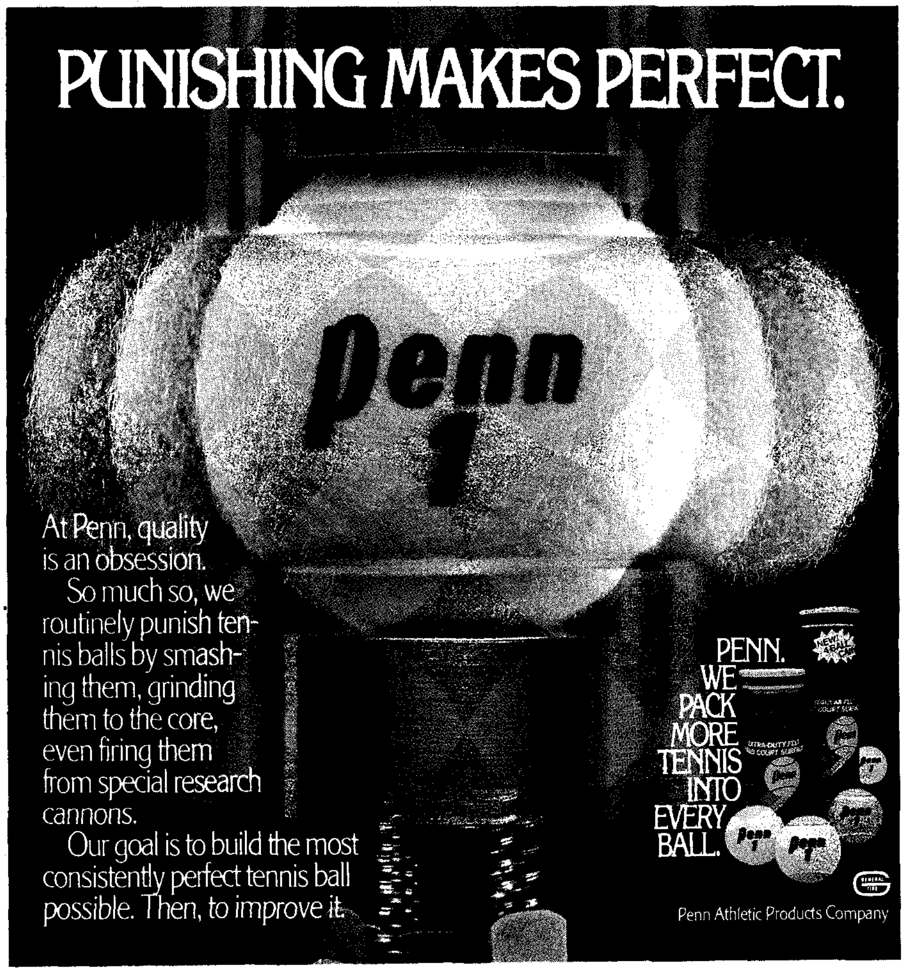

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including Jerome Frank, Stanley H. Fuld, Abraham Tulin, Milton Handler, Murray I. Gurfein, Abe Fortas, and Rifkind's former aide Lawrence Eno—who put together a paper entitled "The Basic Equities of the Palestine Problem," which is widely considered one of the key documents in the establishment of the State of Israel.

In retrospect, Rifkind might perhaps be faulted for being carried away by his American patriotism to the point of accepting United States policy too uncritically. For example, he took it as given that United States immigration laws made it impossible for this country to play a major role in solving the problem of displaced European Jews, and at the time he never suggested that those laws might be changed to meet the situation. But an uncritical American patriot, after all, is what he had been since his high-school days during the First World War and what he is today. He said, in his downright way, in a speech to the American Jewish Conference, in New York City, in the spring of 1946, "I am proud of the military statesmen in charge of our affairs in Germany, who have thus far acted on the principle of human compassion. . . . The story of that performance is a very bright page in the history of our German occupation."

IN April, 1946, Rifkind returned to his judgeship in New York. In May, 1950, he resigned it. He wrote to President Truman in his letter of resignation, "Experience has convinced me that it is impossible for a judge who has family responsibilities to maintain a reasonable standard of living with the salary now established by law." (The annual salary of a federal judge at the time was fifteen thousand dollars; judges in the higher courts in New York City, meanwhile, were being paid twenty-eight thousand dollars.) His resignation brought an outpouring of letters of regret from his colleagues on the bench; at the same time, he has since said, it brought a measure of derision on the score of his announced reason. However, Rifkind's current partner and fellow-litigator Edward N. Costikyan feels that his motive in leaving the bench was not solely the difficulty of paying tuition bills and being able to afford letting his eyes behold regularly the missile-masted spires of great cathedrals. Costikyan believes that Rifkind on the bench, constantly attending with the ear of an analytical perfectionist to the often inept arguments of litigators, finally "had enough of listening to other people do it badly" and found he was itching to be in the litigator's role himself.

In any case, shortly after Rifkind announced his intention of resigning he was approached by an acquaintance of his, Louis Weiss, then a senior partner of Paul, Weiss, Wharton & Garrison, with an offer to join the firm. At about the same time, he got another proposal concerning his future, the degree of seriousness of which he is still not sure about. In the course of casual conversation between Rifkind and his old law-school friend William O. Douglas, by 1950 a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Douglas said, "Suppose I left the bench—would you join a law partnership with me?"

Rifkind replied, "If you were to leave the bench, it would be a great disservice to the country, but if you did it, yes, I would join a law partnership with you. You have sixty days to tell me your decision."

Douglas made no response to that. Nor did Rifkind hear from Douglas over the next sixty days, and after the period had elapsed he accepted the Paul, Weiss offer. He told Weiss that he didn't care whether or not his name was included in the firm's name, and that, if it was included, he didn't care where it went in the order of names. After deliberating on the matter, the partners decided to include Rifkind's name right in the middle, and thus, on May 24, 1950, Paul, Weiss, Wharton & Garrison became Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison. (On hearing the news, Douglas telephoned Rifkind and said mildly, "Hey, I thought you were going to wait for me.") At the time, the firm was small, distinguished, and not particularly old. Although it had roots going back to 1875, the modern firm of Paul, Weiss dated from 1923, when Weiss—a man of broad cultural interests, who later served as chairman of the board of trustees of the New School for Social Research—formed a law partnership with John F. Wharton, a specialist in theatrical law, who later pioneered in the use of the limited partnership as a means of financing Broadway shows, and who in 1951 brought out a more or less autobiographical novel called "The Explorations of George Burton." In 1927, Weiss & Wharton joined with another firm and became known as Cohen, Cole, Weiss & Wharton. In 1946, it was joined by

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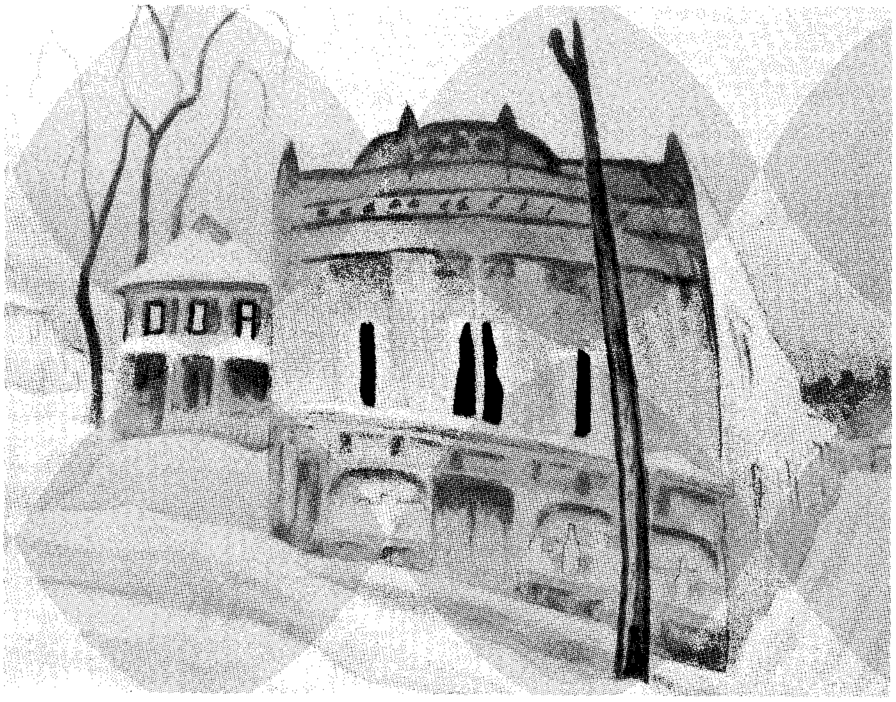

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Randolph Paul, a prolific and widely respected writer on taxes, who had previously served as general counsel to the Treasury Department, and by Lloyd Garrison—a descendant of the celebrated pre-Civil War abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison—who had previously practiced law in New York, served as dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School and first chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, and earned a reputation as a supporter of liberal causes.

For all the distinction of its members, Paul, Weiss in 1950 was a rather modest operation. Its one litigating partner—Samuel J. Silverman, now a judge of the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court—devoted himself chiefly to providing a service to clients of other Paul, Weiss departments. Rifkind, given a free hand to conduct any sort of practice he chose, set about building up a litigation practice. The going was slow at first, but in the middle fifties the enterprise began to take off. Through no particular intention on his part, Rifkind found himself frequently representing prominent persons in well-publicized cases. Among his beau-monde clients at various times were not only Jacqueline Onassis but the restaurateur Toots Shor and Claudius Charles Philippe, onetime vice-president of the Waldorf-Astoria. Rifkind readily affirms that he enjoyed the publicity attendant on cases involving such people, though he says he feels that the legal issues in them tended to be less interesting than those raised in unglamorous but more complex cases. Nevertheless, in several of the celebrity cases he managed to get in some litigatory licks that are remembered with admiration by his partners. His first case involving Mrs. Onassis (then Mrs. Kennedy)—her suit, initiated in 1966, to block publication of "The Death of a President," by William Manchester, which ended in a compromise when Manchester made certain textual changes she had demanded—is now recalled by Rifkind as having been, from a legal perspective, something of an "open-and-shut matter." (Needless to say, Manchester and his publishers thought otherwise.) Much more interesting to Rifkind was her court battle in 1971–72 to restrain the photographer Ron Galella from harassing her by constantly dogging her footsteps with camera in hand. "The problem was that Galella could argue that he was exercising his First Amendment rights," Rifkind says. "I think we proved the thing had gone beyond the limits of sufferability." An injunction was issued against certain acts by Galella, and in the process the limitations on the rights of photographers of public figures were for the first time defined. (That Mrs. Onassis was a satisfied client at the time seems to be indicated by a pencilled message that she dropped by his law office on Valentine's Day midway through the contest, and that he still treasures; it consists of a heart containing the words "Guess who?," underneath which, eliminating the guesswork, is the signature "Jackie." However, Aristotle Onassis later balked at paying the Paul, Weiss fee, and the matter was not settled until the firm resorted to the unusual measure of bringing suit for it.)

A Rifkind performance often mentioned with awe by his admirers is his defense, in 1962 and 1963, of J. Truman Bidwell, former chairman of the New York Stock Exchange, against charges of criminal income-tax evasion. The issue turned on expense deductions that had been taken by Bidwell but were apparently not supported by his records. ("Hardly an unusual case," Rifkind comments dryly.) The first trial ended in a hung jury, and the case was re-tried. In the second trial, Rifkind scored a legal coup of the sort that litigators dream of. In cross-examination of the Internal Revenue Service agent who had audited Bidwell's returns, Rifkind questioned him about his doodles on the notepaper on which he had recorded his findings. On the basis of the doodles, Rifkind got the agent to admit that he had first decided that Bidwell's deductions were legitimate and had only later changed his mind. Thus, the suggestion was planted that the agent had been influenced by bloodthirsty superiors at the I.R.S. The jury acquitted the defendant. "Si's summation to the jury was a masterly tour de force," says Jay Topkis, who has long been closely associated with Rifkind in Paul, Weiss litigation. "Why, do you know what he did? He urged the jury not to give in to the temptation of a small boy to throw a snowball at the man wearing a silk hat. And do you know what he did then? He asked the jury to think of Bidwell as a small, defenseless bird that they were in a

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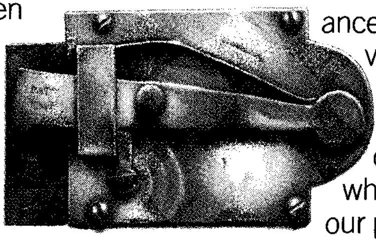

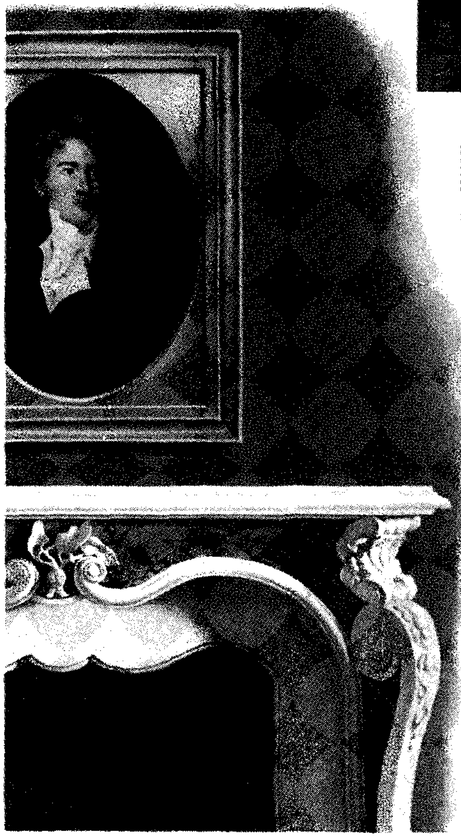

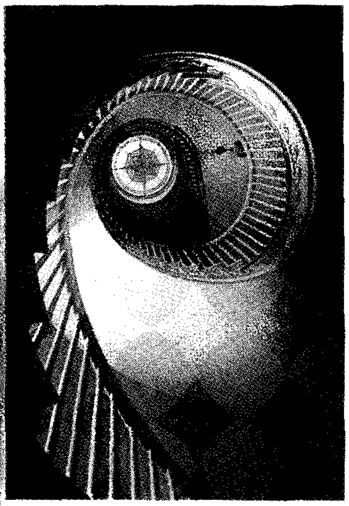

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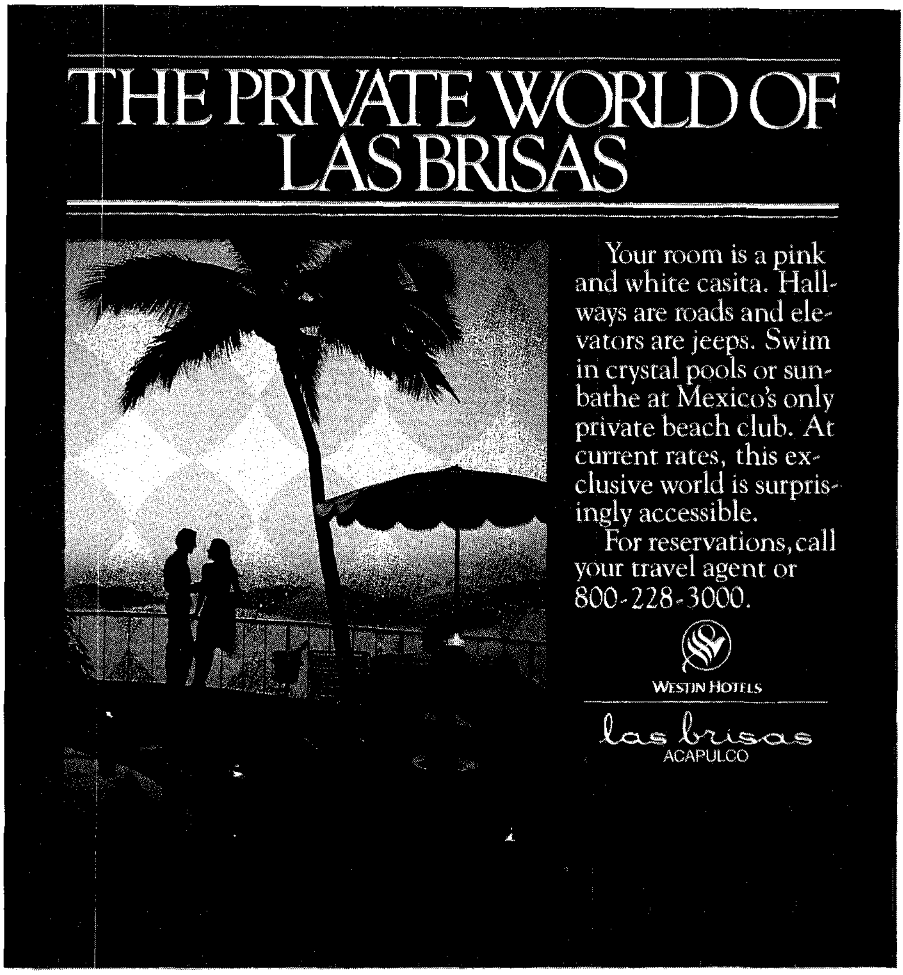

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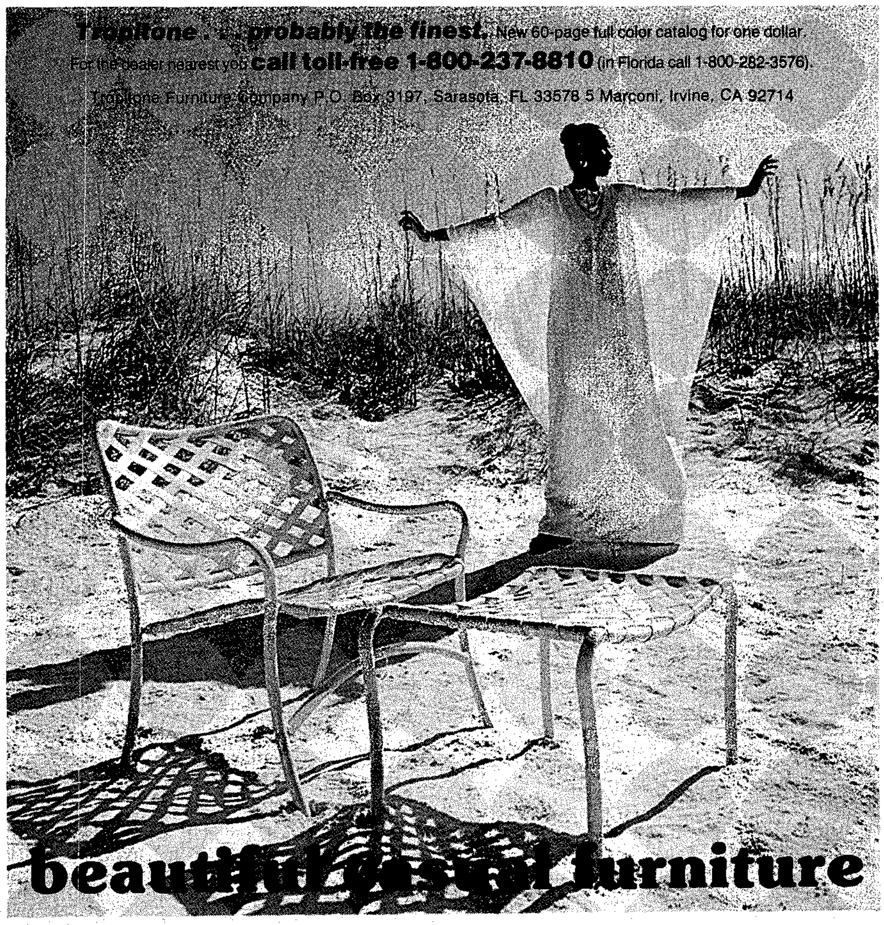

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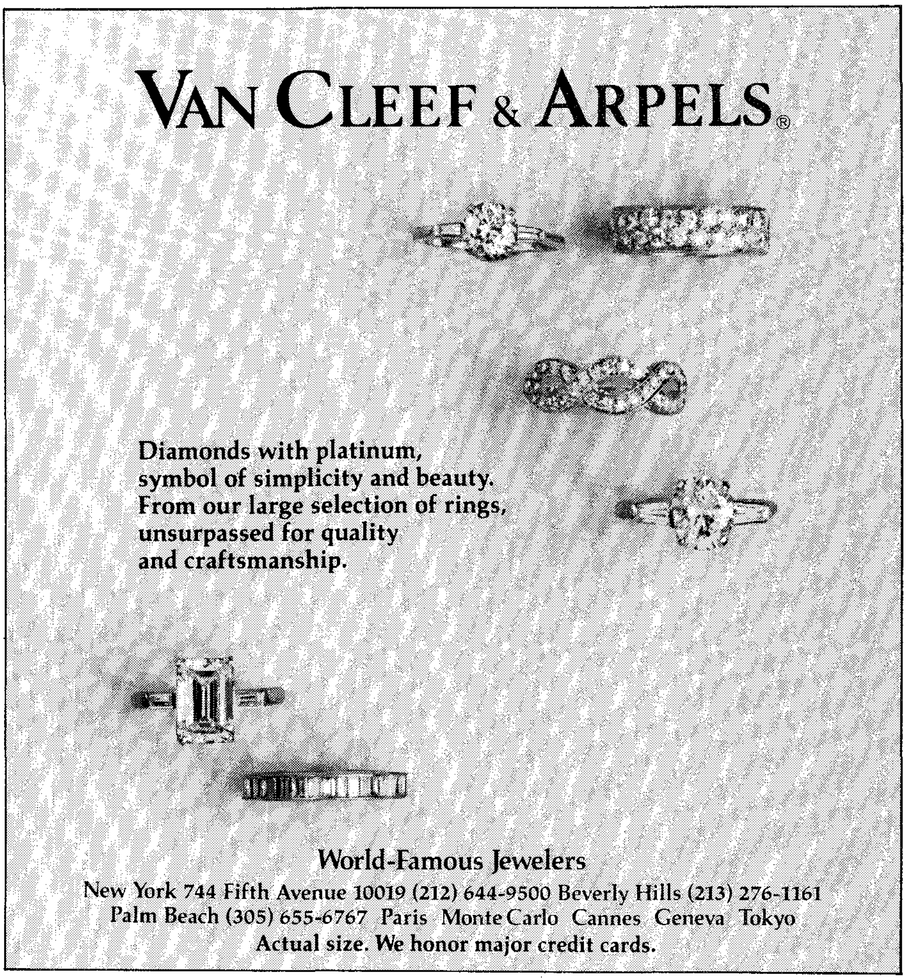
position to crush in their hand. He has an incredible gift for the apt analogy."

High on the list of complicated corporate cases that Rifkind likes to recall is his defense, in 1968 and 1969, of B. D. (Tex) Leuty, the retired president of the Colonial Pipeline Company, which had been formed by a consortium of major oil companies to establish a pipeline from Houston to the Northeast. The government brought suit against Colonial, Leuty, and several other companies and individuals, including the former mayor and the former council president of Woodbridge Township, New Jersey, charging that Colonial Pipeline's officials had paid bribes to the Woodbridge Township officials to obtain permission for the company to build storage tanks in the township and to run the pipeline through it. In the ensuing jury trial, held in the United States District Court in Newark, Rifkind did not deny that the payments had been made. Rather, he charged that Woodbridge Township's officials had demanded them, in a situation where *not* to pay them would have been prohibitively expensive for Colonial, and that therefore the actual crime had been not conspiracy to bribe but extortion by the municipality. Judge Reynier J. Wortendyke, Jr., had instructed the jury—incorrectly, Rifkind believes—that extortion is not a defense against conspiracy to bribe, and the jury found Leuty guilty. However, so persuasive had Rifkind been that Judge Wortendyke let Leuty off with a fine of twenty thousand dollars and a suspended sentence of five years on probation "without supervision." Such a sentence was, for practical purposes, no sentence at all, and it indicated to Rifkind that in imposing it Judge Wortendyke was merely complying with the letter of the law and was persuaded that Leuty was morally blameless. To Rifkind's delight, the Judge went further, stating as he delivered the sentence that he considered Leuty to be a fine, upstanding businessman, whom he found it a pleasure to know. (The defendants appealed the verdict, and in the Court of Appeals got a reversal on a legal technicality, so Leuty never had to pay his fine or serve his metaphysical sentence.) It was the paradox—that a judge, in the interests of fairness and justice, should end up not only in effect releasing a convicted bribery conspirator but praising him in the process—that appealed to Rifkind, who is a lover of paradox, especially when it serves his side of a case.

EARLY in 1957, Rifkind suffered a serious heart attack. He was then staying at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco and was engaged in one of his most far-reaching undertakings: serving at the behest of the Supreme Court as Special Master in the case involving rights to the waters of the Colorado River. The issue had been in controversy since the building of the Hoover Dam, on the Colorado between Nevada and Arizona, in the nineteen-thirties. Rifkind has since identified the case—which involved new law, new science, millions of people, billions of dollars, and such high feeling that at one stage Arizona actually called out its troops—as the "peak of satisfaction" of his whole career. At the time of his heart attack, Rifkind had for two years been journeying to San Francisco at intervals for hearings on the case, and three more years were to pass before he issued his report, in four hundred and thirty-three pages, making a finding essentially in favor of Arizona. The finding was affirmed by the Supreme Court in 1963, with the sole dissenting vote coming from, of all people, his old friend Justice Douglas. (Much more recently, part of the case, involving the water rights of five Indian reservations situated in the Colorado River basin, was reopened before a new Special Master, and this March the Supreme Court delivered a new opinion largely reaffirming Rifkind's findings.) The progress of the case was, of course, delayed by Rifkind's illness. So, apparently, was the progress of Paul, Weiss. "How we miss you!" Rifkind's partner Garrison wrote him in March, 1957, during his illness. "The firm has an anemic and ghostlike quality without you. However busy you are when you are here, the mere knowledge that you are present, and can be got at in a pinch, gives everyone confidence and bounce. Now we are mere flesh without a backbone."

After several months in a hospital and a period of restricted activity, Rifkind made a complete recovery, and since then has enjoyed a quarter century of good health. Almost the only change in his life resulting from the heart attack was that he gave up his habit of riding horseback in Central Park on Saturday mornings. During his absence, though, his Paul, Weiss partners had had practical as well as emotional reasons to miss him. Begin-



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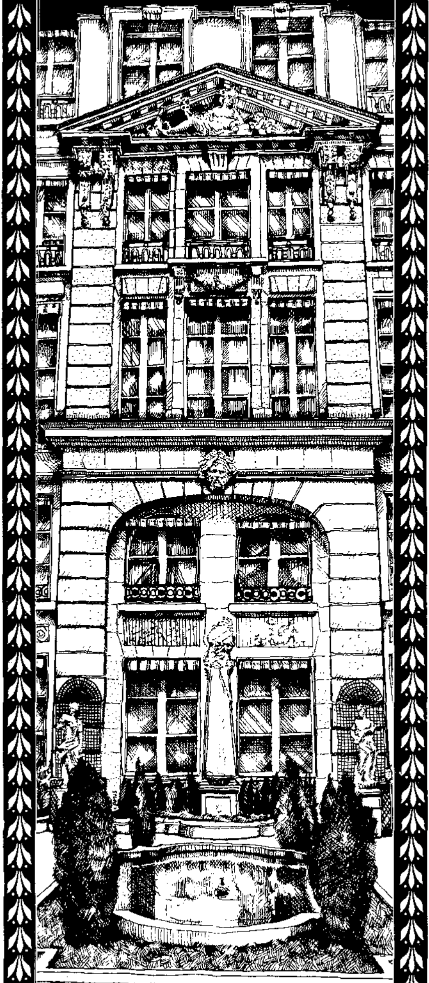

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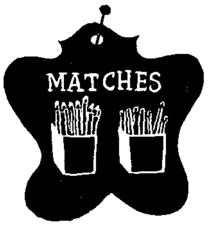
ning with the death of Louis Weiss, a few months after Rifkind's arrival at the firm, Rifkind had become more and more involved in the firm's administration, and by 1957—although Paul, Weiss did not, and still does not, formally have a "managing partner"—he was the guiding spirit of the office. Comparatively early in his partnership, Rifkind drafted a Statement of Principles for the firm, incorporating such declarations as "We believe in maintaining, by affirmative efforts, a membership of partners and associates reflecting a wide variety of religious, political, ethnic, and social backgrounds, characteristic of [the New York City] community." This gave formal recognition to a principle—generally speaking, far ahead of its time in New York law practice—which had existed in unwritten form since the firm's establishment by one lawyer of Jewish background (Weiss) and one of Protestant background (Wharton). Concurrently, he was taking the lead in formalizing Paul, Weiss's organizational structure, which is based on an intricate array of committees and meetings that before his time had operated largely on an informal basis. The two most important committees are the Committee on Committees, which appoints the members of the *other* committees and generally serves as the firm's administrative body, and one called, with elegant forthrightness, the Deciding Group, which has the delicate function of deciding each partner's share in the firm's yearly profits. Rifkind says, "I believe strongly in institutional forms of group behavior. I'm very positive that they contribute to creativity. My idea was 'Let's institutionalize our informal meetings.' I established the principle that every partner must engage to some extent in administration and serve on a committee. The fact that there's a day when you know you've got to stand up on your two feet and address a meeting—well, like the prospect of being hanged, it concentrates the mind wonderfully. Of course, I wasn't alone in any of those ideas." Above all, Rifkind is given credit for what is perhaps most anomalous about Paul, Weiss's structure—the fact that major decisions are arrived at on a one-partner, one-vote basis, whether the partner is a newly admitted young ex-associate or a former Supreme Court Justice or Presidential candidate. Some powerful and well-known partners have found themselves unable to live with this rule and have left the firm as a result.



Surely the most spectacular of Rifkind's firm-building activities was his role in the recruitment, from time to time, of new partners who had made names for themselves in politics and government. The first of these was Adlai Stevenson, who became a Paul, Weiss partner in May, 1957—a few months after his second defeat by Dwight Eisenhower for the Presidency. (Eisenhower, incidentally, had once had a rather startling conversation with Rifkind about Presidential ambitions. At a meeting between the two men during Rifkind's term in Europe as Jewish-affairs adviser, the Theatre Commander had asked Rifkind whether he thought that by reason of his wartime experience he, Eisenhower, could "improve himself" in the postwar period. Rifkind had laughed out loud at the language Eisenhower used, and replied, "Don't you realize that all you have to do is not say no and you will be President of the United States?") Rifkind met Stevenson, through Lloyd Garrison, late in 1956, and found him, he says, "interested in our way of practicing law." The matter was discussed—as the admission of a new partner always is—by all the Paul, Weiss partners, and, though there were a few doubts expressed, based on fears that Stevenson might not be serious enough about practicing law, he was elected. The Stevenson recruitment turned out to be a mass one, because Stevenson's Chicago law office became a Paul, Weiss branch, and thus his three Chicago law partners—William McCormick Blair, Jr., Newton Minow, and W. Willard Wirtz—all became Paul, Weiss partners. (The mass recruitment was followed by a mass defection in early 1961, when the Kennedy Administration claimed the whole Stevenson contingent—Blair to be Ambassador to Denmark, Minow to be chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, Wirtz to be Under-Secretary of Labor, and Stevenson to be Ambassador to the United Nations.) Paul, Weiss's next recruitment of a major political figure—that, in 1966, of Theodore Sorensen, former special counsel and speechwriter to President Kennedy—was not Rifkind's particular doing, although he heartily concurred in it; but when Arthur Goldberg, former Secretary of

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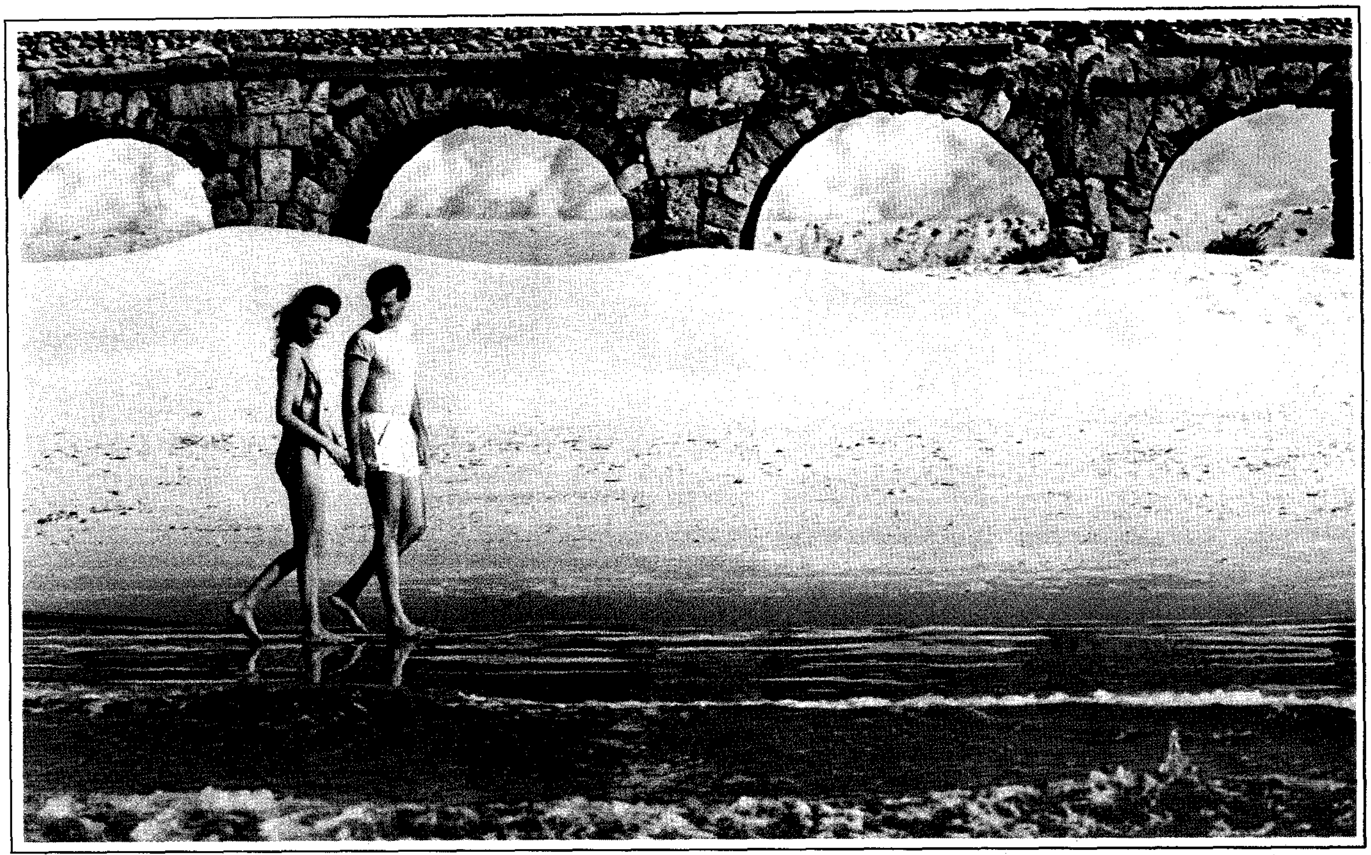

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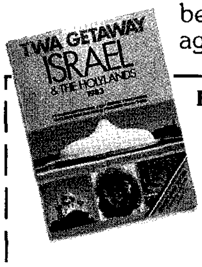

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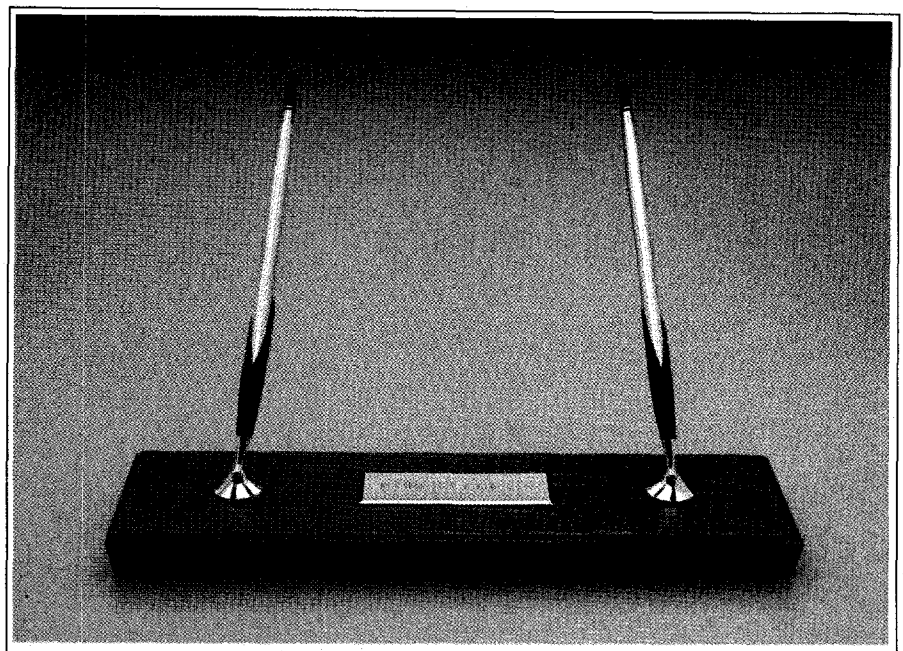
Labor, former Supreme Court Justice, and Ambassador to the United Nations, left the latter job, in 1968, Rifkind was exclusively responsible for persuading him to join the firm.

Other past and present Paul, Weiss partners who are more or less well known for their previous political and government connections include Ramsey Clark, United States Attorney General in the Johnson Administration; Jerome Kurtz, Commissioner of Internal Revenue in the Carter Administration; Matthew Nimetz, an Under-Secretary of State in the Carter Administration; and Edward N. Costikyan, former New York County Democratic Leader. (At the height of the firm's politicality, two Paul, Weiss partners—Sorensen and Adrian DeWind—found themselves running against each other for a post as delegate to the 1968 Democratic Convention.)

Many of the original Paul, Weiss celebrities are no longer with the firm. Stevenson remained in the U.N. job until his death, in 1965; Blair, Minow, and Wirtz did not return after their government service; and Goldberg and Clark resigned, in 1971 and 1973 respectively. Sorensen almost left in 1977 to become director of the Central Intelligence Agency ("Try as I may," Rifkind said at the time, "I am unable, even in fantasy, to visualize Ted Sorensen hidden in a cloak and concealing a dagger in his sock"), but he ended up withdrawing his name from consideration and not only remains at Paul, Weiss but is a key figure in its fast-expanding international practice.

Commenting on his recruitment of celebrities as partners, Rifkind says, "Well, they were all good lawyers. Besides, I did think the fact that they were people of renown would add to our firm's lustre and cachet—yes, I did."

THE nineteen-sixties in America were a time to try Rifkind's soul, and the defense of General Motors against the charges of Ralph Nader was a case to try his reputation. Right from the start, it was clear that General Motors was up against a great national wave of anti-corporation, pro-consumer sentiment. "General Motors wasn't a regular Paul, Weiss client, although we had represented the company in various matters," Rifkind says. "When they came to me on this one, I decided, with my partners' concurrence, to take it. Nader



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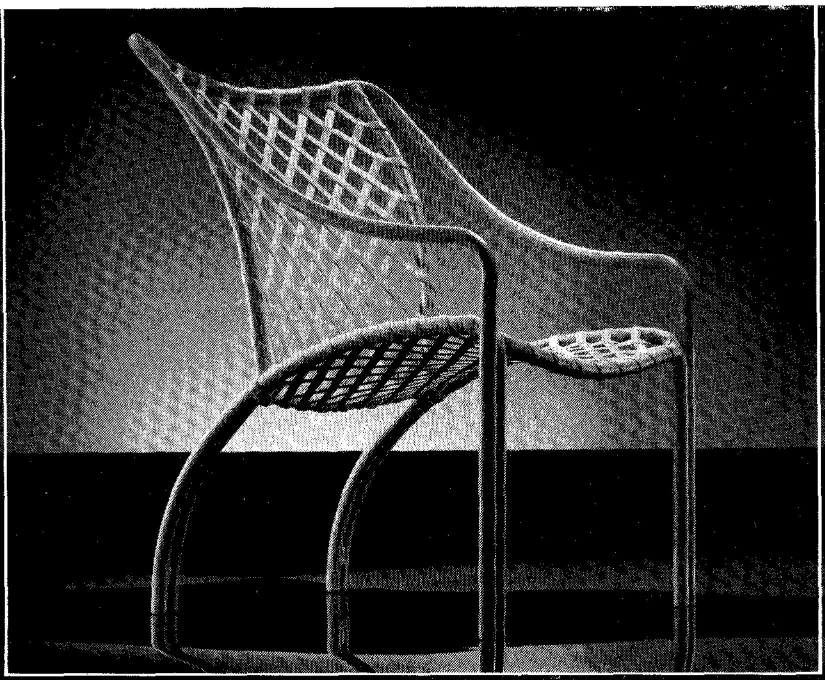
had written a very derogatory book about General Motors products, the Corvair in particular. They had decided that they wanted to know what manner of man Nader was, and had conducted an investigation of him, which he claimed had invaded his privacy. In the course of preparing the case, I think we reached the point where we knew that Nader couldn't prove the specific points of invasion that were legally actionable—he could prove some that weren't actionable, but not those that were. It was an iffy question for both sides. We soon came to realize that we were tangling with a man who had a patent ability to attract public attention. As you'll recall, Senate hearings had been held on the matter. Our job was to deflect public criticism of General Motors, and I think I did it, with great help from my partner Ted Sorensen."

To some extent, the case may have represented for Paul, Weiss an instance of the age-old division of opinion among lawyers as to whether their duty consists of representing only those clients whose cases they fully believe in or of seeing that everyone, right or wrong, gets not only his day in court but the best available argumentation during that day. Rifkind, like a majority of litigators, leans to the latter view. About the Nader–General Motors case, Rifkind says, "I had no qualms. I represent my client. I *have* sometimes turned down people who wanted me to represent them. For example, as a business decision rather than a moral principle, I won't represent underworld characters, but I find no fault with a lawyer who does. I once told a group of lawyers that I'd represent Lucifer if he brought an eviction complaint about his expulsion from Heaven—unless, of course, I'd already been retained by the Archangel Michael."

Some prominent lawyers take a sharply different view—for example, the New York City lawyer and writer Charles Rembar, in his book "Perspective." Concerning James St. Clair's advocacy of President Nixon in the impeachment inquiry of 1974, Rembar writes, "The case . . . has to do with [Nixon's] continuing in office. And if I think his continuing in office is bad for the country, then I think I'm doing a rotten thing to help him continue in office. . . . The lawyer is not a public utility. He does not have to take cases except in one situation, and that is when nobody else will take the case." Paul, Weiss partners, how-



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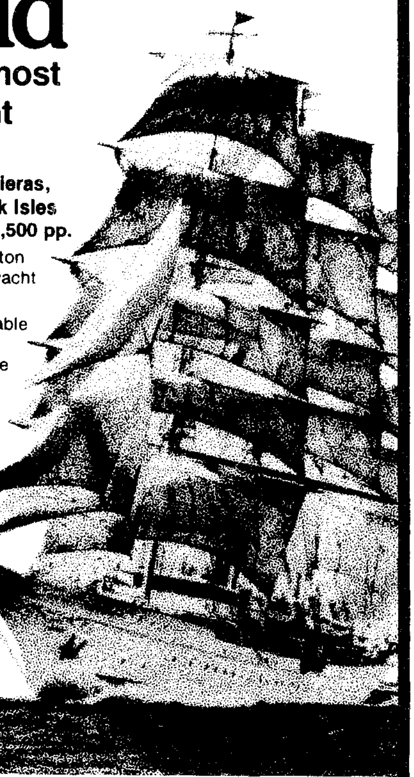

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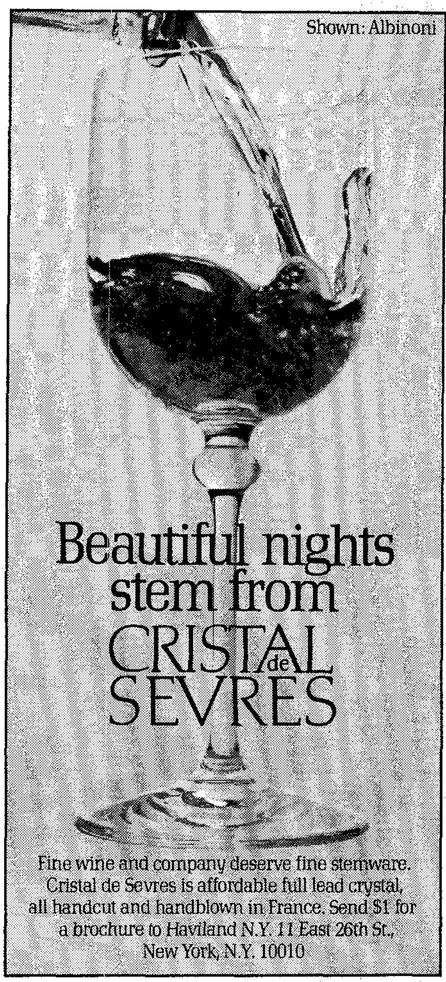
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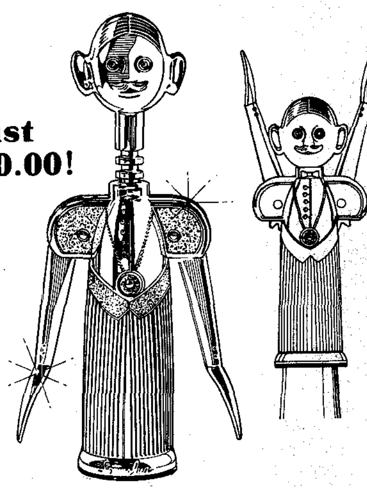
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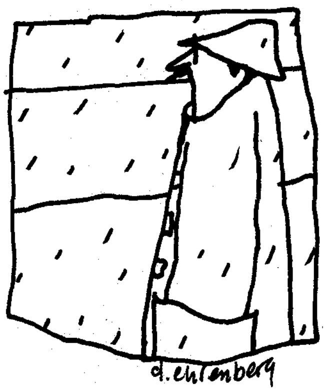
Despite Rifkind's statement that he would have taken Nader's case if he had been asked and if Nader could have paid his fee, it is doubtful whether Rifkind would have been completely happy representing Nader. Jay Topkis recalls, "Si's position on Nader was probably influenced by a personal emotional factor. What he couldn't stand about Nader was that Nader wouldn't have his own telephone—he insisted on using a pay phone out in the hall. Si thought Nader was playing the penniless, barefoot saint, and Si doesn't suffer saints gladly." Beyond that, Nader was, after all, part of the youth revolt of the sixties, and Rifkind, with his physically and morally stringent beginnings and his traditional and temperamental worship of hard work, did not suffer the youth revolt gladly, either. Indeed, it gave Rifkind a fine chance to be Rifkind: he was against it, and no bones made—an attitude that he was fond of airing publicly, often to the amusement of his partners, and occasionally to their embarrassment. His greatest scorn was reserved not for the hippies and thoughtless young radicals themselves but for the encouragers and coddlers among their elders. In a speech delivered in November, 1969, to the Lawyers' Division of the American Jewish Committee, he put these sentiments into what might be called Rifkindese. Deploring the fact that "we see every form of deviationism not only looked upon with tolerance but extolled as virtuous," he proclaimed roundly that "our ancestors already learned from the experience of the race that such behavior causes the earth to vomit up those who practice it." In not a single instance, he went on, had he encountered "earnest, intelligent, well-informed, thoughtful" young people among "the exhibitionists, the transvestites, the impudent loudmouths, the irresponsibles, the stone throwers, and the window smashers." And he wound up, "It is my earnest belief that the world has undergone a period of foolishness like the days of the Children's Crusade in the thirteenth century. *Now it is time to stop the nonsense!*"

The chief nonsense inside the Paul, Weiss offices that Rifkind thought ought to be stopped consisted of the wearing of long hair and beards by men. Around 1970, to a shocked and dismayed meeting of partners and associates, some of them with long hair and beards, he delivered a tirade against those styles, at least when worn without fastidious tending. After the meeting, some associates began expressing doubts about their compatibility with the environment they found themselves in at Paul, Weiss. Rifkind's partners had to calm them down by saying, "Oh, don't mind Si." At about the same time, according to a famous Paul, Weiss story, Rifkind walked into the office of a young female associate of the firm and found on a wall there a large poster with a frontal view of a nude male. Back in his own office, the story goes on, Rifkind grabbed his telephone, called one of his partners, described the episode, and said, "Either she goes or I go." The partner talked him out of his ultimatum, and Rifkind said nothing more on the subject. "At bottom, Si is a *sensible* man," another partner comments.

It may well be that Rifkind's rage against the rebellious youth of the sixties contributed to the enthusiasm with which he took up the cudgels against Nader. It can hardly be said that he won the case, since the parties to it agreed in 1970 to an out-of-court settlement in which General Motors made a payment of four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to Nader, and this money—the first substantial sum that the Nader organization had laid its hands on—launched that organization into the nineteen-seventies as the leading consumer-advocacy group in the country. On the other hand, General Motors had been prepared to pay a larger amount in settlement of the suit than the sum Nader agreed to, so Rifkind had a satisfied client.



The many liberals who worshipped Rifkind as the author of Section 7(a) and as one of the undertakers of the yellow-dog contract may have experienced a measure of disillusion as their former hero devoted himself so long and so assiduously to protecting a giant corporation against a lone critic on whom it had set spies. Rifkind's liberal reputation was somewhat retrieved, however, by his representation, in 1970, of Justice Douglas in the congressional initiative to impeach him. That campaign, led by then Representative Gerald Ford, was based on a constellation of charges, among them that Douglas had received payments for serving on the board of a private foundation and that he had published an article in an allegedly obscene magazine. A subcommittee of the House Committee on the Judiciary, which considered the charges, quickly put aside the constitutional ground of "high crimes and misdemeanors" as inapplicable, and concentrated on the question of whether or not Douglas had fallen short of fulfilling the requirement, also constitutional, that judges may serve only "during good behavior." "The case took a lot of investigation," Rifkind says. "Douglas threw open all his files, and he was a great keeper of papers. In addition, we studied every impeachment case that had ever come before Congress. We were able to establish that the implication of Douglas's impeachment would be that Congress could remove any federal judge at its pleasure, and ultimately the subcommittee decided that there was no basis for impeachment."

The fact is that by the nineteen-seventies Rifkind was neither a liberal nor a conservative, although he had in him elements of each. He had become, in every cell and fibre, an advocate; for better or worse, the lawyer's ethic of giving a client his best effort had largely overmastered the statesman's ethic of seeking social justice for its own sake. Indeed, Rifkind recently asserted his belief that the proposition that the function of a civil trial is to discover the truth is "a myth." Rather, he said, "The true function of a litigation is to resolve a dispute, and to resolve it by the principled application of universal rules. Naturally, the more civilized the society, the more sophisticated and the more humane are the rules." Truth, it must follow, is secondary in litigation to effective persuasion of a judge or jury, or both; if truth is not the objective of a trial,

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surely it need not be the primary concern of an advocate. Against the argument that some people can afford more effective persuasion than others, Rifkind upholds the need for good lawyers to engage in pro-bono, or no-fee, activities on behalf of clients who cannot pay. He insists, however, that a lawyer is under no moral obligation to engage in pro-bono activities; rather, to do so is his privilege, and the advantage, or part of it, is self-fulfillment and self-satisfaction. (To demonstrate that Paul, Weiss practices what Rifkind preaches, he had his staff calculate how many hours the firm's partners and associates had devoted to pro-bono activities during a recent fourteen-month period. The figure came to just short of twenty-five thousand hours—the equivalent of several million dollars.) The question that remains is whether Rifkind's cool, pragmatic, optimistic view of legal ethics—that intelligent self-interest on the part of lawyers ultimately serves the common good—applies in the real world of law any better than Adam Smith's somewhat analogous "invisible hand" theory has proved to apply in the real world of economics.

AT eighty-one, Rifkind handles fewer clients than he used to, and he refuses to take on cases in which the trials are expected to be long ones, but he still has the principal responsibility for numerous leading Paul, Weiss clients, among them Lazard Frères & Company, Revlon, and the Municipal Assistance Corporation. He sold his Great Barrington place in the nineteen-fifties, his sons having reached an age when they were no longer interested in spending summers there; summer vacations for him and Mrs. Rifkind now usually consist of a couple of weeks at an inn on Martha's Vineyard. The sons are both outstandingly successful men. Richard, now fifty-two, was formerly the head of cancer research at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons and is now chairman of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research and director of graduate studies at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, and Robert, now forty-six, is a partner in the law firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore. Both are married and have children of their own.

Rifkind arrives at the Paul, Weiss offices, at 345 Park Avenue, before eight o'clock, walking the twenty-five blocks from his apartment, at 936 Fifth Avenue, on good days, and driv-

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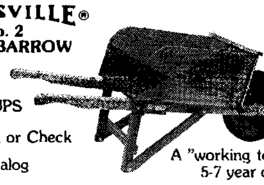

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ing himself in his Cadillac on bad ones. For lunch, on the comparatively few days when he isn't involved in a Paul, Weiss meeting, he favors the Marco Polo Club in the Waldorf-Astoria, the Laurent, or, occasionally, the Harmonie Club. At whatever public places he frequents, he is known to the staff as Judge. (For that matter, in court he is sometimes called Judge by judges, although some lawyers frown on this manner of address by a sitting judge to an advocate, on the ground that it may be prejudicial in his client's favor.) He is said by his partners to worry a lot about their well-being and that of all Paul, Weiss employees—their illnesses, their marital and emotional problems, their colds. When he thinks of his childhood in Meretz, it seems like a dream old enough to be a myth.

Given though he is to moral apothegms framed in Biblical language, and devoted though he is to the Jewish community, Rifkind is by temperament secular rather than religious. The law is his religion, and, characteristically, when he seeks to express his feelings about the law he reaches back to the Bible and brashly adapts its text. In the Eighty-fourth Psalm appears the famous verse "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Rifkind likes to give what he calls a "prayerful recitation" of that verse, with a single phrase amended: "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the law, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." —JOHN BROOKS

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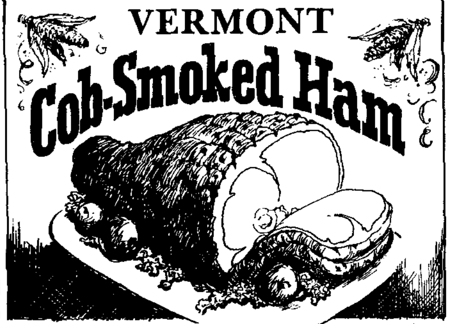

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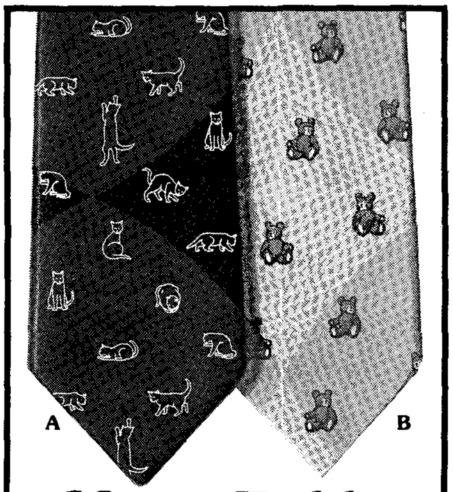

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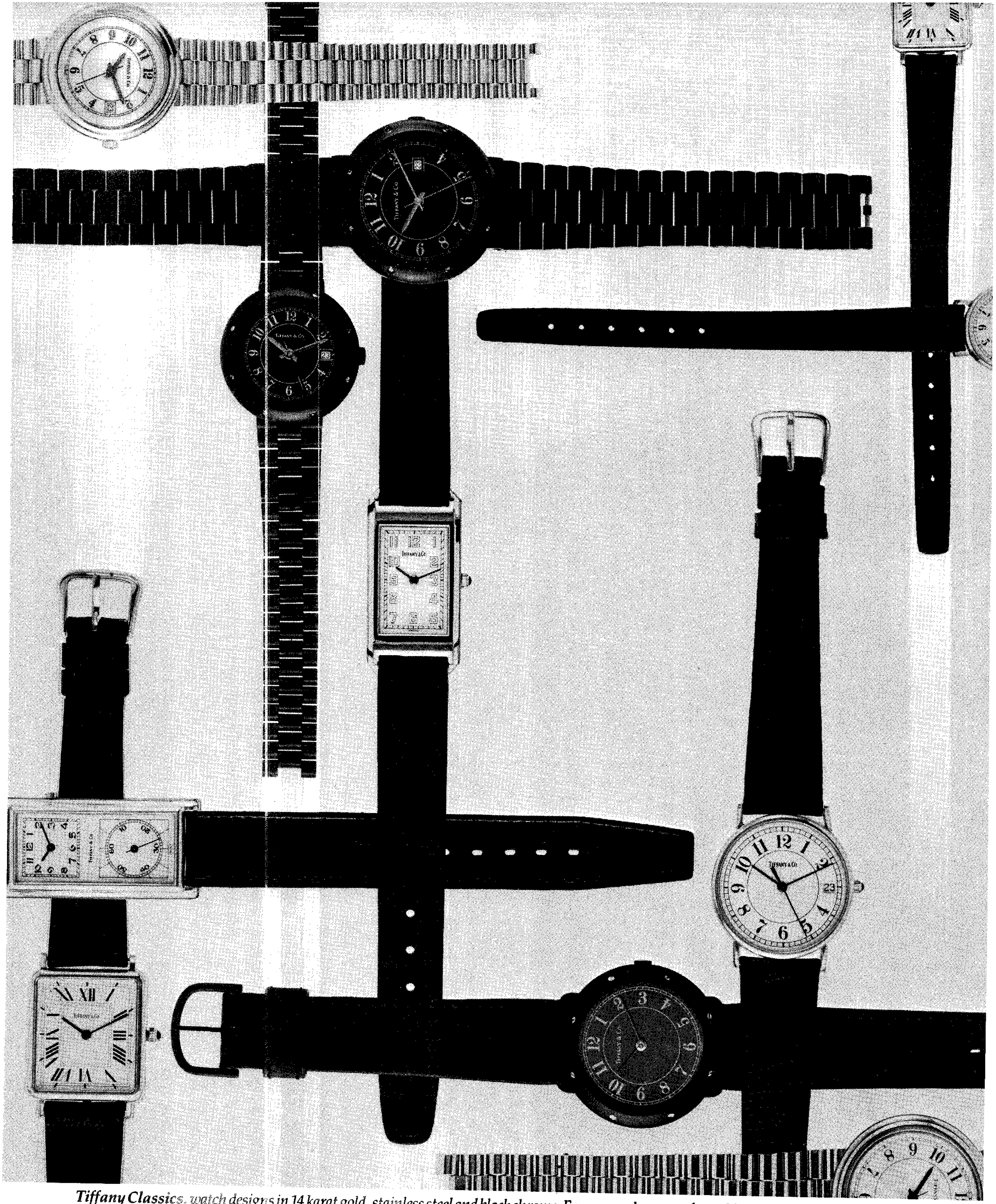
# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE PARADOX OF NONALIGNMENT

A CARTOON that appeared in the *Indian Express* on the eve of the Seventh Summit of the Nonaligned Nations Movement, held some weeks ago, in New Delhi, shows a frowning woman bearing an unmistakable resemblance to Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, the conference hostess and the new chairperson of the movement, driving a battered car whose visible wheels, badly askew, are labelled Afghanistan, Kampuchea, and Iran-Iraq, after three of the world's chief trouble spots. Peering down quizzically over her spectacles and the steering wheel as the car chugs along, Mrs. Gandhi is saying, "The movement is fine, but the alignment . . ." Ten days later, when the summit was over and the motley assortment of kings, emirs, sultans, military rulers, presidents, and prime ministers—whose politics and prejudices and economic well-being covered a broad spectrum—had left their sumptuous suites in New Delhi's four best hotels and flown home in their official planes, after extravagantly praising the success of the meeting, the cartoon seemed even more pertinent. It was not that nothing had been accomplished. The summit produced a bulky political manifesto, which dealt inconclusively with the cartoon's three problem areas but adopted firm positions—including, as has been customary at such conferences, a good many anti-American ones—on a score of other matters; and an even bulkier, but less polemical, economic statement, containing a number of pertinent suggestions for promoting better understanding between the developed and the developing nations. Notwithstanding this mixed bag of resolutions—approved not by majority vote but by often uncertain "consensus," which has become the Third World's preferred, if sometimes cavalier, way of reaching or not reaching conclusions—it seemed apparent that not only the summit's wheels but its whole mechanism was somewhat out of line. This was not the fault of the Indians, who for the most part did their best to set the movement back on the moderate course originally charted by Mrs. Gandhi's father, Jawaharlal Nehru; by Josip Broz Tito of Yugoslavia; and by Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt two decades ago, when they presided over the first summit, in Belgrade. Its principal goals then were to fight for the freedom and independence of emerging ex-colonial nations in the face of the growing Cold War confrontation between the two superpowers, the Soviet Union and the United States, which came to a head during the Belgrade summit, when the Russians set off a thermonuclear explosion. Much to President John F. Kennedy's annoyance, the summit made no mention of the test in its final communiqué, which contained the movement's initial plea for peace and disarmament. Tensions had already begun to mount in August of 1961, shortly before the summit, when the Communists began building the Berlin wall. I was told by a Yugoslav diplomat in New Delhi that the Yugoslavs had been forewarned of both the nuclear test and the wall by Premier Khrushchev himself. The diplomat quoted Khrushchev as saying, "You tell Tito that I'm getting ready to build a wall in Berlin and that I'm going to set off a bomb during his conference. Ask him who, then, is more important—his nonaligned movement or the Soviet Union?"

In the years that followed, the movement could properly take credit for speeding up the process of decolonialization, especially in Africa, and for setting itself up as a vague buffer between the superpowers. From time to time, it may have helped reduce tensions and settle a few internal disputes, but since the Belgrade summit, when the movement represented only twenty-five countries, it has gradually grown to such unwieldy proportions, as virtually every new nation has joined it—the African states are now in the majority, among a total of a hundred and one members—that it has lost its dynamic character. In becoming more diverse and amorphous, and at the same time losing the outstanding leaders it had at the beginning, the movement has inevitably grown more splintered and disputatious. Reaching a true consensus on major issues, or even on minor ones, is, accordingly, much harder. National or sometimes regional interests are now the paramount concern, and compromise agreements on these, and also on broader issues, are tantamount to tradeoffs among enemies as well as among friends. The movement's claims of unity of purpose and principle have become blurred and less convincing. A quarter of its present members are acknowledged dictatorships of one sort or another; about a dozen are openly aligned with the Soviet Union, and ten or eleven more are generally



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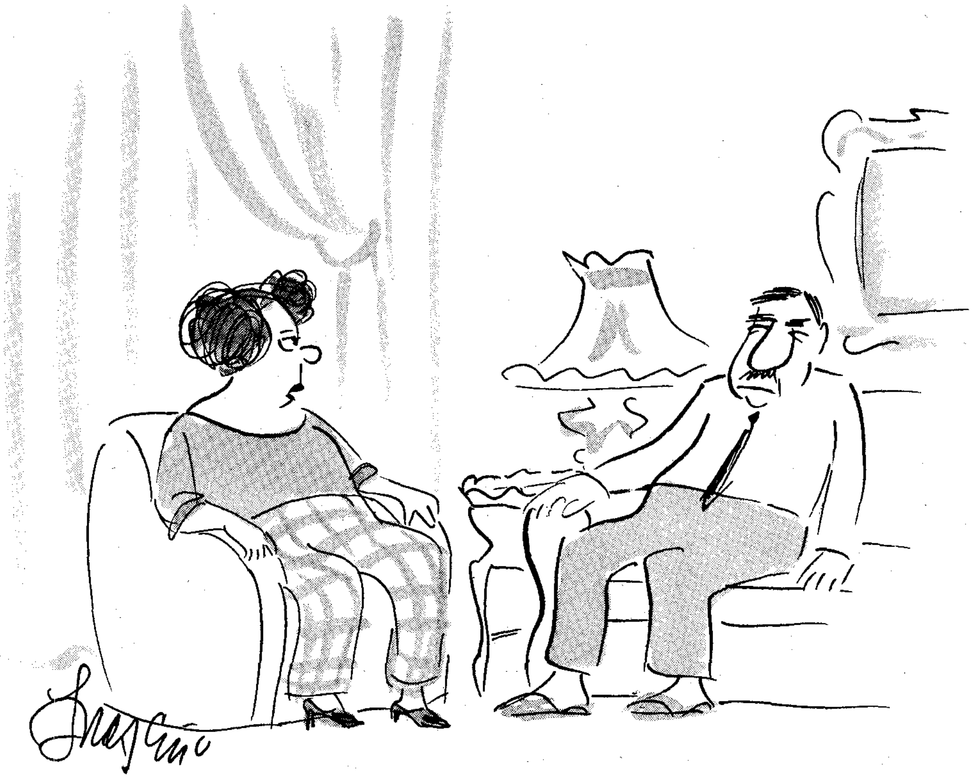

*"I started dating you just for laughs. Who'd have thought you'd turn out to be Mr. Right?"*

• •

considered pro-Soviet. Perhaps a dozen can be described as more or less pro-American, but these tend to speak with less certain and milder voices.

The movement is frequently described as a replica of the United Nations without the big powers, and to the degree that the Third World countries dominate the United Nations today this is true. As a nonvoting forum, the movement provides a not always clear, but a louder and more strident, echo of the many cacophonous voices that make up the U.N. majority. Without any real parliamentary rules or regulations—or, for that matter, any obligation on the part of its members to abide by any positions taken—its triennial summits are basically talkfests and occasions for letting off steam. Interim meetings of the member nations' foreign ministers and monthly gatherings of what is called the Coördinating Bureau—which also keeps expanding, and now has seventy-four members—clearly demonstrate how divided and often internally combative the Third World is. According to estimates cited at the New Delhi summit, a hundred and thirty-five armed conflicts of varying intensity and duration, involving more than eighty-five countries, have taken place since the end of the Second World War, and, while the big powers have taken sides in these conflicts and have furnished weapons and other forms of aid to one party or another ("proxy wars" is what many of them have been called), all of them have been fought on territories outside the Western world and the major industrial countries. Yet the nonaligned movement, even though it doesn't always hang together, represents two-thirds of the nations in the world and close to half its population, and remains a force to be reckoned with. Universal poverty and underdevelopment furnish much of the glue that holds it together, but its principal value, if it can manage to speak with something approaching one voice on vital matters like a nuclear freeze, total nuclear disarmament, and a reduction of conventional weapons, as it pledged to do at the New Delhi meeting, will be as a pressure group for peace. Its growing strength and its potential moral weight at a critical time are acknowledged by both the United States and the Soviet Union, each of which had a team of unofficial observers at New Delhi. Before the summit began, President Reagan sent Mrs. Gandhi a letter conveying his best wishes for the success of the meeting, and in the past few months alone the Soviets have published thirty books about the movement (four of them by the same writer). What is perhaps more significant is that, for the first time in a decade, eight of the movement's members are on the United Nations Security Council—the average number has been five or six—and thus are in a position, if only temporarily, to engage in debates with the United States and the Soviet Union (both are permanent members of the fifteen-member council) and to play an important voting role.

IN 1979, when I attended the sixth summit, in Havana (the seventh was supposed to have been held in Baghdad last September, but the Iran-Iraq war forced its postponement and its eventual transfer to New Delhi), the tone and atmosphere were altogether different. The figure of Fidel Castro, the leader of the movement's radical bloc and a staunch supporter of the Soviet Union—which he constantly described as the movement's "natural ally"—dominated the proceedings completely. Dressed in his fatigue uniform, Castro ran the Havana meeting from start to finish: he arranged the order of speakers in such a way that his radical friends appeared during prime time and the moderates were relegated to spots late at night or early in the morning, while he himself talked for hours at a stretch, emphasizing his revolutionary role in Latin America. Only by working around the clock in committees and in the corridors did the moderates, led by Yugoslavia and a handful of Asian nations, manage to tone down the extreme final statements of the summit in the last two days, and temper the denunciations of the "imperialists and neo-colonialists"—chiefly the United States—with less violent admonitions against all forms of "hegemony and domination." Although Tito was present, a fading but still heroic figure dressed in a white suit, the summit was entirely Castro's show, but the fact that it took place on his own turf prompted him to overreach himself. He formally remained head of the nonaligned movement for three and a half years—until, with a big bear hug that nearly crushed her,

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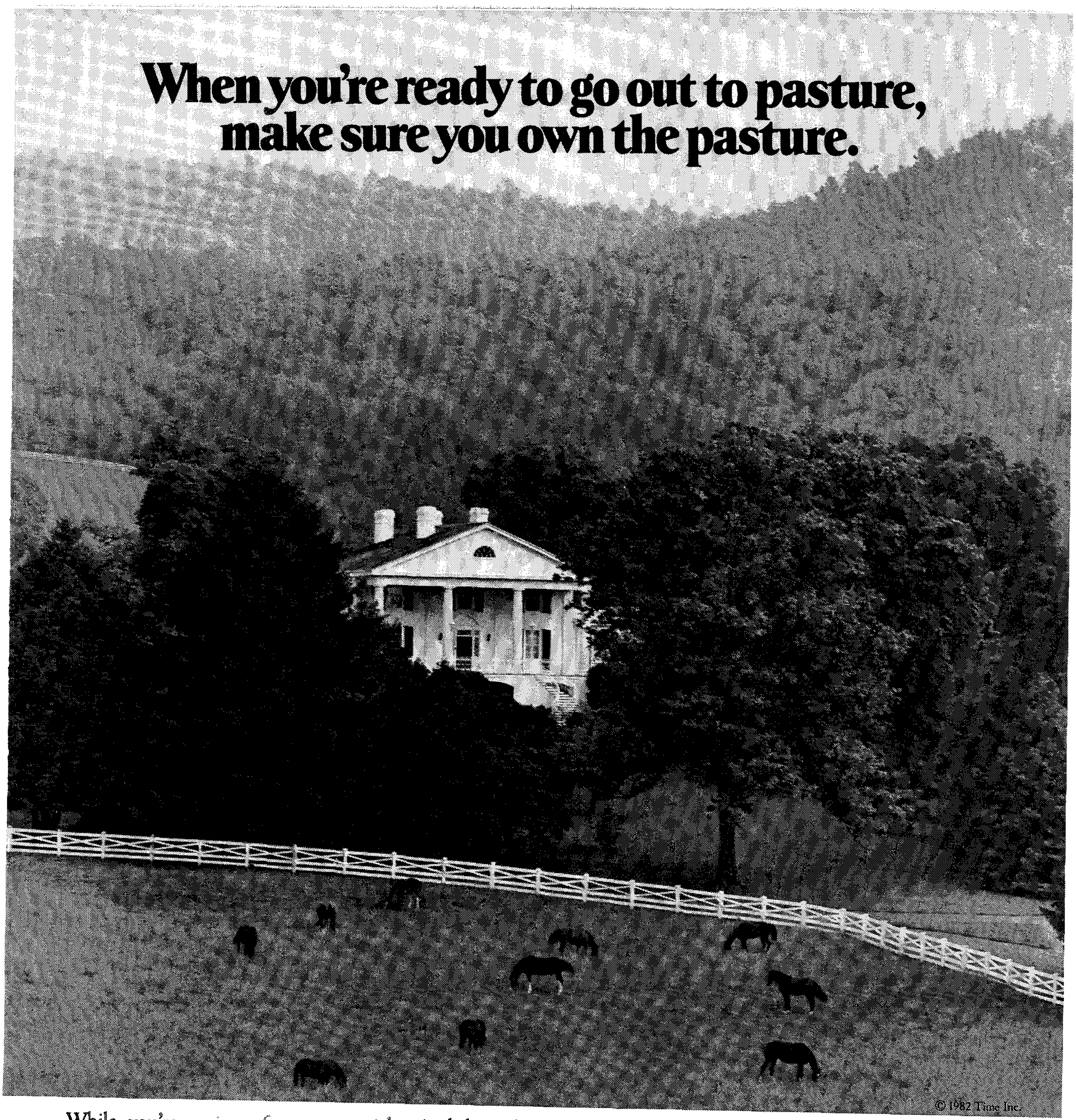

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he turned it over to Mrs. Gandhi at the opening session in New Delhi—but he never did recapture the excitement and the aura of leadership of that fortnight in Havana.

In fact, at the United Nations, in New York, a few weeks later, his wings were sharply clipped by the moderates, who, among other things, reversed a Cuban-engineered decision not to seat in the General Assembly, as the representatives of what was formerly known as Cambodia and is now called Kampuchea, either the Vietnamese-supported delegation of the government headed by Heng Samrin, or the opposition one, representing Pol Pot, whose regime was responsible for the systematic execution or starvation of more than two million Kampucheans during the mid-nineteen-seventies. The United Nations, with some reluctance, accepted the Pol Pot delegation as the country's legitimate government, because Kampuchea had been illegally overrun by a foreign force—the Vietnamese. Currently, the Kampuchean delegation at the U.N. represents a coalition led by Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the former hereditary ruler and a far more popular man than Pol Pot. Sihanouk leads one of three minority factions waging an uphill guerrilla battle, supported by China and Thailand, against the Heng Samrin regime and some hundred and fifty thousand Vietnamese troops. During the New Delhi summit, Sihanouk was in Peking, where he lives part of the time, and was eagerly waiting to be invited to India, if only as a guest, but after four days of bitter preliminary committee wrangling, which almost wrecked the conference, the Havana formula of nonrecognition of any Kampuchean delegation was retained, and Sihanouk stayed in Peking. The Indians, who have recognized Heng Samrin, were embarrassed by the whole issue and were only too glad to have it swept temporarily back under the carpet until it could be reconsidered at the next meeting of nonaligned foreign ministers, in 1985. While the U.N. and the nonaligned movement remain at odds on this matter, some progress may have been made unofficially in New Delhi when the Vietnamese and the Malaysians conferred about the possibility of negotiations over Kampuchea between Vietnam and the five members of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN) which would not include Heng Samrin. Up to now, the Vietnamese have insisted that Heng Samrin be included in any such discussions, while most of the ASEAN members still maintain that they won't talk to the Hanoi government until it takes all its troops out of Kampuchea.

The fight over Kampuchea was just one of many that went on behind the scenes at New Delhi over a variety of issues, including the convoluted conflicts in the Middle East, Latin America, and Africa. The United States, Israel, and South Africa remain the principal villains in the political firmament of the nonaligned movement, and all three were given their customary share of excoriation. A longer and more serious debate took place in the drafting committees over the strategy and tactics to be adopted in prosecuting the movement's economic and financial goals, both short-term and long-term, and over ways of persuading the developed nations to accept what the nonaligned nations call the New International Economic Order. The N.I.E.O. embraces a broad set of demands that sum up the position of the so-called South bloc of underdeveloped nations vis-à-vis the nations of the far richer, developed North—mainly the United States and Western Europe. Although both the political and the economic debates were sometimes rancorous, the overall tone of the seventh summit was generally more peaceful than that of the Havana meeting. This time, it was the radicals who were on the defensive, but, by and large, they did better in recovering their position in the final two days than the moderates had done in Cuba. They managed to rewrite and expand a good deal of the original political draft submitted by India, as the host nation, and to raise from two to twenty-two the number of direct or implied derogations of the United States; they also obtained numerous changes in and additions to the economic draft, which, if anything, made it fuzzier than what the Indians had proposed.

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The State Department in Washington almost immediately described the political manifesto as "an unbalanced and polemical document which does not reflect the principles of nonalignment which the movement proclaims." While acknowledging that there were "positive elements" in the final declarations, notably on the economic side, Washington said that "the unfair attacks on the United States" and "the absence of criticism of the Soviet Union" reflect "the continuing ability of radical elements within the nonaligned movement to manipulate it." It was not by accident that Mrs. Gandhi and her advisers, aware of the political rifts that have long threatened to divide the movement, placed so much emphasis on the economic aspects in their earlier drafts and stressed particularly the need for poor and rich nations to work together in seeking solutions to common problems. By injecting so much anti-American invective into the final political draft, the radicals may have dulled and weakened the impact of the economic appeal for coöperation with the West. One prominent economist, a moderate who took part in the committee formulations, suggested as much by saying, "You don't sock a man on the jaw and then ask him to negotiate."

Even so, the general feeling in New Delhi, among both the departing delegates and the neutral observers, was that the State Department had moved somewhat hastily and harshly in expressing its bruised feelings. The Indians, having taken such pains to steer an evenhanded course, and to return the movement to its early tenets, were naturally disappointed that their drafts were altered, but they didn't complain—at least, not publicly. They pointed out that Castro (who was dressed sedately this time, in his olive-drab commander-in-chief's uniform, with all its ribbons, wore a necktie, had had his beard carefully trimmed, and did not chain-smoke cigars, as he did at Havana) made no effort, after a long, rambling opening address—a sort of last hurrah—to dominate the meeting; and he never once referred to the Soviet Union as the movement's "natural ally." If anyone on the radical side played a dominant role, it was Yasir Arafat, the head of the Palestine Liberation Organization, for he was the busiest man both behind the scenes and on the floor of the conference hall. But his was the role of a peacemaker more than of a troublemaker. He conferred constantly with other delegates, including King Hussein of Jordan and President Amin Gemayel of Lebanon, and he succeeded in adding twelve paragraphs, for a total of sixteen, to the final draft on Palestine, making it the longest section on any one subject. Among other things, Arafat successfully shepherded through a last-minute Indian resolution calling for the establishment of a new committee to help mediate the various thorny problems of the Middle East, including the withdrawal of all foreign troops from Lebanon and the establishment of an independent and stable government there. A member of the Yugoslav delegation told me afterward, "Arafat is now rational and reasonable as well as dynamic. He has become the most important leader in the Arab world, and he's the only one who can put twenty Arab leaders together." Given the fractiousness of the Arabs and their paucity of leadership, that may not be saying much, but the fact remains that Arafat was active as an arbiter on a number of matters, while most of the other delegates pursued their own parochial objectives.

THE dominant figure at the summit, however, was Mrs. Gandhi, who conducted herself with notable dignity and grace. Dressed in a series of colorful saris, starting off with a luminous gold-and-green one, she worked sixteen or more hours a day, giving small lunches and dinners for groups of delegates and holding private meetings, which often lasted until the early hours of the morning. These sessions dealt with the most touchy subjects of the summit, such as a last-minute appeal to Iran and Iraq—both members of the movement—to end their thirty-month-old war. "It is the universal desire that the fighting must stop at once and the two sides come to an honorable, just, and enduring peace through negotiations," Mrs. Gandhi said in a special statement read at the final session, adding that she would personally "continue consultations and take all possible and appropriate measures towards this objective." With the help of the Yugoslavs and some others, again including Arafat, Iran and Iraq both finally agreed to accept Mrs. Gandhi's mediation; the Iraqis had been willing for some time to

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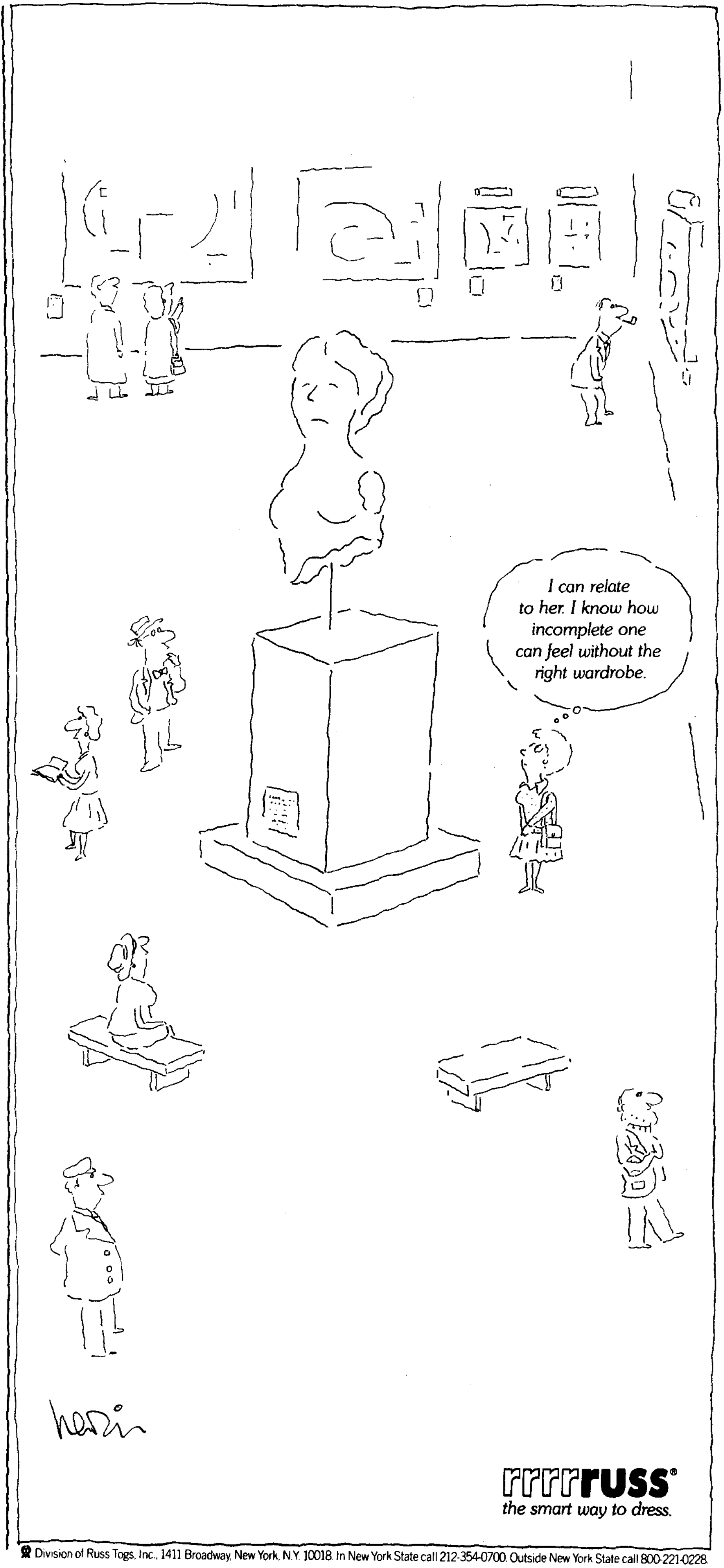
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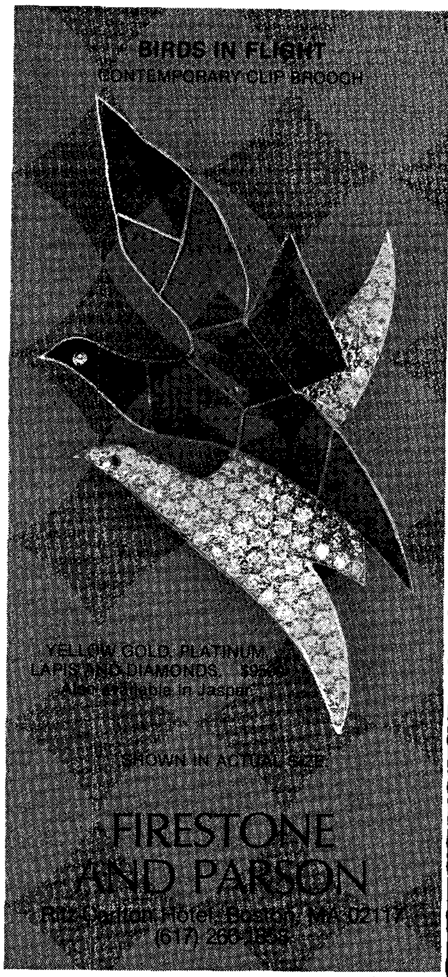

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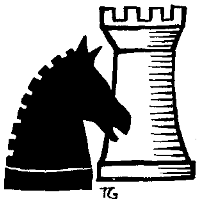
negotiate, but the Iranians had demurred, demanding huge reparations, and also insisting upon the removal of Saddam Hussein, the Iraqi dictator. (Hussein, who was supposed to come to the conference, decided at the last minute to remain in Baghdad, but a contingent of a hundred and fifty Iraqi commandos arrived, some of whom marched all the way from the airport to the Iraqi Embassy, where they set up tents, pillboxes, and machine-gun nests and manned them night and day—possibly because there was a large number of Iranians in New Delhi, including seven hundred students.) Even as the summit meeting proceeded, the brutal war continued to take a heavy toll of lives on both sides, and it remains in a stalemate. Previous efforts at mediation, including one made by the Egyptians, have failed, and nobody knows whether Mrs. Gandhi can do any better, but the consent of the two sides to let her try was considered one of the summit's more positive results. "The fact that they agreed puts the cause of nonalignment first," Mrs. Gandhi said at a press conference held in the meeting hall—a huge place called the Vigyan Bhavan—when the summit ended. Nine hundred foreign correspondents and six hundred Indian correspondents were officially accredited to the summit, and most of them attended the press conference, possibly making it the largest press conference ever held. "One doesn't usually make an appeal unless there is hope," she declared, in answer to a question, but she warned that "one doesn't expect magic, and it will take time."

NOT surprisingly, the mood of the summit was more optimistic at the beginning than it was at the end. In her opening speech, Mrs. Gandhi declared that "the nonaligned movement is history's biggest peace movement," and she linked "independence, development, disarmament, and peace" as its closely related and "indivisible" goals. "Humankind is balancing on the brink of the collapse of the world economic system and annihilation through nuclear war," she said. "We of the developing world have no margin of safety. We shall be the first and worst sufferers in any economic breakdown." She noted that a single nuclear aircraft carrier costs four billion dollars, which, she pointed out, is more than the gross national product of any one of fifty-three countries, most of which are members of the nonaligned movement. "The hood of the cobra is spread," she continued. "Humankind watches in frozen fear, hoping against hope that it will not strike. . . . In the name of humanity and on behalf of us all, I call upon the nuclear-weapon powers to give up the use or threat of use of nuclear weapons in any circumstances." She also called upon them to "suspend all nuclear-weapon tests and the production and deployment of nuclear weapons." At the end of the summit, Mrs. Gandhi, responding to criticism from moderate observers that the movement was still sharply "tilted" toward Castro and his fellow-radicals and that the Soviet Union, mentioned only once, had been treated far more generously than the United States, was more defensive than she had been at the outset. "I do not think we have moved away from the upright line, the upright stance," she said. "We are very much on the rails. . . . We have reaffirmed the principles and ideas for which we have always stood." Not everyone agreed with her, or with her further boast that "nonalignment stands very straight."



That Mrs. Gandhi was sensitive to the "tilt" charge and, indeed, wasn't altogether pleased with the summit's results was indicated by an occasional note of testiness during the final press conference. For example, she curtly dismissed a question about a critical speech by Sinnathamby Rajaratnam, the Second Deputy Prime Minister (Foreign Affairs) of Singapore, who distributed printed copies of his speech instead of delivering it in person, possibly because too many delegates who disagreed with him might have walked out. Rajaratnam, who was born a Tamil in Ceylon and has never been known to mince words, said in his paper, "I shall state my assessment of the nonaligned movement in three short sentences. Its past is one of which we can be justly proud. Its present condition however does it no credit. And finally, if it persists in its present course, its future will be one of shameful oblivion." Dismissing what he called "the self-congratulatory pieties that our protocol demands," he decried the movement's "self-delusions," which, he said, were threatening to make it "a terminal case." It was being especially deluded, he went on, by a small number of pro-Soviet members who had become "the true motor" of the movement. Both superpowers, but especially the Soviet Union, were using "the ancient technique of proxy wars" to gain control of the movement, he said, and "we are witnesses to our own slow-motion hijacking and if we do not wake up to this fact and do something to abort it then the ship of nonalignment and all those who sail in it may wake up one day to find that they have docked in a Soviet port." In a particularly bitter paragraph, Rajaratnam said, "Let us frankly face up to the fact that most Third World countries today live not in fear, as current mythology has it, of a return of Western imperialism but in fear of Third World neighbors, near and far away, with military ambitions. Rectification of real or imagined frontiers, the resurrection of vanished empires whether actual or invented, the righting of ancient wrongs and the avenging of still more ancient defeats, the lust for loot and domination over weaker peoples or simply the need to distract the populace from growing domestic discontents are among the many and varied causes which fuel Third World wars and which provide opportunities for great powers to launch proxy wars."

Rajaratnam's speech and a "restricted" pamphlet entitled "Havana and New Delhi—What's the Difference?," which was distributed fairly freely by the Singapore delegation, provoked more of a fuss than anything else at the summit. The radical reaction was predictable. " 'SINGAPORE STRIPTEASE' EVOKES WIDESPREAD DISGUST," said a headline in the pro-Communist Indian daily *Patriot*, and an unnamed "expert" on the nonaligned movement was quoted as saying that "the striptease" was simply "a sideshow to distract attention" from the serious issues of the summit. Pointing to Singapore's growth as a trade emporium and, more recently, as a center of high technology and international finance, a delegate from Africa, also unnamed, was quoted as describing the tiny republic, which broke off from Malaysia in 1965, as "the richest whore of [the] transnational harem."

Singapore also figured in another heated, but more diplomatic, exchange—the serious and complicated debate concerning the future of the Indian Ocean as "a zone of peace," and the effort of Mauritius to establish sovereignty over the Chagos archipelago, including the tiny island of Diego

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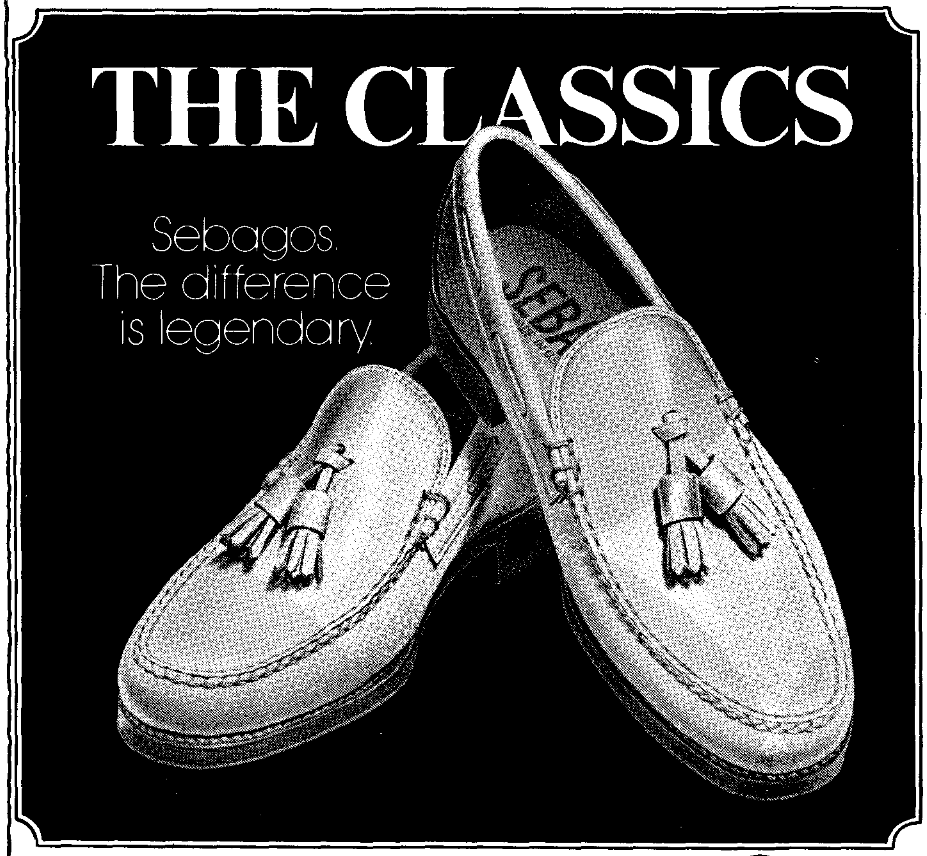

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Garcia, which has become a communications and naval base operated by the United States. The Americans leased the island from Great Britain in 1966, after it had been detached administratively from Mauritius—more than a thousand miles away—which was about to be granted independence. The fierce argument over the Mauritian claim to the thirteen-mile-long atoll didn't end until three o'clock in the morning on the next-to-last day of the summit. Although Mauritius pressed its own case and was supported by Nicaragua, Cuba, and Vietnam, one of its strongest advocates was the United Nations Ambassador of the Republic of Seychelles, in the Indian Ocean, Giovinella Gonthier. Ambassador Gonthier—who, in her fashionable outfits, was quite a contrast to, for instance, the Nicaraguan delegate, in battle gear, and her other allies, in staid business suits—criticized the British for leasing the island to the Americans, and ardently pressed the Mauritian claim against the arguments of Singapore, whose Ambassador to the United Nations, Tommy Koh, is regarded as one of the U.N.'s ablest diplomats. The contest ended in a draw. The nonaligned nations formally supported the Mauritians, but the moderates among them succeeded in separating the issue from the Indian Ocean section of the political draft, and thus made the future of Diego Garcia primarily a matter of sovereignty rather than of militarization, although the resolution did say, without naming the United States, that "the establishment and strengthening of the military base at Diego Garcia has endangered the sovereignty, territorial integrity, and peaceful development of Mauritius and other states." There was no demand that the Americans dismantle the base. The future of the Indian Ocean as a zone of peace is bound to be a major issue in the years ahead, starting with a regional conference to be held next year in Sri Lanka, which the Americans may attend. Singapore and the moderates denounced the existence of bases anywhere in the Indian Ocean area—that is, not only in the ocean itself but also in its littoral and hinterland states—and won part of the debate by managing to sustain a resolution that a censure of foreign bases must include a censure of any foreign military presence in the entire region, implicitly including the Soviet anchorage at Socotra, in the Gulf of Aden, and the more than one hundred thousand Russian troops in Afghanistan.

The Afghanistan issue was kept muted throughout the summit, and this particularly pleased the Indians, because of their close ties to the Soviet Union. A two-paragraph resolution in the final political draft reiterated the "urgent call" that the foreign ministers of the nonaligned countries made in New Delhi in 1981 for "a political settlement on the basis of the withdrawal of foreign troops and full respect for the independence, sovereignty, territorial integrity, and nonaligned status of Afghanistan," and approved as "a step in the right direction" the efforts of U.N. Secretary-General Javier Perez de Cuellar to bring about a settlement. But there was no censure of the Soviet Union, nor was there any questioning of Afghanistan's "nonaligned" status, despite its present government's adamant alliance with the Russians, in violation of the movement's avowed principles. While denouncing big powers that destabilize smaller countries by supporting coups and setting up puppet regimes, Mrs. Gandhi also spoke of the right of small nations that feel threatened to invite foreign troops to help defend them—a tenuous distinction that in the case of Afghanistan amounts to an apologia for the Russians. This view did not gain credence when she warned that "raising a hue and cry" would not help solve the Afghanistan problem. Mrs. Gandhi had already maintained that "there is no such thing as true or false nonalignment—either you are nonaligned or you are not nonaligned," and that statement, if it were to be strictly applied, would disqualify Cuba, North Korea, Vietnam, Mozambique, and Libya as well as Afghanistan. Confusion over principles that are "flouted with impunity," as Sunanda K. Datta-Ray, one of India's most respected commentators, wrote at the end of the summit, raises the question "whether a group that has constantly to make allowances and adjustments for the susceptibilities of individual members can ever amount to a force for anything constructive" and "whether nonalignment can claim any integrity if expedient appeasement of a handful of radical members demands ceaseless berating of the West." Datta-Ray suggested, further, that if military alliances are to be overlooked

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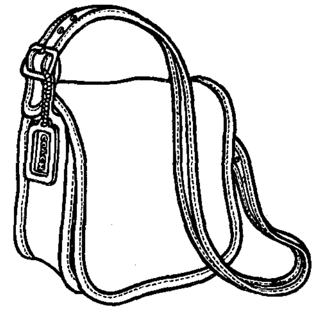

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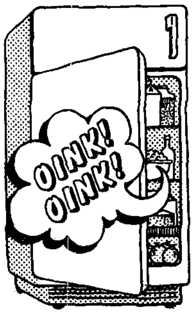

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simply because the movement's head approves of them, "Mrs. Gandhi might as well extend membership to all the Warsaw Pact countries."

IN spite of the volume of doubletalk on Afghanistan, something constructive may have come out of what went on behind the scenes at the summit and in the discussions that preceded it, as in the case of Kampuchea and of the Iran-Iraq conflict. These conversations involved Pakistan, whose President, Mohammed Zia-ul-Haq, attended the conference amid reports that he might soon make a deal to accept the Afghanistan regime in return for settling long-standing border disputes in the northwest, which affect India as well as Pakistan. Zia told a small group of correspondents that the Afghans want him "to keep quiet and not shout, and accept what's happened as a *fait accompli*, which I can't do," but he also said that "as far as negotiations are concerned, the only place that counts is Moscow," and he hinted that everyone, including the Russians, with whom he has just signed a new economic agreement, wanted to reach a settlement on the Afghanistan question. In his speech at the summit, Zia did not once mention the Soviet Union, and throughout the conference he was a model of moderation. He solidified Pakistan's improving relations with India by making an agreement with Mrs. Gandhi for the establishment of an Indian-Pakistani commission for promoting trade and economic, technological, cultural, and humanitarian relations, and afterward, all smiles, he said, "Our relations with India and our negotiations must be kept on a personal level—Mme. Gandhi and myself."

Busy as Mrs. Gandhi was before and during the summit (she was particularly preoccupied with the crisis in Assam, where several thousand Bengalis, most of them Muslims, were killed in communal fighting in February and March), she personally supervised a good part of the complicated and lavish preparations for the conference and saw to it that every whim of her distinguished guests was satisfied. Longtime residents said that New Delhi had never looked more beautiful than it did during the conference, when it was in the last flush of spring. Jacarandas, marigolds, red silk trees (they produce kapok), and scores of other plants were in multicolored bloom everywhere, and the city seemed to be swathed in greenery. Garlands,

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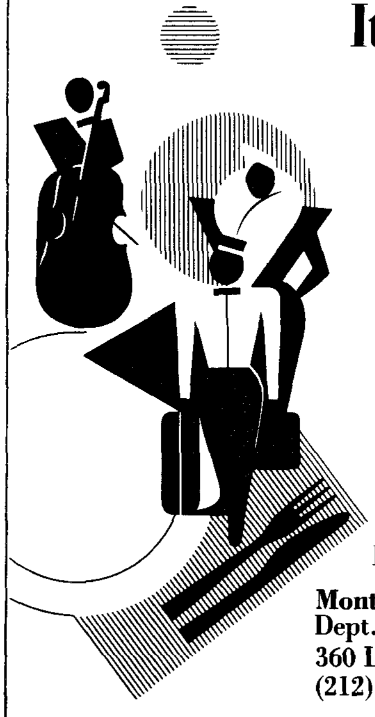

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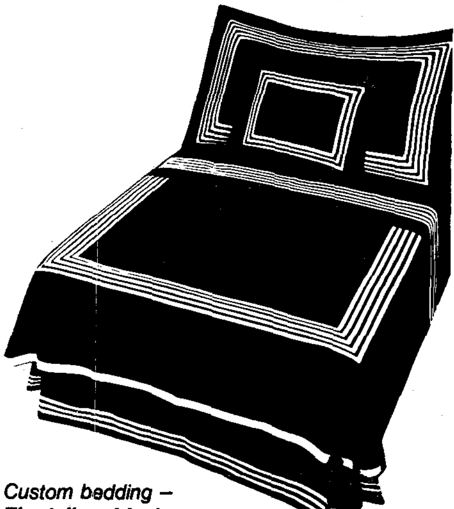

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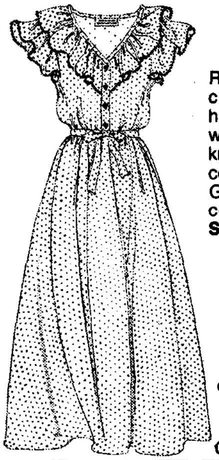

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flags, and banners lined the avenues that led from Palam Airport to the four de-luxe hotels where the heads of state and most of the delegates stayed—the Taj Mahal, the Ashok, the Oberoi Intercontinental, and the Maurya-Sheraton—and to the conference hall. Weeks had been spent cleaning up the city—painting and scrubbing sidewalks and public buildings, some of which were illuminated every night. The sacred bulls and cows that ordinarily have free run of the streets were kept away from key areas, and scores of beggars were rounded up and given street-cleaning jobs or dispatched to hostels across the Jumna River, in Old Delhi. Sidewalk fortune-tellers and other street folk, such as monkey tamers, were also sent off temporarily, but a few well-known "astro-palmists" were allowed to stay in the delegates' hotels. The best known of these, named Ramakrishnasarathy, who has acquired a reputation for correct predictions about world figures and events, was kept busy at high fees by many of the forty-nine heads of state who stayed at the Ashok. Special menus were arranged in accordance with the various religious dietary strictures of the delegates. A number of them, however, brought their own food and liquor and their private cooks and servants. Crockery, cutlery, and glassware were all specially designed for the summit, and some of the suites at the Taj Mahal and the Oberoi had Art Deco bathrooms of polished granite, each with a bathtub and a Jacuzzi, specially installed for the occasion. Veteran Indian hosts said that nothing like this display of luxury, not to say ostentation, had been seen since the heyday of the maharajas; but not everyone was impressed. A cartoon in one of the papers depicted a feast being served to the delegates as gaunt and hungry faces peered through the window, while Mrs. Gandhi, the speaker, was saying, "And the emphasis will be on problems of poverty."

With so many luminaries present, security was, of course, extensive—far greater than it had been either in Havana or at the 1976 summit, in Colombo, Sri Lanka. The police and the Army, including members of the border patrol, who came riding into town on camels, seemed to be everywhere. There were no serious incidents. A second planeload of Iraqi commandos, without proper credentials, was turned back at the airport, as was a delegation from the ousted Chad government headed by Guokouni Oueddi, which the Libyans were sponsoring. Some so-called Free Afghans did get in before the conference began, and managed to paint or scrawl anti-Kabul slogans on the walls of buildings, but the graffiti were quickly scrubbed off and the opposition Afghans kept under surveillance. The tough security arrangements also affected the press, which at this summit, in contrast to the ones in Havana and Colombo, was ordinarily denied access to the conference hall and, except through special permission, to the delegates' hotels. A correspondent who sought an appointment with a delegate was required to fill out a form, which was then sent by computer to the conference hall to await a computerized reply. To no one's surprise, the system never worked properly: Out of more than a thousand requests, only a handful got answers at all, and most of those were rejections. By the time a new scheme was devised, to shortcut the process by having delegates meet correspondents in a huge tent erected outside the media center, it was too late to make much difference. The more enterprising correspondents managed to arrange some individual interviews through embassies, but, by and large, these were considerably harder to arrange than they had been at the two previous summits. The Indians made up for this to some extent by providing elaborate facilities at the media center, a ten-thousand-square-foot, three-story building, which had four hundred phone lines, including thirty international trunks, that worked amazingly well—unlike New Delhi's infamous regular phone system, over which it is usually impossible to conduct an audible conversation. There were a hundred teleprinter terminals and telex machines, and they, too, functioned well. Plentiful television sets in the large main hall translated

the interminable speeches into English, Spanish, French, and Arabic—the summit's official languages. A connected cafeteria and bar were constantly crowded; eleven thousand bottles of Indian beer were sold in a week, and for the last two days it was free. Twice-daily press briefings, conducted by an amiable official spokesman named Mani Shankar Aiyar, were complete and informative, and there was an endless flow of printed speeches and documents. "If nothing else, I've been bloated by beer and weighed down by paper," a European correspondent commented. "I'm overweight, and so is my baggage."

IN addition to Aiyar's briefings, the Indians arranged a dozen or so mass press conferences with some of the leading delegates. One of the more memorable of these was held with the Marxist Prime Minister of Zimbabwe, Robert Mugabe, a few days after his principal opponent, Joshua Nkomo, had fled to the neighboring African land of Botswana (he subsequently went to London). Mugabe, a stocky, impressive-looking man, whose squarish face, accentuated by square-rimmed glasses, imparts an air of authority and toughness, handled questions deftly and bluntly. "I don't know if he's left for good or not," he said of Nkomo, who was a member of Mugabe's coalition government until last year. Nkomo has claimed that he fled the country because his life was in danger as a result of government attacks on his fellow Matabele tribesmen. "His life is safe at home, and he's welcome to return," Mugabe said. "I can assure you I'm no assassin. What would I gain by having him killed? He'd be more than a martyr. . . . I'd be the last man to order him killed." In answer to a barrage of questions, Mugabe said he didn't know of any ties between Nkomo and Ian Smith, the former Prime Minister of white-dominated Rhodesia, Zimbabwe's colonial name (Mugabe described him as "a lone person lost in the past"), nor could he prove that Nkomo was "in collusion" with South Africa. But he added that "we became very disturbed when we heard he was going there to hold a press conference, especially after we received reports that South Africa was continuing to train dissidents from Zimbabwe"—presumably Matabeles. Asked if he intended to establish a one-party system in Zimbabwe, Mugabe replied firmly, "Yes, yes, yes—a one-party sys-

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tem. We'll get our people to approve first, and I'm sure they'll agree. . . . A one-party system is not necessarily a dictatorship . . . and there are ways to get minorities represented. We want to work it out on a nonracial basis, and we want equality regardless of color, race, or religion. People should be chosen on merit." He said that while between thirty and fifty thousand whites had left Zimbabwe since independence, between a hundred and fifty and a hundred and eighty thousand remained, and he added, "We encourage those engaged in industry, mining, and farming to stay, but we don't go after those who have left to come back. It's hard to replace their skills, but it gives us a chance to develop new skills, more lasting ones." Mugabe said it was "the duty of all freedom-loving people to see that Zimbabwe is not destabilized," and he asked both the British and the Americans to bring pressure on the South Africans "to cease programs aimed at overthrowing my government and sabotaging my economic activities."

Mugabe's hour or so with the press proved more interesting than the sixty hours of speeches—a hundred and ten of them—that went on for five and a half days in the conference hall. Not surprisingly, the longest speech was made by Castro, as the outgoing chairman of the movement. While disclaiming any desire to "tire" his fellow-delegates, he spoke for a hundred and ten minutes and then distributed a two-hundred-and-twenty-four-page supplementary report he had written, on "The World Economic and Social Crisis." The speech contained more than the usual quota of attacks on American policy in the Middle East, Latin America, and Africa, and contained a reference to the "insane genocide" of "Zionism" in Lebanon, where the "execrable adventurism" of Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon "exists solely as a result of a repulsive and confessed strategic alliance between Israel and the United States." He claimed that the Reagan Administration, which "as a condition of peace" was seeking "to impose . . . [its] military supremacy and that of the alliance it leads," had issued fresh orders to the Central Intelligence Agency to assassinate him and other Cuban leaders. The State Department had already denied this accusation, but it did so again. Had Castro stopped halfway through his speech, without launching into a long recitation of economic and social statistics, he would have received a better reaction; by the time he finished, he had lost his audience and was only politely applauded. However, one statistic he cited did catch my attention. According to the Food and Agriculture Organization, Castro said, forty million people in the world, half of them children, die every year from hunger and malnutrition, and "if we were to decide to keep a minute of silence for every person who died in 1982 from hunger-related causes we would not be able to celebrate the advent of the twenty-first century, because we would still have to remain silent."

Many, if not most, of the speeches repeated the customary litany of the nonaligned movement's complaints and demands, but a few were noteworthy either because of their fervor and dignity or because they contained something odd or unusual. Among the latter was that of President Didier Ratsiraka of Madagascar, who talked for an hour and a quarter—next to Castro's, the longest performance. He devoted a sizable portion of his speech to elucidating a charge that the qualifying matches for the World Cup in soccer showed flagrant discrimination against teams from Third World countries. "It's become a big business," Ratsiraka said, speaking in shrill French. "With the single exception of Brazil in Sweden, in 1958, no team from the Third World has ever captured a World Cup in a European capital." The matchings and the number of qualified participants "are falsely calculated in advance," he went on, and the officers who run the International Football Association do so "in the manner of regent princes." It was all "a flagrant injustice" against the African, Latin-American, and Asian teams, he insisted. No one offered any resolutions to rectify this situation.

On the other hand, J. R. Jayawardene, the venerable and widely esteemed President of Sri Lanka, recalled that he had been present with Mrs. Gandhi's father, Jawaharlal Nehru, at the Colombo Powers Conference, in 1954, which led to the Bandung Conference of Afro-Asian

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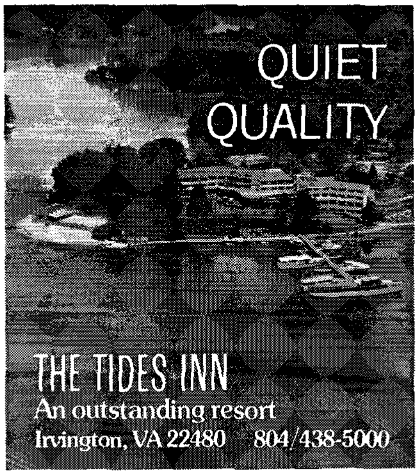

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nations, in Indonesia a year later, and that he had thus followed the course of the nonaligned movement from its inception—in fact, from its conception. Perhaps with some of the other speakers in mind, Jayawardene, a tall, prepossessing man, whose dark, austere face masks a gentle worldliness and a quiet wit and wisdom, reminded his fellow-delegates that the movement meets only every three years and therefore "the heads of state or government should use their time responsibly and frugally to address themselves to the key issues directly touching the lives of our people." He continued with a pithy and relatively brief speech, in which he said that the world economic situation today was so serious that "any tinkering with the system with piecemeal solutions would at best give temporary relief," and that "to provide a glimmer of hope to the vast number of people who are undernourished and illiterate" and who "have no access to the basic amenities of life" requires a careful balance of "immediate measures" and "global negotiations." He suggested the appointment of a committee of twenty or twenty-five heads of government, chaired by Mrs. Gandhi, to discuss "the reality of interdependence" with the heads of the principal developed nations, including Canada, Germany, France, Italy, Japan, the United Kingdom, and the United States.

The question of whether to stress immediate or longer-term global solutions to the world's economic crisis as it affects the undeveloped nations was debated at length in the summit's economic committee, and ultimately both approaches were approved. After running through a series of gloomy statistics, the economic draft declared that "the developed countries as a whole can no longer, under any pretext, shy away from their share of responsibility for international economic coöperation. . . . Peace and development are interrelated, and the international community cannot be assured of a durable peace so long as the economic disparities between nations [are] widening." It was stressed that improvement in the economies of developing nations "would help rejuvenate the stagnating economies of developed countries." But a separate "New Delhi Message," issued at the end of the summit—a sort of postscript summary—noted that "many rich nations of the world are turning in the midst of this common crisis to the catastrophic bilateralism of the nineteen-

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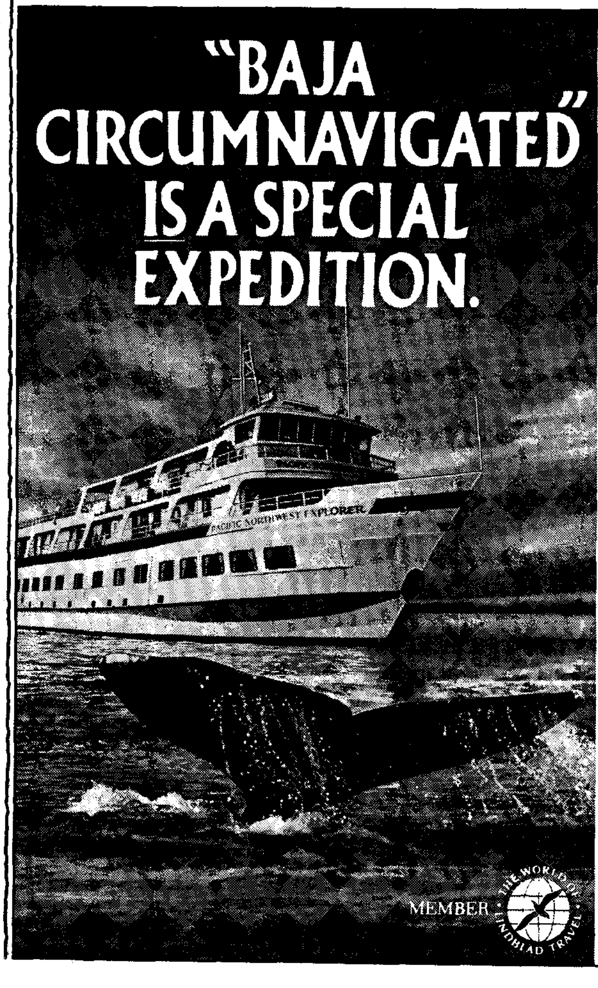
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twenties and nineteen-thirties rather than to enlightened multilateralism" and "still refuse to recognize that the economic revival of the North is simply not possible without the economic survival of the South." Another separate declaration, on "collective self-reliance among nonaligned and other developing countries," stressed the need for those countries to rely on their own resources, skills, and technologies, their own strategies of development, and their own socioeconomic realities, and thus to concentrate on what has come to be known as South-South coöperation. This emerged as one of the major themes of the summit, but it did not diminish the importance given to global negotiations on a North-South basis. Little progress has been made over the past few years in such talks at various international forums, and the nonaligned movement has not been alone in condemning the developed nations for this failure. At a conference at Versailles last year, the major developed countries agreed to start global talks, but the fact is that nothing has happened, and this, the summit concluded, "is due to the refusal of a few industrialized countries, in particular one major industrial country"—meaning the United States—to accept the various suggestions made since Versailles. At the end of this month, the heads of government of the seven largest industrial democracies will meet in Williamsburg, Virginia, to discuss how to stimulate growth without encouraging inflation. Similar problems, including the relationship between the developed and the developing nations, will be the major themes at the sixth meeting of the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD), to be held in Belgrade in June. As a prelude but not a precondition for starting global negotiations, the New Delhi economic draft called for "a comprehensive reform of the existing inequitable and outdated international monetary and financial system," and suggested that "an international conference on money and finance for development" be called. The current European monetary crisis came to a head about ten days after the conclusion of the summit, and since it affected the currencies of a number of developing nations, too, it seemed to give added impetus to the demand. Such a conference would surely discuss the advisability of reëxamining the Bretton Woods financial agreements, drawn up by the major powers before the end of the Second World War. Even though these agreements have provided the world with basic monetary guidelines, they are widely regarded by financial experts as outdated and no longer effective.

SO many different kinds of nations, new and old, now belong to the nonaligned movement that more than five hundred amendments were submitted to the economic and political committees of the summit. The final economic draft contained resolutions on such varied subjects as "desertification;" aid to victims of drought; disaster-prone countries, especially those subject to earthquakes; the condition of refugees and displaced persons in Africa; general and specific problems of environment; the problems of landlocked countries and of island countries; and the problems of countries that are underdeveloped and deeply poverty-ridden. This summit, in fact, went further than any previous nonaligned meeting in raising questions about such matters, and the economic draft made a genuine effort to bring them to the attention of the developed world. In dealing with "immediate measures of critical importance to developing countries," the draft recommended, among other things, an increase in economic and financial aid by the developed nations to a figure of 0.7 per cent of their combined gross national products by 1985 (it has been averaging only half or less than half of that); a comprehensive, multilateral restructuring of the developing nations' debt burden, which has become critical; an expansion of the lending facilities of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, accompanied by less stringent conditions for disbursement; more attention by both of these lending organizations to the development of poorer nations' energy and food resources; greater access for the exports of developing countries to the markets of the developed nations, together with a greater concern for the problems caused by deteriorating commodity prices; and, finally, consideration of "the increasingly prejudicial role played by transnational corporations . . . in the processing, marketing, transport and distribution of raw materials" of the developing countries.

In contrast to the economic draft of the summit, which contained a number

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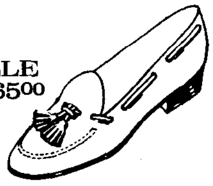
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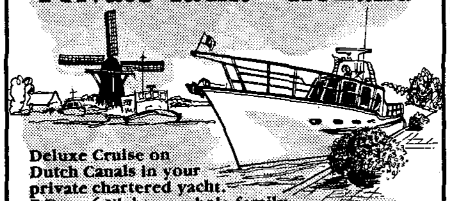
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of new ideas that the United States and the Western world would do well to consider, the political draft was in most respects an updated rehash of the communiqué from the Havana conference. The radicals, even though they are a small minority of the movement, in the end did manage to make their voices dominant, and the many criticisms of the United States in the final version were only one indication of that. Being anti-American in the developing world nowadays is understandable, given some American policies in Latin America, Africa, and elsewhere, but in many cases it is also a reflex action dating back to the anticolonial attitudes of the postwar period, which were reinforced in the sixties. This was emphasized in a number of conversations I had with Yugoslavs and Indians during the New Delhi summit. One high Yugoslav official said, "You must understand that militancy is still fashionable in the world these days—you have only to look at the peace movements everywhere. It came to a peak at Havana, but what happened there should not necessarily be regarded as a setback for nonalignment. The phenomena of the early radical liberation movements are still copied from country to country. You see it in the uniforms of some of the current leaders—they all imitate Castro. What the movement needs now is a tranquillizer. We also need innovation and a new vision, and I'm hopeful that in these next three years we can develop a more rational activism and a larger global perception. India is therefore the obvious choice to lead the movement, because of its cultural and civilizational history and background. It's the last working democratic system on the Western model we have, and it should be able to sustain some new waves, to make the movement not only more rational but to demonstrate what can be achieved beyond mere slogans."

An American friend of mine, a Foreign Service officer named Richard Jackson, who has been on leave and is writing a book about nonalignment, more or less agreed with this summation, with certain qualifications. "Mrs. Gandhi probably hoped that there would be more cohesion and less squabbling at the summit, because the movement has to act more seriously," he said. "She should be reasonably satisfied that disarmament and the world's economic plight emerged as the two main issues, because she's been saying for some time that they are. De-

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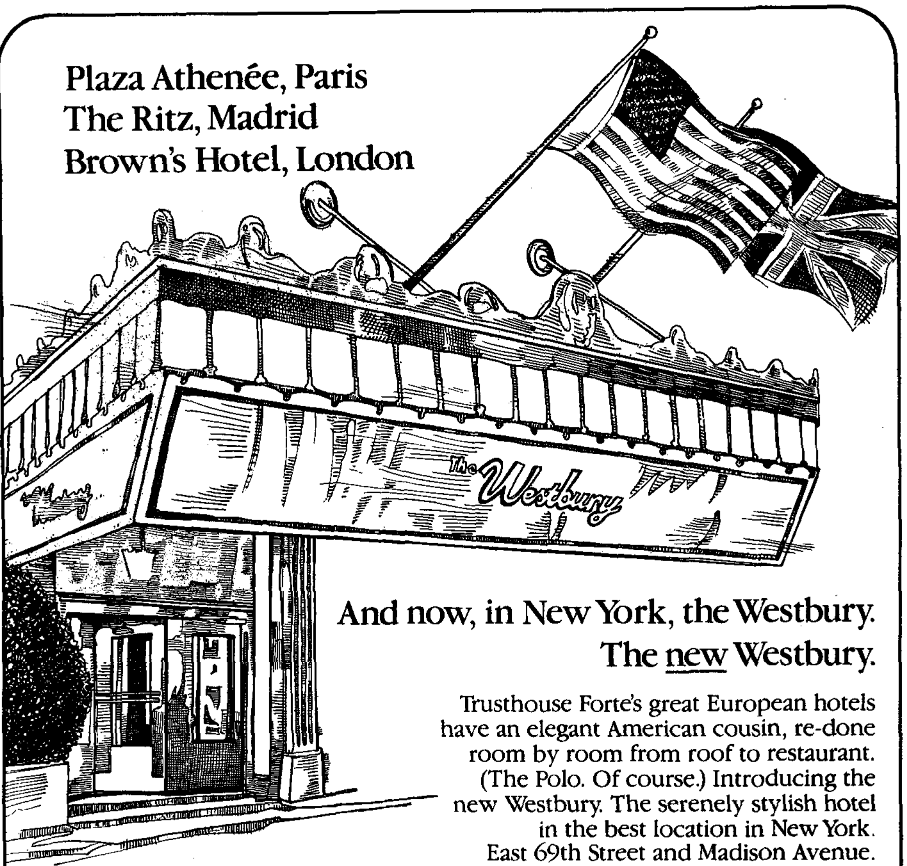

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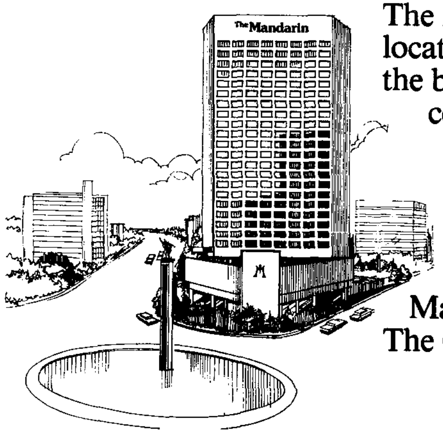

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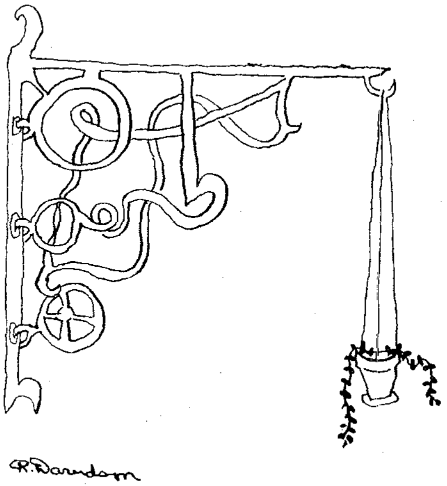
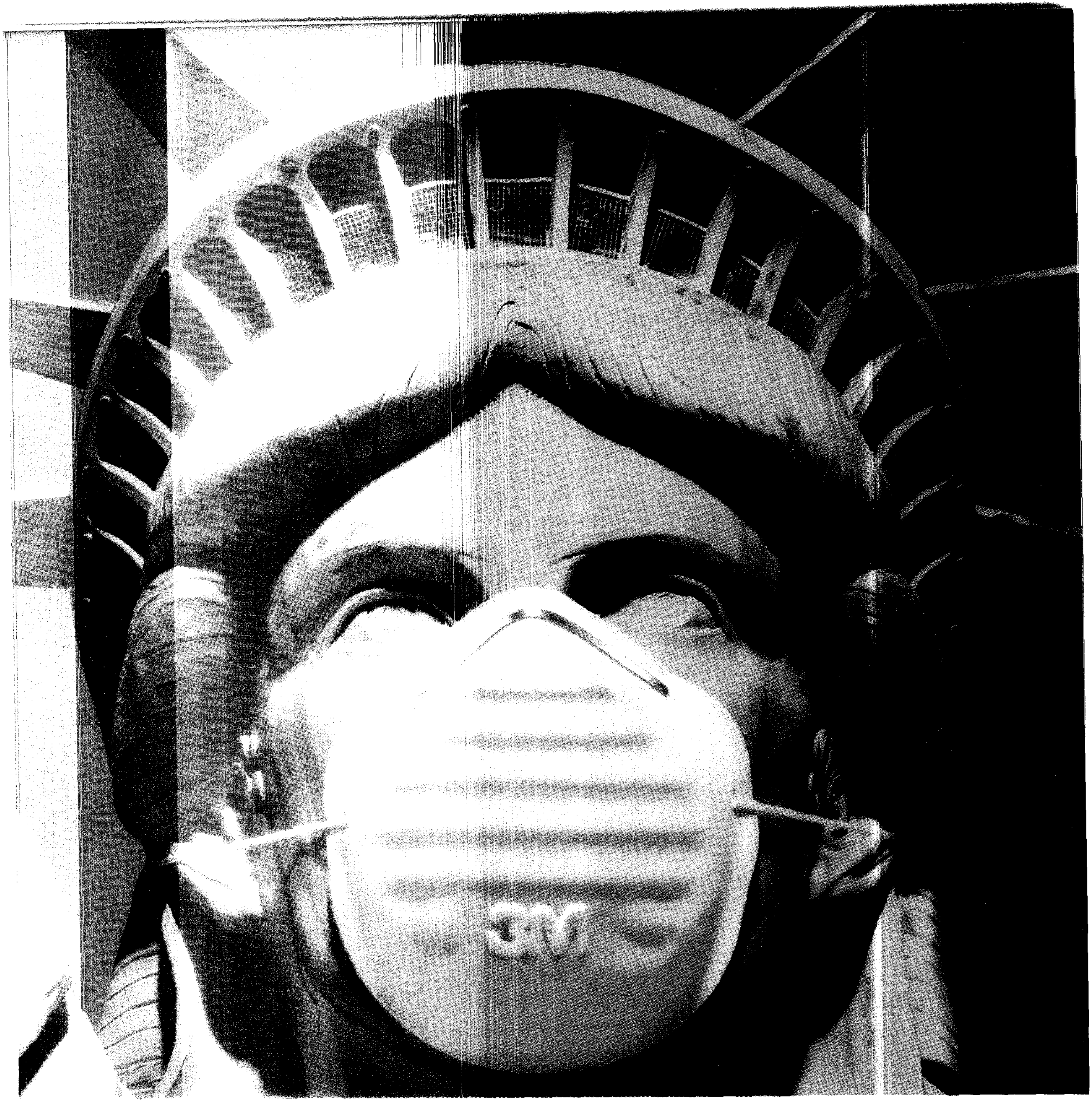
spite the four initial days of arguing about Kampuchea, the summit was less contentious than it might have been. The question now is whether the results will provide a maneuverable platform for her to utilize in the next three years." A corollary question is how the United States will react to the problems of the Third World, and here the ambivalences of the Reagan Administration are not encouraging. For example, Secretary of State George Shultz, in recent testimony before Senate committees and in other statements, has spoken of the need for economic coöperation between the developed and the developing nations, but at the same time United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick has repeatedly criticized the pro-Soviet and anti-American bias of the Third World, and particularly the pronouncements of the nonaligned movement.

FEW could take issue with the first section of the New Delhi political draft, described by some of the delegates as the "theological" part, which deals cogently and powerfully with disarmament and the economic and social inequities existing between the developed and the developing nations. "World solidarity on the vital question of human survival is today not merely a lofty ideal, it is an overriding necessity," the draft said. The heads of the nonaligned countries find it "unacceptable" that "the security of all states and the very survival of mankind should be held hostage to the security interests of a handful of nuclear-weapon states," it continued, and that "in a world of finite resources the vast expenditures on the development and manufacture of weapons stand in stark contrast to the poverty, deprivation, and squalor in which two-thirds of the world's population lives." Specific political issues constituted the bulk of the draft, and here it was less convincing, partly because old arguments and shibboleths were repeated, and partly because the tone was so shrill and vitriolic—particularly in condemning Israel and the United States. In completely supporting the positions of the Palestine Liberation Organization, the document called for "the international community to set up a war-crimes tribunal in order to try Israel under international law for the crimes committed against the Palestinian people in all the territories which it has occupied since its establishment in 1948." It condemned American policy for supporting "the Israeli entity in all fields, especially the military and the political," and warned that this was harming American relations with the nonaligned nations. The Israeli occupation of all Palestinian territories, including the settlements on the West Bank, was declared illegal, as was the occupation of the Golan Heights. The conference condemned Israel for the invasion of Lebanon, and "especially . . . for the acts of genocide perpetrated against the Palestinian people in the Sabra and Shatila camps," in Beirut.

In its other sections, the political draft dealt, at almost equal length, with the situation in Latin America, which it said had been "aggravated by the intensification of imperialist interference in the internal affairs of the states of the region." The United States was indirectly accused of counter-revolutionary acts of aggression against Nicaragua, of causing increasing tensions in Guatemala, and of aggressive acts toward Cuba, including the perpetuation of its economic blockade. "Continuing repression and imperialist intervention" in El Salvador were condemned as well, though the draft, somewhat more mildly, called on the United States "to adopt a constructive position which would contribute to the peaceful solution of the problem." While praising the Panama Canal treaties, the draft expressed concern over American policies and practices that it said had "hindered the strict application of the . . . Treaties," citing the imposition of "discriminatory wage scales." The draft asserted "Argentina's right to have its sovereignty over the Malvinas Islands restituted," condemned "the political and economic pressures being exerted by imperialist forces against Grenada," and repeated its full support for "the Puerto Rican people's inalienable right to self-determination





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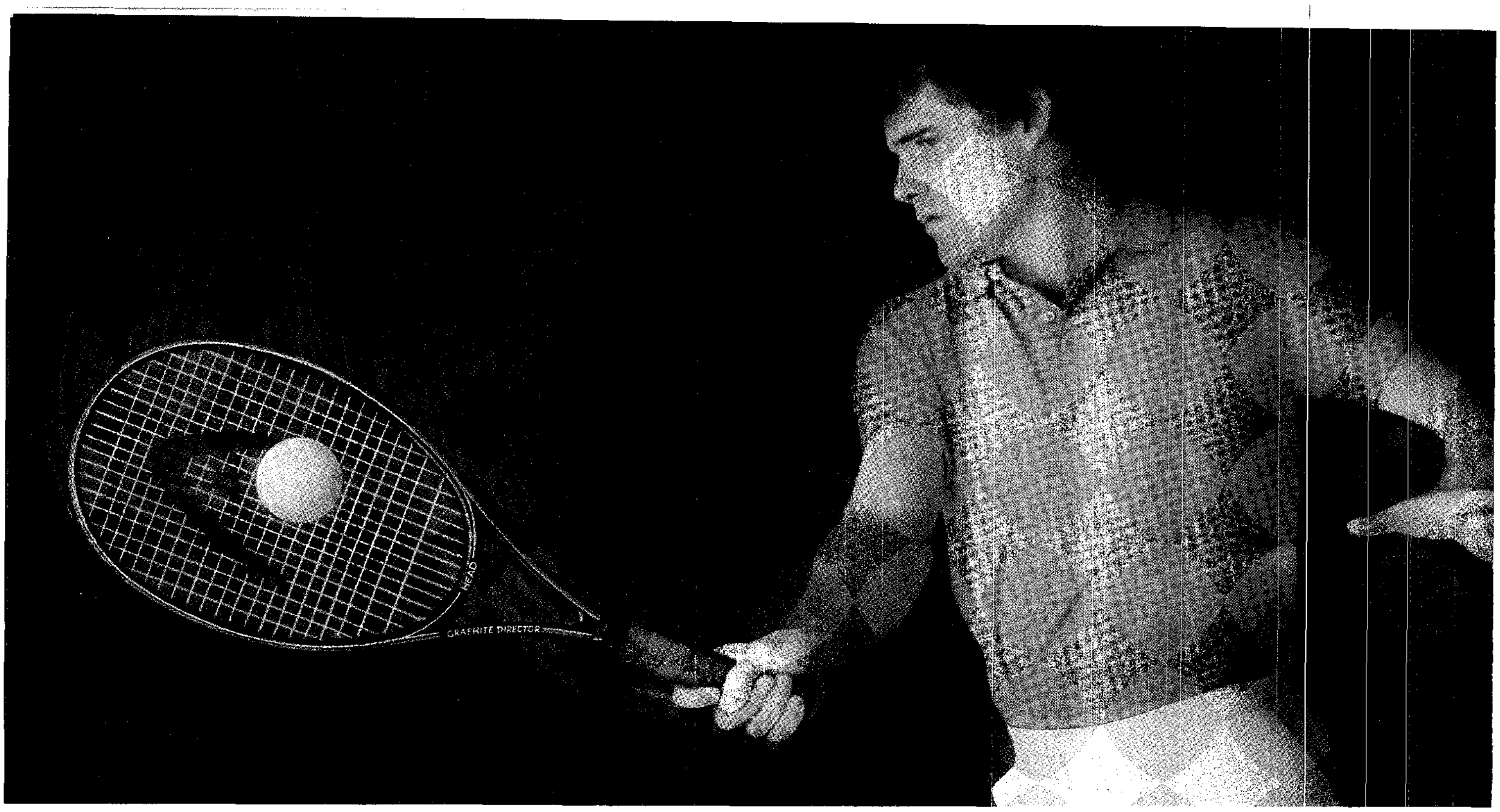

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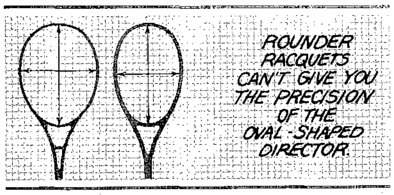
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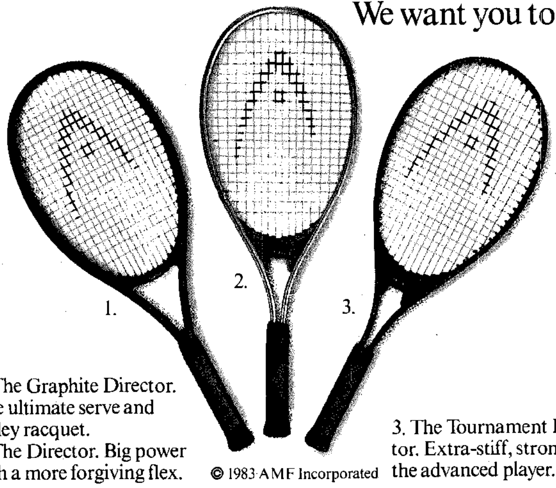

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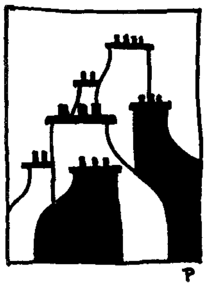
and independence." In a section on southern Africa, it noted that "apartheid, racial discrimination, and colonial tyranny continue to resist the forces of change," and reiterated support for the independence of Namibia; it "categorically" rejected American attempts to link a settlement in Namibia with the withdrawal of Cuban forces from Angola; and it denounced South Africa for "its systematic and barbarous acts of oppression and discrimination against the overwhelming majority of the population" and for its "acts of military, political, and economic destabilization" in Angola, Mozambique, Zambia, Zimbabwe, Botswana, Lesotho, Swaziland, and Seychelles. The United States was criticized for its policy of "constructive engagement" with South Africa, which was said to run counter to the international campaign for "the total isolation" of the apartheid regime.



AFTER two decades of existence, the nonaligned movement clearly has reached a crossroads. In many respects, it has lost the sense of direction it had at the outset, and has tended to become fragmented. It is divided not only in ideology but in the economic, political, and social character of its hundred and one members, which range from rich to very poor, from wealthy Arab oil nations to what economists disparagingly call "basket cases." Self-reliance and interdependence were two valid, if seemingly contradictory, pillars originally supporting the movement, and they remain part of its philosophy and purpose; but it has achieved neither, and world economic, social, and political conditions today are so irrational and crisis-torn that the nonaligned bloc's chances of becoming more self-reliant, let alone more cohesive, do not look good. The disparities within the movement have grown steadily. In playing one major power off against the other, members have become victims of their own dissenting rhetoric; they have become ideological as well as physical battlegrounds for the major power blocs. Soedjatmoko, the Indonesian sociologist and historian, who is the rector of the United Nations University in Tokyo, put it aptly in a speech he delivered last November in New Delhi, under the auspices of the Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial Fund, on the topic "Nonalignment and Beyond." The members of the movement through the years have "lost confidence in their own pluralistic vision of global solidarity that . . . first brought them together," he said. "As the vision collapsed, we gave vent to our fears of each other—our brethren in suffering and inequity. We began to build walls. India and China, the two most populous nations on earth, who together could have given force to the movement, split and fought over the contours of a wall between them—an event Nehru correctly termed 'a misfortune for all of us and for the world.' " These factors, Soedjatmoko continued, abetted the nonaligned movement's failure "to respond to today's worsening crisis of an increasingly complex world setting," and encouraged "the penetration of Super Power interests into the nonaligned movement," undermining what was left of its original rationale. Moreover its failure—with a few tentative exceptions—to develop regional solidarities meant that the movement got "the worst of both worlds: on the one hand, being torn between the capitalist and the state-socialist models and, on the other hand, subject to the worst manifestation of the world's market forces."

The nonaligned movement has been further weakened by the arms race, especially the nuclear race; by slowing economic growth rates; by the chaos of international financial and commodity markets; and by overpopulation, unemployment, and underemployment. Its individual members have been so busy surviving on their own under threats of one kind or another, both internal and external, that they have had little time to take stock of their combined human and material resources. Yet unless they do so in the next few years their vulnerabilities will increase and they will become more, rather than less, dependent on the big powers. This likelihood underlines the importance of the South-South dialogue—which should be pursued, vigorously and purposefully, by statesmen and scholars rather than by ministerial bureaucrats. Having lost most of their earlier constituencies, notably those of youth and labor, the nonaligned countries have to look elsewhere to create a popular movement again. Moreover, as Soedjatmoko points out, the Third World will have to adjust itself to the new technologi-

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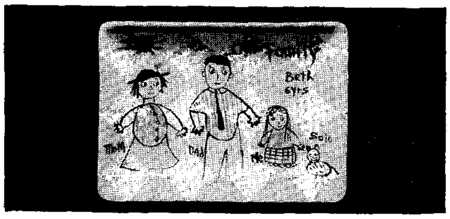

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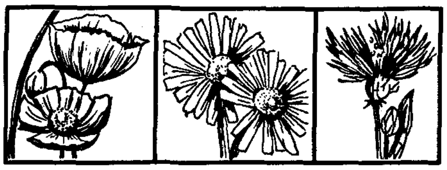

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cal revolution while simultaneously dealing with "the central problem of inequality in our own countries"—with "the structural dualism of our societies inherited from our colonial and pre-colonial past." Among other things, it must do what the so-called "green revolution" has hardly begun to do—revitalize the countryside. To achieve these things, create more effective regional and interregional cooperation, and contend with "the requirements of change, justice, and stability," the nonaligned movement will have to make a much greater intellectual effort than it has so far, and to do that it must, for one thing, seek greater support from universities and research institutions. This means that it has to "depoliticize" itself to a considerable extent, and stop being a showcase for a parading and performing élite—royalty, dictators or would-be dictators, heads of state, and aspiring rulers.

The New Delhi summit, more than any previous one, was in many respects a boastful fashion show, a gala costume party, rather than a serious forum. Its calls for peace and disarmament and for a new approach to development sounded brave and bold, but when the official planes had taken off from Palam Airport nothing was left except tons of paper and a heavy silence. The beggars and the sacred cows were back on the streets, the summer heat had set in, and the flowers had begun to wilt. When the next summit meets, three years from now, probably in Baghdad, the world will again be different; but if the nonaligned movement is to have any significance henceforth it will have to move itself away from its present posture of bickering dissent and denunciation, and decide what sort of positive role it can really play in the world.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

## BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

*[From the Washington Post]*

"It sounds to me like it definitely postpones the operation and possibly bags the whole project," said Fairfax Board Chairman John F. Herrity. "This is a solid chink in the armor of this roadblock that is driving down the street."

•

The Social Hour to honor retiring faculty scheduled for Wednesday, 27 April has been cancelled because there are no retiring members of the Faculty Organization this year.—*Memo circulated at Carnegie-Mellon University.*

Just as well, then.

# THE THEATRE

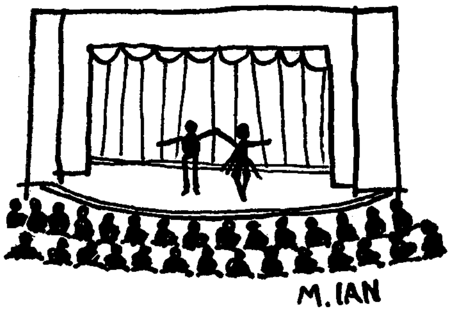
## *Perils of Wedlock*

THE subject of "Passion," a new comedy by Peter Nichols (at the Longacre), is the by no means novel one of marital infidelity. Mr. Nichols has given the subject a certain freshness and, in his clever first act, a certain piquancy as well by dividing the married couple with whom he is concerned into two pairs. James and Eleanor are a respectable, mildly affectionate man and wife of the sort that we might encounter on any of a score of social occasions. Jim and Nell are aspects of the same man and wife, freed from the trammels of convention: ravenous and importunate, they speak for the unconscious; their need is to fulfill their desires before it is too late. For the fact is that James and Eleanor have been married for a quarter of a century; their children are grown and leading lives of their own elsewhere. James, a successful restorer of paintings in London, and Eleanor, a voice teacher and singer in a local choral group, are suddenly confronted by a crisis as commonplace and seemingly unavoidable as middle age itself. A pretty and sexy young woman has set her cap for James, and James—or, rather, Jim—has begun to find her irresistible. A friend breaks the news of the burgeoning entanglement to Eleanor, who is appropriately stricken. Nell, for her part, is determined to fight back, while Jim constantly encourages James to proceed with the adventure.

So much for the first act, which contains many agreeable turns and twists of plot and is so lighthearted that we feel no difficulty in laughing at what is, after all, a classically painful situation. This lightheartedness steadily drains away throughout the second act; we perceive that though the jokes continue the playwright is increasingly in earnest, even to the point of presenting us with an attempted suicide by the once spunky Nell, who is then encouraged to return to life by a panicky, solicitous Jim. How on earth, we wonder, has the anguished shadow of Anna Karenina happened to fall across this intricate suburban comedy? Nor is Mr. Nichols willing to send us out into the night with merry hearts; confronting us with the possible death of God and the sure old age, impotence, and death of his characters, he ends his play on a note of grim indeterminacy that is likely to set back the cause of adultery by twenty years.

The cast of "Passion" is superb. Frank Langella plays the eagerly priapic Jim, and Bob Gunton plays his alter ego, James; E. Katherine Kerr plays Nell, and Cathryn Damon plays *her* alter ego, Eleanor. Stephanie Gordon is the friend who cannot wait to break the bad news to Eleanor, and Roxanne Hart is sensationally attractive as the naughty seductress, Kate. Her energy and charm keep the play on tiptoe even when it threatens to pitch headlong onto its hands and knees. The setting is by John Lee Beatty, the costumes are by Jennifer von Mayrhauser, and the lighting is by Ron Wallace. The director is Marshall W. Mason, and, except at the sluggish beginning of the first act and in the muddle at the end of the second, he has struggled hard to make the most of his tangle of opportunities.

TRUTH in advertising sometimes isn't worth a straw. Surely, it is just as well for all of us—indeed, it is probably *better* for all of us—that the eponymous performers in "The Flying Karamazov Brothers," now playing at the Ritz, do not fly and are neither Karamazovs nor brothers. Instead, they are simply five hirsute, unrelated young men who juggle to perfection and occasionally crack a joke or get off a pun reminiscent of their recent undergraduate days. They give the impression of being gifted amateurs, but it is plain that a good deal of shrewd professional know-how has gone into the creating of this impression. Obviously, they enjoy each other's company—given the chances acrobats and jugglers take, if they didn't enjoy each other's company they would soon be dead—and I pray that fame and fortune will not lead to any lessening of their camaraderie; they are not of equal talent, and one recalls with an uneasy shiver that among the Marx Brothers somebody had to be a Zeppo, and, even worse luck, a Gummo.



Everyone has his Walter Mitty daydreams, and prominent among mine are a desire to play the piano by ear and a desire to juggle. Oddly, the Karamazovs manage to act out both of my desires simultaneously in the course of their performance by demonstrating a close connection between music and juggling, even going so far as to create a musical piece out of the clicking sounds of their incessantly bounced-about plastic Indian clubs. (More music—authentic music—is provided by a combo called the Kamikaze Ground Crew, which introduces each of the two acts of the show with the jubilant vehemence of a circus band.) Though feats of juggling are best witnessed and not described, I cannot resist telling you that the "terror" feat of juggling that the Karamazovs keep promising us throughout the evening, and that serves as the climax of the show, includes among the many objects being juggled a meat cleaver, an egg, a flaming torch, a frying pan, and a bottle of champagne. There is, you might think, no possible way that these objects could be brought into successful conjunction, but I saw it happen with my own eyes, and I recommend that you see it with yours. I also recommend that you bring along with you to the Ritz as many children as you are in a position to offer invitations to; they will have a marvellous time.

The down-to-earth names of the Flying Karamazovs are Paul David Magid, Randy Nelson, Timothy Daniel Furst, Sam Williams, and Howard Jay Patterson, and the names of the Kamikaze Ground Crew are Douglas Wieselman, Mike Van Liew, Gina Leishman, Bud Chase, and Alec Willows. The setting and costumes are by Robert Fletcher, and the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss. No director is listed in the program. Come to think of it, what could a director of jugglers do but duck? —BRENDAN GILL

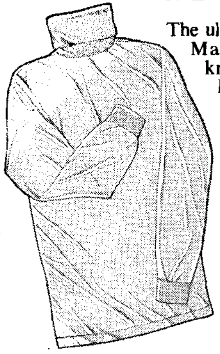
## OFF BROADWAY

### *John Houseman & Co.*

NOTHING in Marc Blitzstein's "The Cradle Will Rock" is more dramatic than—as dramatic as, I almost wrote, but that isn't true—the story of its original opening, told by John Houseman in his spoken prologue to the new production, at the American Place. The events of that day in June of 1937 should be familiar by now, but—to go over them as quickly as possible—the show, an entry of Mr. Houseman's and Orson Welles' for the W.P.A.'s Federal Theatre Project, was, for political reasons, prevented from opening. The Maxine Elliott Theatre was suddenly closed to it, and the musicians and actors were barred by their unions from appearing in it on a stage. So, along with its loyal audience, much increased, the company trooped to another, empty theatre and, seated throughout the house, performed anyway, accompanied only by Mr. Blitzstein, who was seated at a piano onstage, singing along with the cast. "The Cradle" is a labor opera, very much of its period, and full of chalk-talk proletarian moralizing, yet in spite of some foolish passages it holds up surprisingly well. The songs, the humor, the feeling, and—above all—the fervent, spirited performances by alumni of Mr. Houseman's Acting Company, under his direction, make the show. The production, on a bare stage and without any pesky microphones or amplification, is a faithful duplication of the original, and it is subtly lighted by Dennis Parichy. Michael Barrett replaces the late Mr. Blitzstein at the piano, and the score, unheard for so many years, sounds fresh and melodic. The actors play their political-primer characters (Mr. Mister, Reverend Salvation, Editor Daily) with the requisite innocence and skill. Patti LuPone sings and acts with simplicity and beauty as the pathetic whore Moll, and her rendition of "Nickel Under My Foot" is lovely. As Larry Foreman, the union organizer, Randle Mell is so fiery and persuasive that when he finally sang "The Cradle Will Rock" he almost had me on my feet cheering along with the company. Mr. Mell is also good (and funny) as a fawning painter called Dauber. (More than half the cast doubles or triples.) I also admired David Schramm (Mr. Mister), Mary Lou Rosato (Mrs. Mister), and Brian Reddy, Henry Stram, Casey Biggs, and, most especially, Michele-Denise Woods, who, as Ella Hammer, sings a touching, eloquent lament for her injured, victimized factory-worker brother. Up the workers!

"EARLY WARNINGS," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is, sad to say, a dim evening of three one-acters, two of them monologues, by Jean-Claude van Itallie. They are, in order of performance:

"Sunset Freeway": A young actress, bound for an appointment with a pro-



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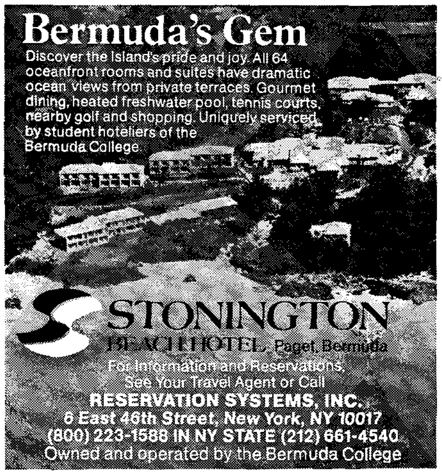

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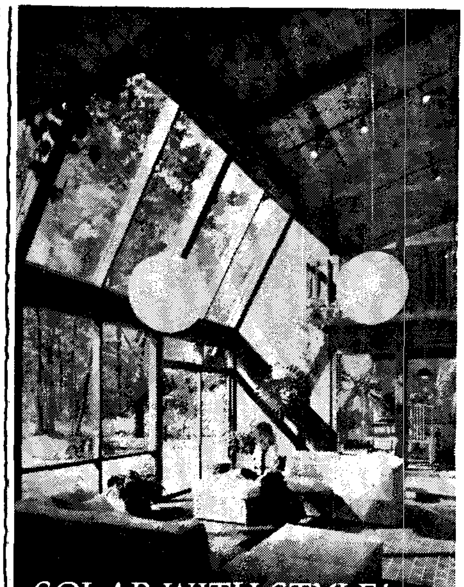

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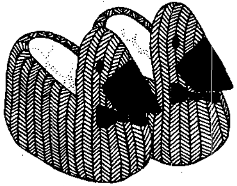

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ducer or casting director at one of the studios, is sitting in her car, which is tangled in California traffic. She rehearses the forthcoming interview, listing her credits and picking over her life story, as her radio pours forth a selection of daytime programs interspersed with warnings of a missile attack on the United States. In a state of nerves, and lacking Mr. van Itallie's relish for Armageddon, she ignores the warnings (what could she do about them?), and when the traffic starts moving she calms down. When she spots Warren Beatty on the road, she becomes ecstatic. The play sinks under its leaden irony.

"Bag Lady": A shopping-bag woman shuffles onto the stage, unpacks her bags, and starts to talk. Throughout her monologue, the voices of passersby can be heard. Sometimes she talks to them, sometimes to us; along with her wild chatter and many references to movies and movie stars, the grim story of her life can be pieced together. Shami Chaikin gives a very good performance, in material that rarely breaks free of the dramatist's typewriter. On the chance that the audience might think this playlet about a bag lady is a playlet about a bag lady, Mr. van Itallie has supplied a brief printed note along with the program: " 'Bag Lady' is not an attempt to portray the archetypal bag lady. Rather, it is a way of touching on the sense of exile in a particular individual in this historical time." Gosh.

"Final Orders": Two astronauts in the cockpit of a spaceship receive constant instructions over a loudspeaker, along with ominous, end-of-the-world bulletins. They manage to squeeze in many facts about their personal lives, as if they had just met (surely that is unlikely), and finally face extinction along with the rest of us.

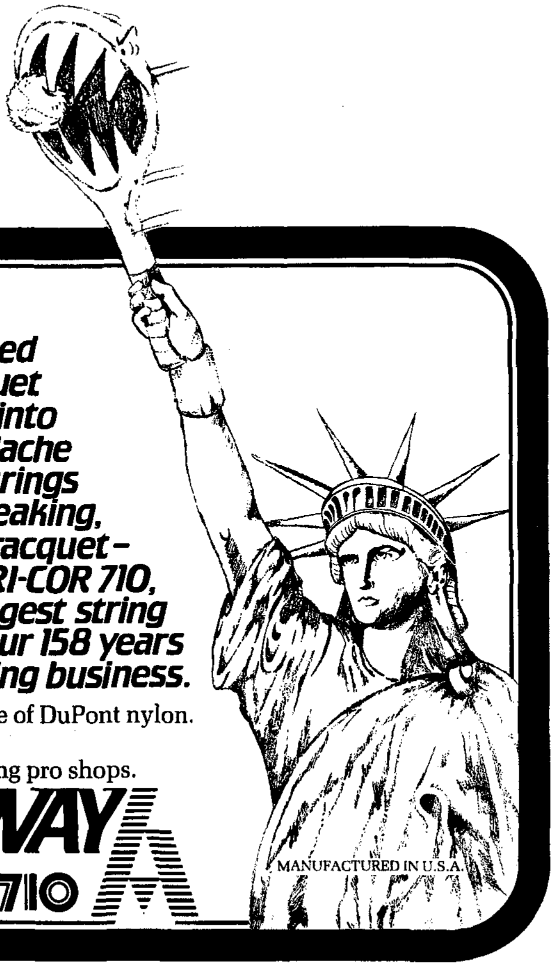
Rosemary Quinn is the driving actress in the first play; Colin Stinton and Evan Handler are the space fliers in the third. They do as well as possible under the discouraging circumstances. The very good settings were designed by David Potts and lighted by Dennis Parichy.

—Edith Oliver

•

Ithacan Rachel Tigner won this year's Arthur H. Dean and Mary Mardon Dean Book Collection Contest for assembling 50 volumes of letters from Cicero to E. B. White, a contemporary writer.—*Ithaca (N.Y.) Journal.*

We eagerly await White's replies.



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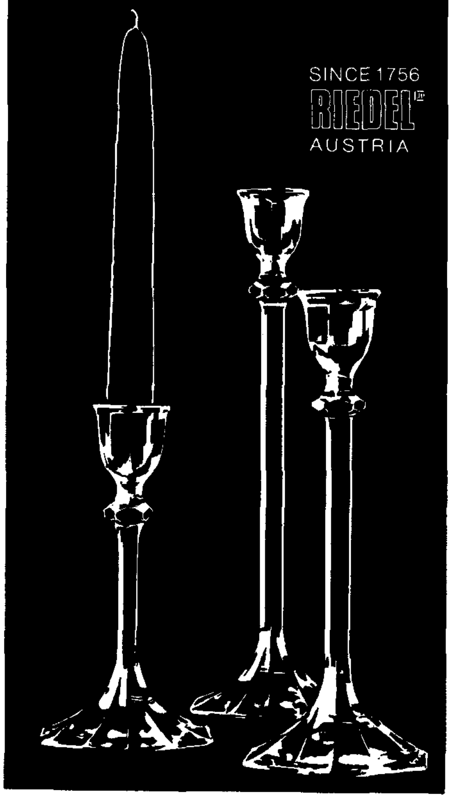
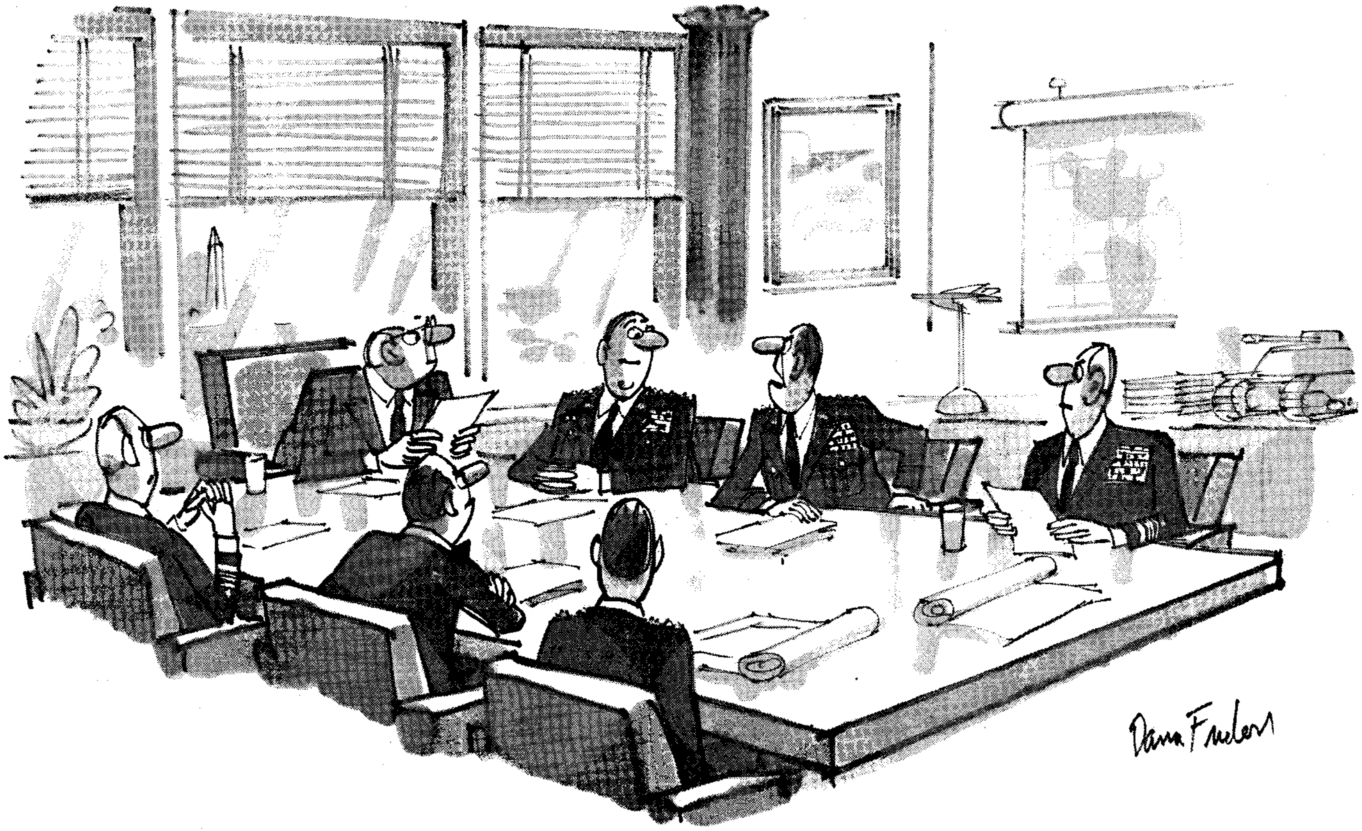


# DANCING

## *The Legacy*

IN the first week of life without Balanchine, it was good to have New York City Ballet to go to, and especially good to have so many performances of great works like "Divertimento No. 15" and "Concerto Barocco" and "Symphony in C." All honor to the dancers who performed so gallantly in such trying circumstances. Because of them, the darkest week in the history of the company—in the history of ballet in America—was not also a desolate one. Ballets don't exist unless they are danced; to see Balanchine's danced at such a time by his own company was to have the best possible assurance that they can endure as his monument. Which of them are masterpieces is a question that we do not have the luxury of deciding. Let posterity make the choices. For the moment, it is more important to know which are most perishable and therefore in need of closest attention from those now in charge of preserving Balanchine's repertory. Of the three I have named, "Divertimento No. 15" strikes me as the most finespun, the one most likely to snap under the strain of insufficient rehearsal or inadequate casting. Even when the dancers are good and are well prepared, things can be set wrong with a flick of an indifferent conductor's baton. In contrast to the "Divertimento," "Concerto Barocco" is hewn from rock, yet it, too, has its vulnerable points. Overscrupulous and unmusical execution such as one sometimes gets from other companies that perform this work makes its marble surface gritty; in the long cantabile phrases of the pas de deux, lapses in stamina open fissures that Balanchine did not intend. "Concerto Barocco" was made, along with "Ballet Imperial" (now called "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2"), for a tour of Latin America in 1941. As companion pieces, they present balanced views of Balanchine's roots in imperial Russian ballet and of the flowering of the new ballet in America. "Concerto Barocco" could also have been called "Ballet Imperial;" New York is the Empire State. This small ballet (ten women, one man) to the Bach Double Violin Concerto has the epic power of some such new colossus as the Manhattan of the thirties. Power, cruelty, exhilaration (the colossus rising) are offset by baroque scrollwork and unexpected bursts of jive (the colossus as habitat). As in those black-and-white photographs taken by Walker Evans or Berenice Abbott from the tops of skyscrapers, one sees detail and depth with contrapuntal clarity. "It amazes me," Balanchine said, "that some people never notice the tops of buildings."

It is difficult, seeing these ballets just now, to avoid thinking of them as landmarks in time—as milestones if not masterpieces. The conjunction of "Concerto Barocco" and "Symphony in C" on many of the past fortnight's programs repeated the historic first-night bill of New York City Ballet in 1948, at the City Center. (The middle ballet was "Orpheus.") "Symphony in C," another architectural marvel, had been unveiled the year before in Paris, under the title "Le Palais de Cristal." Balanchine, reviving an early composition of Bizet's, staged it on commission from the Paris Opéra. So successful were the Balanchine evenings in Paris that he was urged to stay and assume control of the Opéra ballet. He might well have been tempted—it was the prize post in Western ballet. Balanchine returned to America. The following spring, instead of new triumphs at the Opéra there was "Or-



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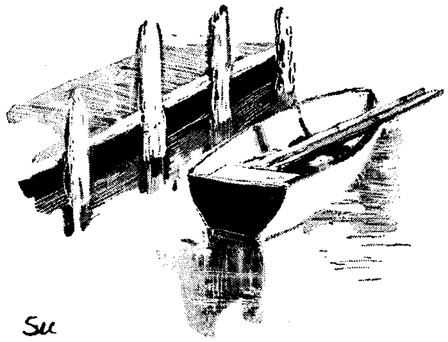
pheus" at the shabby City Center. As for the Bizet ballet, it has come to symbolize not the Paris Opéra but New York City Ballet.

Balanchine is widely and justly ranked with Stravinsky and Picasso. Unlike them, he lived and worked in New York and chose to consider himself a New Yorker. The city furnished him with inspiration right through to "Who Cares?" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." Belatedly—not until the sixties—it provided a showcase theatre and a home for the School of American Ballet, which was Balanchine's first enterprise in partnership with Lincoln Kirstein and the foundation for all the others. To function properly, New York City Ballet and the School of American Ballet must be mutually dependent: the school feeding the company new dancers; the company, through its choreographers, feeding the school new ideas of dance style. (Balanchine also liked to say that style comes from the stage to the classroom, not the other way around.) This ideal exchange has not been consistently maintained; for one thing, Balanchine's new ideas were not always readily assimilated, even by his company. But in the school's annual workshop performances the soundness of the system proclaims itself. The reciprocal process works on a day-to-day, nonapocalyptic basis.

The school performances this year, as always, offered a range of work. Besides the Balanchine "Valse Fantaisie" and "Western Symphony," revived by Suki Schorer, and the Bournonville pas de deux from "Kermesse in Bruges," Act II, revived by Stanley Williams, there was a selection of Morris folk dances from England, staged by Ronald Smedley and Robert Parker, of the Royal Ballet School. Even in a country-dance minuet or a four-hand reel, there is such a thing as correct style; indeed, the more elementary the form the more exposed are the basic principles of expressive dancing. In this respect, the S.A.B. students were better exponents of minimalism than some of our professional postmodernists. The new ballet on the program was a setting, by Helgi Tomasson, of dance music by Messager, mostly from the opera "Isoline." Tomasson has done one other work for the school; his "Ballet d'Isoline" is by far the more successful. The more ambitious, too. Tomasson hasn't yet found a personal style; his choreography keeps saying "Not by Balanchine" much the way the Messager music keeps saying "Not by Delibes." But the ballet is a skillful, confident, even venturesome piece of work. The House of Balanchine is turning out to have more rooms than one may have supposed. "Ballet d'Isoline" will be produced by the company, and there'll be more to say about it then, especially if it is revised. At the moment, it is strongest in the ensembles and male variations, weakest in the pas de deux. Here the choreography loses its grip on the music and meanders. A male quintet is the high point; Tomasson seems to have exercised recondite aspects of his own formidable technique as a soloist. The pride of the workshop series was the group of young male dancers who were featured in Tomasson's ballet and in the Balanchine pieces. It is unusual to see so many good boys in one year. But the level of achievement was a high one over all.

The fresh young performing in "Valse Fantaisie" and "Western Symphony" made me want to see both ballets in repertory—"Western" with its long-missing third movement restored. The version of "Valse Fantaisie" was the later one, choreographed in 1967. It shares a few steps with the fifties version, but it is a different ballet. In expanding the male soloist's role Balanchine seems to have drained off much of its poignance. Once a ballet about a man and three women, "Valse Fantaisie" became an extended pas de deux—actually, two pas seuls—with a backup group. The first program announcements by the school erroneously gave the ballet's date as 1953. Maybe next year. There are not many other ballets retired by Balanchine which would be worth restoring to active repertory. "Gounod Symphony" would be, but not "Clarinade" or "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir." "Symphonie Concertante" was unaccountably dropped in 1952 and forgotten for thirty years. When American Ballet Theatre revived it from dance notation last winter, one could only be grateful for the recovery of a lost treasure. But the performance seemed wrong then, and after two viewings at the Met this month it still seems wrong. The principal roles, arranged to follow the violin and the viola of Mozart's concerto symphony, are still being danced by Cynthia Gregory and Martine van Hamel with the concern for trivial technical perfection and the unconcern for dynamic shading and musical transparency which marred the première performances. They were followed by Susan Jaffe and Magali Messac: same irrelevant display of technique, same unmusicality. If Gregory and van Hamel, senior ballerinas with ironclad performing styles, were miscast, their juniors were miscast and misguided. Jaffe was plainly taking Gregory for her model, while Messac's virtues were never meant for Balanchine. Stiff where they should be crisp, weak where they should be soft, persistently on the beat and off the music, all these ladies danced as if they thought Balanchine and Mozart were a more concentrated version of Petipa and Minkus. Patrick Bissell, the cavalier in the first cast, seemed to know better but not to have passed his knowledge on to his successor, Ross Stretton. After four months of breaking in, A.B.T.'s noble experiment in resuscitation looks very much like a failure.



The questions that arise are: (1) Does the failure reflect incapacity on A.B.T.'s part? or (2) Is there something the matter with trying to revive a ballet as complex as "Symphonie Concertante" from notation with no other memory aid and no authority on hand to settle all-important issues of style? The main issue, which has to do with regulating the shape, pulse, and flow of the dance phrase in relation to the musical one, seems never to have come up.

(1) Incapacity. A.B.T. has long possessed a Balanchine jewel in "Theme and Variations," and would on occasion perform it to the hilt. I saw some wonderful "Theme"s as recently as a year ago. This ballet stems from the same creative period as "Symphonie Concertante" and "Symphony in C," and although it is set to Tchaikovsky, and not Mozart, it supplies clues to Balanchine's musical thinking which could have been pertinent to the reconstruction of the unknown Mozart work. But the two ballets as staged come from two different worlds. And, as if to create the widest possible contrast between them, A.B.T. has revised the production of

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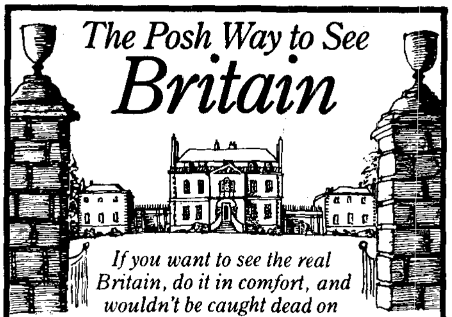
"Theme and Variations," substantially reconceiving the ballet in the process. The stage is dark; the pas de deux is now a nocturne. The slow tempo doesn't make it more romantic; the legato attack only blurs and sentimentalizes the beautiful dance poem that Balanchine was able to create while contriving an ingenious simulation of adagio effects for an allegro technician, Alicia Alonso. The ensembles have been touched by the same martinet's ruler that prods the corps of "Symphonie Concertante" into its lifeless precision routines. The two ballets now look more alike rather than less—they're both un-Balanchinean.

Baryshnikov is presiding over a new Ballet Theatre—one in which every corps member performs impeccably. A clean style is always pleasant to see. But scrubbing away impurities isn't enough to make dancing interesting. I am sure Baryshnikov knows it. He is assembling a dream repertory of works by Balanchine and Merce Cunningham and Paul Taylor and Twyla Tharp that *do* make dancing interesting, but in completely different ways. A mixed repertory has ever been Ballet Theatre's policy and ever an impractical one. No company in the world could master all these styles at once. Ballet Theatre excels in "Push Comes to Shove," which Tharp created on commission (and keeps restudying). It is credible in "Airs," a piece that was begun by Taylor on A.B.T. dancers. But its version of Cunningham's "Duets" suffers because ballet dancers aren't trained in Cunningham methods of torsion and attack. Drawing ballets from here and there is chancy even when choreographers are commissioned. When works are appropriated, they are bound to be misrepresented no matter how carefully they are coached. Unless, of course, they're dead works—so old no one remembers how they should be done. Is "Symphonie Concertante" a dead ballet?

(2) Notation. No known system records the synchronization of steps to music with anything like the precision it takes to dance Balanchine. Ballet Theatre enlisted several Balanchine associates in its preparations, and at one time or another Tanaquil LeClercq, Maria Tallchief, and Diana Adams were invited to have a look. (LeClercq, who originated the "violin" role in a student performance, in 1945, and danced it in repertory opposite Tallchief or Adams, had never seen the ballet before—she'd always been in



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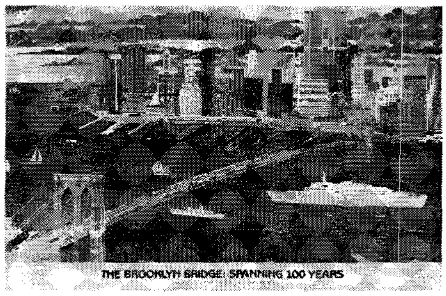

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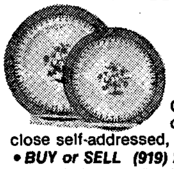

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it.) Even for the remarkably retentive memories of dancers, thirty years is a long time. The Mozart ballet that replaced "Symphonie Concertante" in N.Y.C.B. repertory in 1952 was itself forgotten after only four years; Balanchine largely re-created "Caracole" when he gave it again, as "Divertimento No. 15." That loss was made good. Still, what wouldn't we give now for a notated score of "Caracole" (or "The Figure in the Carpet" or "Transcendence" or "Cotillon," and so on back through time)? Isn't it reasonable to suppose that style can be reconstituted once a text exists? Or, inasmuch as Balanchine style *is* the text, wouldn't a reconstitution by the School of American Ballet or New York City Ballet have a better chance of success than one by American Ballet Theatre? Probably. But Balanchine thought his ballets were for the world, not just for his own dancers—he gave them away free. (In a moving opening-night tribute to Balanchine, Baryshnikov said, "Mr. B. doesn't just look out for the company across the plaza. He looks out for us and for all companies.")

The ultimate issue then becomes what Balanchine is in the world's eyes—the dance world's, I mean. Has he taught it to dance Mozart? And what of the audience? The eye- and ear-filling experience that is a Balanchine ballet—that is any Balanchine ballet—simply isn't being delivered in the monochromatic rotework of "Symphonie Concertante." Yet the audience applauds; the company has a hit. I think the applause would be much greater if the ballet were done right, but I've seen too many imitation-Balanchine pieces go over with audiences to believe that reception genuinely matters. Audiences are perfectly happy to applaud the most inane "abstract" ballets, particularly when they offer the agreeable sight of dancers in tutus demonstrating classical decorum. "Symphonie Concertante" began life as a student piece, and it does reflect the regimentation of the classroom, with its lessons and drills. Performing the ballet, Tallchief has said, "was like taking your medicine every day." The hygienic spectacle that is A.B.T.'s version may reflect *some* classrooms. Not Balanchine's.

New York City Ballet maintains the world's largest active repertory, but it has never hesitated to retire pieces for long periods, because Balanchine would be there to remind the dancers how to do

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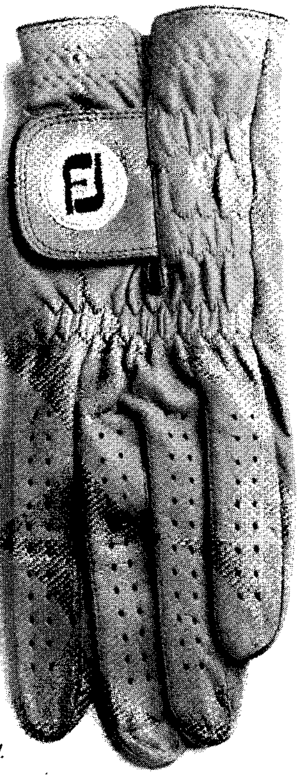

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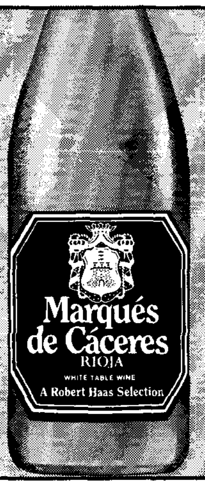


them. (And it was how rather than what that concerned him; he was inclined to forget steps.) If the pieces no longer served, he would replace them. His whole operation as a ballet master looked so easy that up until the last decade of his life Balanchine was taken pretty much for granted. The absence of ego in his work and the protean forms it took tended to make people think they were responding not to one man's genius but to the genius of his medium. The artist disappeared into his art. When I came to New York, as a college student in the fifties, the first theatre I happened to see was a performance of New York City Ballet—a company I knew about only because it had been featured in *Life*. I saw "Symphony in C" and thought it one of the natural wonders of New York, something in no way extraordinary except as ballet itself was extraordinary—and New York, too. On the way out, I heard a man greet another man whom he obviously hadn't seen for a while. "Oh, I couldn't miss 'Symphony in C,' " said the other one. "It's my bread and water." That made sense to me, and since I was eager for caviar and champagne, I didn't go to the ballet as often in those years as I might have. I missed "Metamorphoses" and "Opus 34" and "Roma," and they have never been done again. I certainly didn't miss "Concerto Barocco;" with the arrival of "Agon" I became an addict.

In recent seasons, N.Y.C.B. programming has been going slightly overboard in the minor Balanchine; there are too many pas de deux and tin soldiers and Russian scherzos. A program in which Balanchine is represented only by "Swan Lake" and "Kammermusik No. 2" is one I won't attend. But what about five years from now? A few nights ago, when "Concerto Barocco" was put on in place of "Ballo della Regina," I felt a qualm. What if we should never see dear little "Ballo" again? Who cares if it isn't great? The greatest Balanchine ballet is the one you happen to be watching.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

Before advancing to the Archdiocesan championship, St. John's whipped Holy Trinity of Poughkeepsie (Northern Dutchess champ), St. Christopher (Ulster champ) and Mt. Carmel's Our Lady of Perpetual Commotion (Orange-Rockland champ).—*White Plains Reporter Dispatch.*

Or the Rowdies, as they're called.

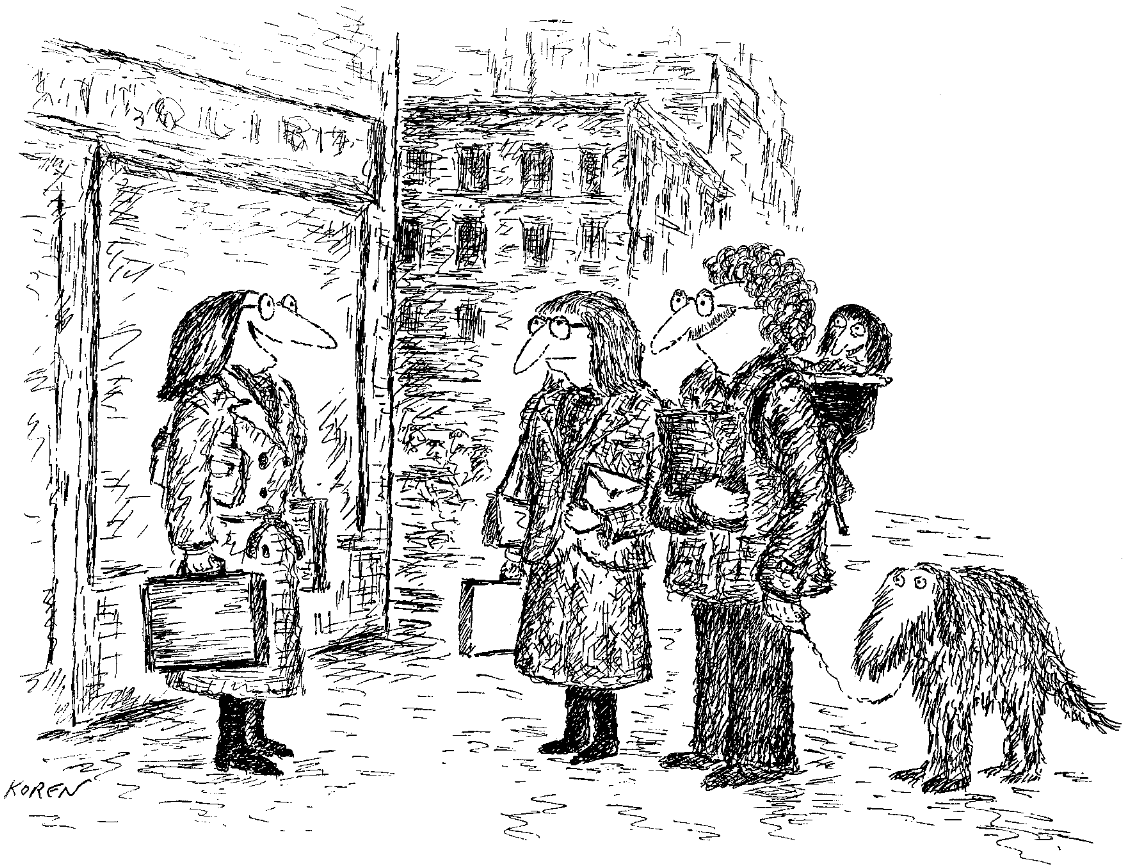
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Desert Song*

BRITAIN, having sent over its best contemporary-music group, Peter Maxwell Davies' Fires of London, to salute New York, followed with some of its best Baroque-music singers and players: John Eliot Gardiner's Monteverdi Choir and English Baroque Soloists. They gave three concerts, in interestingly different venues: Alice Tully Hall, Town Hall, and the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine. (In addition, the Soloists gave an instrumental concert in the Brooklyn Academy of Music.) The first concert, in Tully, brought a thrilling performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt." "Israel" (1739), a choral oratorio, and "Messiah" (1742), that unique amalgam of oratorio, Passion, and extended anthem, are odd ones out in the long series of Handel oratorios. They appeared between "Saul" and "Samson," breaking for a while the sequence of dramatic oratorios with individual characters. "Israel" has fewer airs than any other Handel oratorio, and "Messiah" fewer than any but "Israel." Neither work found much favor at its London première. "Messiah" became popular later, in the seventeen-fifties, but when Handel at last revived "Israel," somewhat revamped, in 1756, his friend Mrs. Delany reported that it "did not take, it is too solemn for common ears." It pleased Victorian ears, however, and became a favorite second only to "Messiah"—in massive performances, with large choirs, large orchestras, and, despite Handel's heavy scoring, added instrumental lines. Mendelssohn composed an organ part. Tovey, in his lively essay on the oratorio, talks of performances with four thousand singers and players, and of a bill proudly announcing that the duet "The Lord is a man of war" would be sung by four hundred tenors and basses. In our day, "Israel in Egypt" fell back into critical disfavor. Winton Dean, in his great book on the oratorios, calls it "unsatisfactory as a whole and musically very unequal . . . rather a jumble of epic and anthem with a few scenes of great dramatic power." I summarize this history because with their performance of "Israel" the Monteverdi Choir and the Baroque Soloists have opened a new chapter in its critical appraisal—both in New York and, to judge from the London reviews, in England, where they performed it a few days before coming here.

"Israel in Egypt" is a triptych. The first panel, "The Lamentation of the Israelites Over the Death of Joseph," is Handel's immense Funeral Anthem on the Death of Queen Caroline ("The ways of Zion do mourn") with altered words. The second, "Exodus," tells of the plagues that smote Egypt and of the crossing of the Red Sea. The third is "Moses' Song"—the jubilant sequence of Exodus 15: 1-21, beginning and ending "I will sing unto [in Verse 21, "Sing ye to"] the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Elegy, epic narrative, and epinicion: in each, Handel works with great blocks of choral and instrumental sound, building balanced structures in which there are light, air, and spaciousness as well as grandeur. No one has ever been deaf to the incidental, picturesque delights of the work: the hopping of the frogs "even in the King's chambers," the buzzing and the itchy, scratching string figures that accompany "all manner of flies and lice." Or to the dramatic power of the grim fugue on "They loathed to drink of the river," the mystery of the opaque, groping tonality in "He sent a thick darkness over all the land" ("Handel makes Egyptians of us all," Dean remarks), and the majesty of the chorus "The people shall hear and be afraid" ("in which all the noblest aspects of Handel's genius are concentrated and contrasted with a power unsurpassed and, I believe, unequalled, even in 'The Messiah,' " Tovey said). But few before Mr. Gardiner and his singers and players have been wholehearted and utterly convincing champions—I can't quite say of the work as a whole, for the "Lamentation" was represented only by its overture, but of "Exodus" and "Moses' Song" uncut. Even Tovey conducted only a selection from them. In this performance, they became a coherent masterpiece.

The Monteverdi Choir is a thirty-



*"Is this the man behind the woman?"*

strong chorus (twelve clear, steady sopranos, six each of male altos, tenors, and basses), founded nearly twenty years ago, when Mr. Gardiner was a Cambridge undergraduate and conducted a notable performance of the Monteverdi Vespers. The English Baroque Soloists are an orchestra some forty strong, founded seven years ago to satisfy our age's demand to hear music performed on appropriate instruments and in appropriate styles. Together they have explored the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century repertories (Purcell's "Fairy Queen," on Deutsche Grammophon, and Handel's "Semele," on RCA/Erato, are two excellent recordings), and their performances now reach levels of achievement unattainable by more occasional bodies. (There are good Baroque singers, instrumentalists, and conductors in New York, but none who rehearse and perform large-scale music regularly and often.) "Israel in Egypt" was brought to life by, on the one hand, the clarity, freshness, and firmness of the sound, the alert articulation, the true intonation of both singers and players, and the excellent balance between voices, strings, woodwinds, and brasses. And by, on the other hand, Mr. Gardiner's zestful response to the glories of Handel's melody, counterpoint, and dramatic command of timbre. There was no whiff of pedantry in the performance. Once upon a time, "old music" in "authentic" performances seemed to mean—sometimes it still does—faltering string tone, errant oboes, bleached, expressionless singing, and direction now mannered and arty, now plodding. Not here. This "Israel in Egypt" moved swiftly, naturally, adventurously. When the last fanfare had been sounded, the audience rose to its feet and cheered.

The Town Hall concert began with a sensitive account of Purcell's anthem "My Beloved Spake," continued with a powerfully architectural account of Bach's Cantata No. 4, "Christ lag in Todes Banden," and closed with a very bold account of Handel's exuberant, extravagantly brilliant "Dixit Dominus." The Cathedral program roamed the centuries as it roamed the spaces of Ralph Cram's enormous building, six hundred feet long, making imaginative and varied use of its wonderful resonances. Gesualdo on unaccompanied voices and Giovanni Gabrieli on voices and brasses stole out from the far-distant high altar. Choir and players then advanced to the crossing to sing Schütz and Monteverdi. Purcell's Funeral Music for Queen Mary was sounded antiphonally, spanning the full length of the building with its solemn responses: sackbuts and drum by the high altar, singers at the West end. Back in the crossing, four of Bruckner's glowing motets—unaccompanied, with organ, or with trombones and organ—were richly sung. The choir's words, whether English, German, or Latin, were always intelligibly and eloquently uttered. The soloists stepped, anonymously, from the choral ranks, and one after another of them produced fluent, well-formed, stylish phrases.

POLITICAL opera was played on the sidewalk outside the Boston Opera House last month, in protest at the Opera Company of Boston's association with the Marcos regime. (Last year, the Boston company signed an agreement with the Cultural Center of the Philippines to organize operatic activity in Manila, in return for a reported hundred thousand dollars a year.) The street opera, backed by the Boston Committee on Human Rights and the Arts and other concerned organizations, was called "The Legend of the Invisible City of Manila and the Princess Sarah," and it told how a much loved princess who delighted her people with beautiful music had been seduced by the wicked King Ferdinand and Queen Imelda from beyond the sea; they came to her bearing as gifts magnificent golden treasures they had stolen from their subjects, who lived, hungry and oppressed, in hovels invisible beyond Queen Imelda's castle wall. The piece was not efficiently executed; it needed the attention of someone like Sarah Caldwell, an adept at staging opera in a way to prick listeners' consciences. Inside the Opera House, Miss Caldwell staged "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh and the Maiden Fevronia"—Rimsky-Korsakov's penultimate opera and one of his most beautiful works—as the Opera Company of Boston's latest production. Rimsky is sometimes charged with heartlessness, with merely applying automatic glitter to Russian legends. Performances (they are all too rare) of his operas reveal his poetic, emotional response to the marvels of nature and of myth, and his joyful surrender to, above all, the pantheistic nature myths—Jungian truths within us—that can transfigure the world. A chapter in his autobiography describes the composition of his "Snow Maiden" in a summer village where everything around him—the scenery, the flowers, the singing birds—"was somehow in peculiar harmony with my pantheistic frame of mind," so that "a stump overgrown with moss appeared to me the wood demon or his abode, the forest Volchinyets a forbidden forest . . . the triple echo heard from our balcony the voices of wood sprites." Bird song, folk song, and new songs composed in their spirit welled up within him, to be set down in bright, clear colors. In "Kitezh," composed some twenty years—and several operas—after "Snow Maiden," his inventive vein runs as fresh as ever, and there is a new feeling for human character. (Gerald Abraham calls "the spiritually tormented drunken scoundrel Grishka" Rimsky's "psychological masterpiece.") In the Finnish operas I wrote about last week, nature is harsh and implacable: the hero of Aulis Sallinen's "The Red Line" is killed by a marauding bear. In "Kitezh," nature smiles: a bear that runs on from the Russian forest in the first scene, to be fed by Fevronia, is young, playful, and affectionate. But "Kitezh" is an opera not less serious than "The Red Line." Both works are tragedies—in "Kitezh" harmonious nature and the civilized life of cities are alike destroyed by brutal invaders—that end with visions of hope.

The production was not one of Miss Caldwell's most spirited, inspired, or revelatory. It was plain; sometimes it seemed even perfunctory. Robert O'Hearn's simple décor was drab and inapposite (far too much black, too little enchantment). Timothy Miles' costumes were bright and pleasing. Sarah Reese's lustrous soprano proved rather ripe in timbre for the virginal Fevronia, but her singing was clear and beautiful, and her manner pleasantly natural. Noel Velasco was a graceful, chivalrous Prince Vsevolod. John Moulson, Felsenstein-trained, but no longer as disciplined as when I used to see him at the Berlin Comic Opera, gave one of his fiercely charged performances as Grishka. There were good performances from James Rensink (Fyodor and the Bard), Harry

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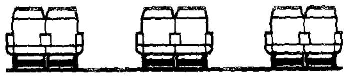
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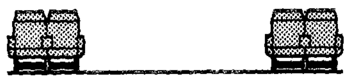
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**Alitalia**

Dworchak (Bedyai), and Steven Schnurman (a bear tamer). There was a wise, noble performance from Donald Gramm, as Prince Yury, the ruler of Kitezh; all who sing in English should study Mr. Gramm's way of bringing every phrase to life by his timing and his inflection of the words. Neville Dove conducted with a fine flair for Rimsky's bewitching orchestral colors. Sometimes he pushed the music on a little too intently, instead of letting it flow out spaciously into the theatre. And there were some unwelcome cuts.

In a well-ordered world, Miss Caldwell would be treated as a national treasure, freed from financial and administrative cares, and enabled to concentrate all her spiritual, dramatic, and musical fire on the performance of operas. In the papers, we have read of her Boston company's financial plight and of her new commitments to opera in the Philippines, and now in Israel, too. Her exuberance and energy seem limitless, and perhaps nothing will prove too much for the woman who gave us, in Boston, the American premières of "Moses and Aaron," "The Trojans," "War and Peace," "Montezuma," "The Ice Break," "The Soldiers." (And to critics of her Philippine connection she might reply that in Manila this year she began operations with "The Magic Flute," an opera directed against injustice, oppression, and absolutism on the part of rulers.) This "Kitezh" was enjoyable, but it was impossible to feel that it had received her undivided attention. It lacked the true Caldwell stamp.

—ANDREW PORTER

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# BOOKS

## *The Strengths of Discouragement*

POETS write criticism for a great variety of reasons. Coleridge and T. S. Eliot wrote major criticism in order to prepare the way for, to accompany the new kinds of poetry that they and some of their contemporaries were writing. Here the poet uses criticism to define his own place in the literary context and to help his own public find its bearings. Baudelaire was an art critic of genius, testing in prose those radical revisions of feeling, of taste which he set out in his poems. Pope used verse itself to argue his aesthetics and to hound from the field those whom he deemed to be rhymesters and poetasters. But very often the practice and publication of reviews and critical essays is, for the poet, quite simply a matter of necessary income. If a poet can attain the dignity of not merchandising his art "only by practicing a second profession, very well then, let there be second and even third professions." This candid sentiment comes from Eugenio Montale's *feuilleton* "A Second Profession," published in the *Corriere della Sera* for January 27, 1959. (The Nobel Prize was still sixteen years away, but Montale was already one of the most celebrated, honored poets of the age.) The article is included in the aptly entitled "The Second Life of Art," a selection from Montale's voluminous articles, reviews, lectures, and interviews, edited, and translated from the Italian, by Jonathan Galassi (Ecco; $17.50).

For much of his career—notably during the years when Fascist rule excluded him from any official sinecure—Montale earned his keep as a formidably productive cultural journalist. In turn, he contributed regularly to the major literary and art journals in Florence and Milan. After 1948, Montale was chief literary critic for the *Corriere*. "Fully ninety percent of Montale's critical writing was done during his years on the *Corriere della Sera*, and during the fifties and sixties his articles appeared several times a week," Mr. Galassi notes. Montale was also a highly productive reviewer of opera and concerts, whose pieces were collected and published under the title "Prime alla Scala" in 1981. But "articles" or "pieces" does not quite render the meaning of *feuilleton*. The *feuilleton* can be a good deal longer than any book review or art notice normally published in a daily newspaper in Britain or the United States. It can be—indeed it aims to be—an essay in miniature, an often highly stylized vignette, in which the voice of the author is at least as significant as the object of his notice. Dating back to the vein of the eighteenth-century publicists, such as Addison and Diderot, the *feuilleton* has, from Heine to Beerbohm and Montale, been the light cavalry of serious literary, political, and even philosophic argument.

The very young Eugenio Montale expressed his credo in a style all too characteristic of Italian bombast:

> It is thankless work, dark and joyless: the creation of a tone of voice, of a language of understanding that will bring us together with the crowd for whom we work unheeded, which will permit us the use of implication and allusion and the hope of co-operation; the creation of a center of resonance which will allow poetry to become once more the pride and boast of our country, no longer a solitary individual shame.

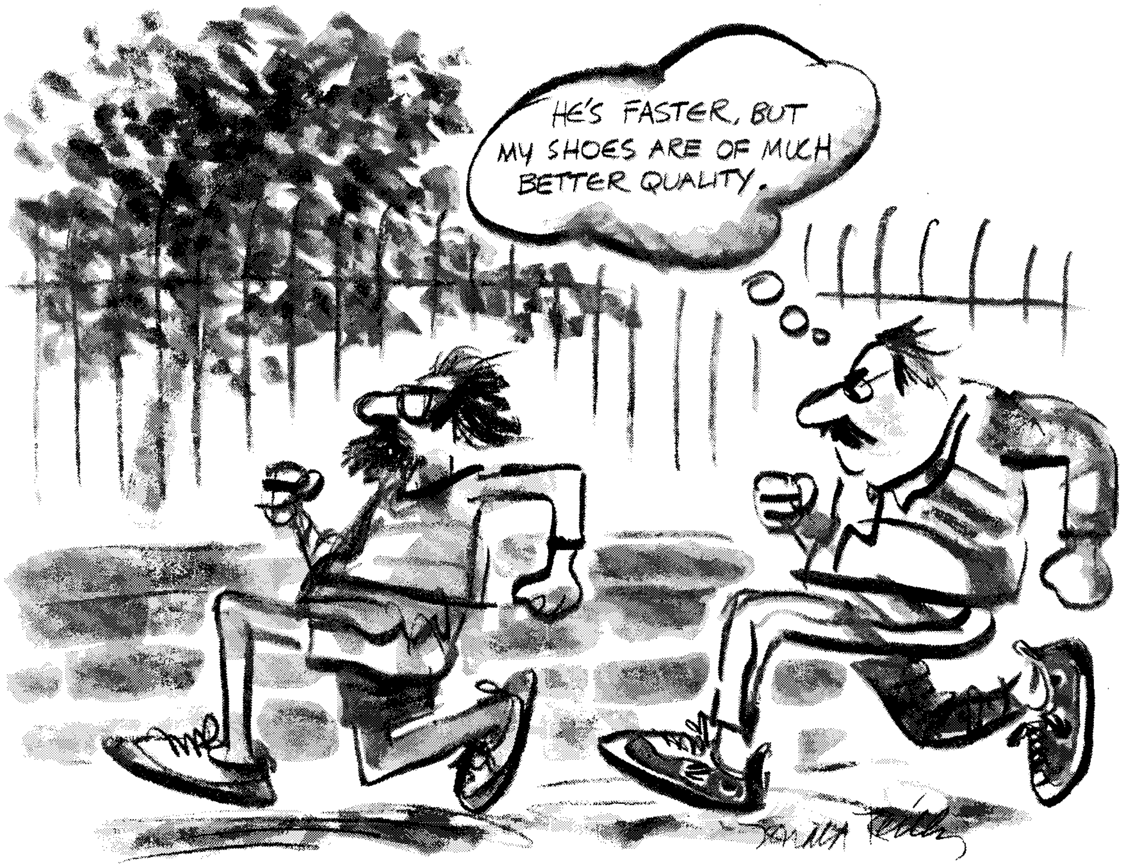
This manifesto dates from 1925. Twenty years later, the apocalypse of mediocrity that was Mussolini's regime had passed. Montale cast a colder eye on the functions of the poet:

> But does poetry need a favorable climate? Does it need "encouragement"? It seems permissible to doubt this. No regime has encouraged literature (albeit bad literature) as much as the Fascist regime, and the results are there for all to see. We are expecting other and better results from the *discouragement* that these twenty years have forced on the best and worthiest.

In 1951, Montale looked back on the years of dictatorship and of war, and on his own abstentions from political pronouncements and engagement of any kind. He makes an absolutely key observation: "Since from birth I have felt a total disharmony with the reality that surrounded me, the material of my inspiration could only be *that* disharmony." In the bleak light of which proposition one begins to sense that Montale's prodigal criticism and reviewing had more than an economic motive (urgent as this was). It kept a great master of withdrawals in *prosaic* touch both with reality and with the work of other writers, poets, painters, and musicians who had, in their own several ways, reached out of solitude.

In Brancusi, in Valéry, in René Char, Montale identified elective affinities to his own stance. Auden fascinated him. For here was an obviously major poet unfailingly in touch with the cruel, mendacious, but also electric spirit of the day. Montale's diary account of the Stravinsky-Auden première of "The Rake's Progress," in Venice in September, 1951, is itself a virtuoso piece. Leaving Auden, whose libretto rightly struck him as a masterpiece, Montale adds, "I leave him, full of envy. I will never experience the joy of being a foreigner living in Italy. God knows I've tried; but when you're born here, you haven't a chance!" In front of Braque, who "talks splendidly, like a great gentleman farmer," Montale is in awe. Yet his description of the works in Braque's studio is beautifully subversive: "A world served on a tray like a *gâteau*, an entirely mental and peaceable world unpenetrated either by faith or despair."

Montale found both abundantly present in the work of T. S. Eliot. Indeed, it is doubtful whether Montale's own poetry would have evolved toward the abstemious yet richly suggestive and allusive inwardness of its mature manner without the example of Eliot. Hence the presence of "The Waste Land" and of "Four Quartets" throughout Montale's criticism and self-disclosures. Montale's reservations are genuine: "In a certain sense Eliot is even too rational." He is not "a pure poet" but one whose verse incorporates a sometimes burdensome weight of external reference and argumentative abstraction. Nevertheless, Eliot's major poems are representative of the age, and constitute the primary, the vital bridge between the classical legacy of the European continent and the great, now perhaps dominant traditions of the English language and of the Anglo-American spirit. Laforgue, Baudelaire, Croce have entered Eliot's sensibility; singularly modernized and universalized, these presences return to


HE'S FASTER, BUT MY SHOES ARE OF MUCH BETTER QUALITY.

Europe in Eliot's poems and criticism. (Montale's prodigal activities as a translator include versions of Eliot.)

It is precisely Eliot's exemplary powers that make him a constant object of Montale's famous lecture on Dante, delivered in Florence on April 24, 1965, to mark the seven-hundredth anniversary of the Master's death. This essay is very nearly as closely concerned with Eliot's own celebrated reading of Dante, and with Montale's relations to his eminent Anglo-American contemporary, as it is with the author of "The Divine Comedy." Montale touches with elegant lightness on Eliot's very thin knowledge of Italian. Has Eliot not missed the concreteness, the material immediacy and sensory force, of Dante's vision? What is more: can a genuinely informed reader of Dante accept Eliot's notorious distinction between "understanding" the "Comedy" and sharing something of Dante's religious-philosophic doctrines? It may be this dichotomy, typical of "Anglo-Saxon culture," that prevents Eliot from perceiving the total unity of Dante's conceptual-formal edifice, and from following its manifold strands to their essential center.

There is in these courtly duels between master readers a perennial lesson of modesty. Montale was unquestionably a far more fluent connoisseur of English than Eliot was of Italian. Yet we find in his article on Auden, of 1952, a major howler. Montale is commenting on Auden's "In Memory of W. B. Yeats"—perhaps his finest single poem. This celebration contains Auden's famous assertion that time, which abandons to oblivion so much of human loveliness, decency, and courage, will always forgive and keep vital to remembrance everyone by whom language lives. This ethically scandalous dispensation, Auden proclaims, extends even to authors such as Claudel and Kipling (and, by subtle implication, Yeats himself), whose political views—in this instance, Fascism or ultra-conservatism—are felt to be cruel and inadmissible. Thus Time

> With this strange excuse
> Pardoned Kipling and his views.

Montale glosses this passage as signifying that such authors will be forgiven "even bad works for the sake of their best." This, of course, misses the whole crux. What Auden is pointing to is the very paradox of the enduring vitality of the politics of inhumanity within the great poems of a Claudel or a Kipling or, for that matter, an Ezra Pound.

Montale knew Zio Ez (Uncle Ez) at first hand. They met at Rapallo, on that Ligurian coast indispensable to Montale's poetry. Montale saw in Pound "the most originally composite poet known to modern history," a feverish polymath whose learning nonetheless bore to the very end the imprint of a mid-American provincialism, and whose vision, extending, as it did, from archaic Hellas and imperial Cathay to Italian Futurism, remained that of an avid tourist. Montale's summary is not original but apt:

> Philosopher, economist, aesthete, desperately individualist and egocentric, an aristocratic socialist who denied both Marx and the rights of man; anti-democratic, anti-capitalist, anti-American, and, alas, anti-Semitic and pro-Nazi, Pound turned these feelings and resentments over and over in his *Cantos*, in bits and pieces, in sobs and hiccoughs.

And if Montale reads Pound well it is not only because he took pleasure in the vulnerable radiance and generosities of the man but because he knew, as poet and as critic, the two main sources of Pound's art, Whitman and Browning.

The bulk of Montale's reviewing naturally bore on Italian contemporaries. It may well be that any attempt at a representative selection must include something from Montale on Campana, on Pascoli, on D'Annunzio, on the interminably debated question of "decadence" in Italian verse in the early part of the century. It is, however, unlikely that the nonspecialist will make much of this material. Medardo Rosso's relations to Parisian aesthetics or the Lombard tradition of Ranzoni; such "first-generation Pascolians" as Ferrari and Mazzoni, not to speak of the right wing of Pascoli criticism (Valgimigli, Pietrobono, Orvieto); the reception of the new works of Fogazzaro—all these are of perfectly legitimate concern to Montale's task as a chronicler of art and letters. But they are scarcely accessible to the outsider. The exception is, I think, Montale's loving, insightful championing of Italo Svevo. Even the rather farfetched comparison of Svevo with Racine—"There are vague analogies between the two cases," Montale disarmingly remarks—sticks in one's mind. And nothing is more exhilarating than to see a great writer intent on rescuing from absurd neglect one whom he profoundly admires, both as artist and as individual. By the time he spoke at the centenary of Svevo's birth, moreover, in November, 1961, Montale knew that the battle had been won. "Senilità" and "The Confessions of Zeno" are established classics.

Montale's fastidious, undertoned style is never easy to translate. Like much of his best poetry, Montale's critical prose was meant to counteract, to admonish by contrast, the vacant pomp that infects so much of Italian discourse. There are a good many infelicities in Mr. Galassi's version: "meniscus," observations that "cannot be forced," poets "endowed with egolalia" are no solutions to the problems set by the original. And when Malraux informs Montale that he commanded "armored tanks" the phrase not only is nonsense but in this context misreads the French *blindés*, meaning "armored cars." But these are small impediments. On balance, Mr. Galassi puts the English-speaking reader in his debt. To be in Eugenio Montale's company is to profit from one of the noblest, albeit most disenchanted, of modern sensibilities. "Interpreting or even reading and understanding a work of the past is directing, is performing a creative act," says Montale. This simple truth makes of many of these essays an accompaniment and guide to poetry of genius.

—GEORGE STEINER

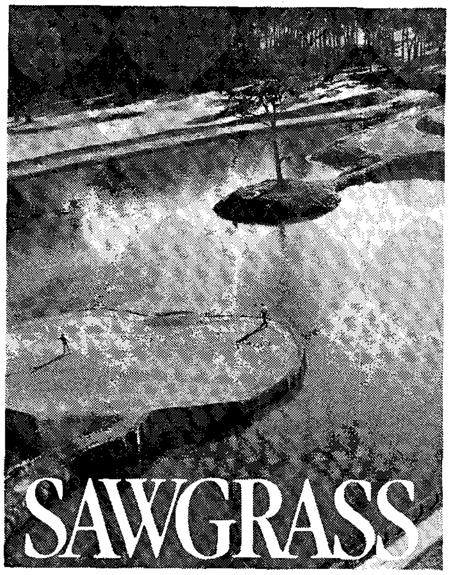
## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE FEUD, by Thomas Berger (Delacorte; $13.95). The Montagues, Capulets, Hatfields, and McCoys could not have amassed half the sweet talk and sniping that the Beelers and the Bullards swap in this black comedy, set in two adjacent towns in the middle of America between the two World Wars. The feud begins one peaceful Saturday morning when a Beeler, from Hornbeck, meets a Bullard in Millville, in the Bullards' hardware store, and an argument erupts over the question of an unlit cigar, inflammable merchandise, and insurance-policy regulations. In the next few days, a Beeler is accused of arson; a Bullard is suspected of a car bombing; a Beeler is marched, at gunpoint, out of Millville; a Bullard attempts suicide; a Beeler bloodies the nose of a Bullard in-law; a Bullard cousin catches a Beeler girl seducing a Hornbeck fireman in Millville and bloodies *her* nose; a Beeler boy beats up a Millville cop; a Bullard boy sticks up a Millville luncheonette; and a total stranger robs a bank. There is also, of course, a doomed teen romance—doomed by the boy's obsession with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the girl's appetite for doughnuts. The nineteen-thirties setting is nicely suggested by a half-dozen hints (a flivver here, a five-cent Coke there); and the dialect—if applied at times too thickly ("somepin," "bidniss")—reinforces Mr. Berger's suggestion that America's habits have not changed greatly in the last fifty years.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S DAUGHTER, by Peter Evans (Random House; $13.95). An international novel that opens with the defection to Russia of a leading British monetarist, one Lord Henry Child, and with a cryptic letter he passes back to his twelve-year-old daughter, Lady Pandora. We then move forward some seven years. Lady Pandora is now a successful model becoming a film star. Her father is in Moscow, becoming tangentially involved in an interoffice K.G.B. struggle highlighted by adultery, a scheme to force a famous film director to defect to the West, and much else. Most of the elements of a good suspense story are here, and there is toward the end a sudden pitch of melodrama, but Mr. Evans' chief achievement is a novel rich in character and passion—a novel of tension ("There was a sudden stillness in the small room. The sound of one man breathing and another man holding his breath"), of style ("Indians who had learned their English before the war, at the peak of the empire, and still talked as if Elgar were playing quietly in the next room"), and of much fine talk: "That all women should be sisters is the aspiration of women who have no sisters;" "Dressing badly does not help the poor;" "Love is just a trick we play on ourselves."

NOTE: "Sister Age," a collection of stories by M. F. K. Fisher, has been published by Knopf ($12.95). Many



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### GENERAL

THE FORTIES, by Edmund Wilson, edited and with an introduction by Leon Edel (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17.95). This, the third volume in the posthumous, decade-by-decade publication of Wilson's diaries and notebooks, shows the great critic, after the hectic twenties and sombre thirties, settling down. In this decade, he reached fifty; published a best-seller, "Memoirs of Hecate County;" met and married his fourth and final wife, Elena Mumm Wilson; fathered his third child, Helen Miranda; acquired the house in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, that he was to call home to the end of his life; and found employment with *The New Yorker.* Many of the pages of his forties journals, indeed, are working notes for articles (on postwar Europe, on the Zuñi Indians) that appeared in this magazine. Other pages concern an ambitious and intricate novel, "The Story of the Three Wishes," that he never wrote, or register the "death, illness, and decay of old friends," or contain shapely paragraphs upon the weather and wildlife of his beloved Cape Cod. He closely observes the sex life of horseshoe crabs, and does not entirely neglect to describe his own. It is a pleasure for readers who have followed this restless and sometimes gloomy intellect thus far through the journals he maintained to see him at last happily married and situated, geographically and professionally, where he can exercise in relative freedom and comfort his phenomenal curiosity and powers of judgment. The book, like its predecessors, is attractively produced in the compact Wilsonian format, and admirably edited, with just the right amount of helpful elucidation, by Professor Edel.

MAN AND THE NATURAL WORLD: A HISTORY OF THE MODERN SENSIBILITY, by Keith Thomas (Pantheon; $19.95). A scholarly, entertaining account of how British attitudes toward the environment have changed from the sixteenth century to the present. The author, an Oxford historian, tells us that in Tudor times man was regarded as the center and purpose of the universe. The earth and everything on it existed for him: human thoughtlessness—not to say cruelty—toward animals was the norm; land was ex-

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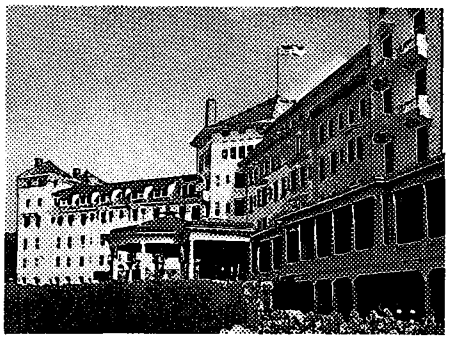

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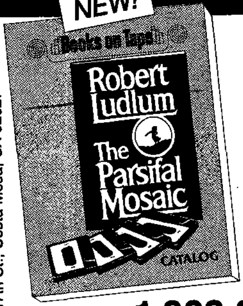

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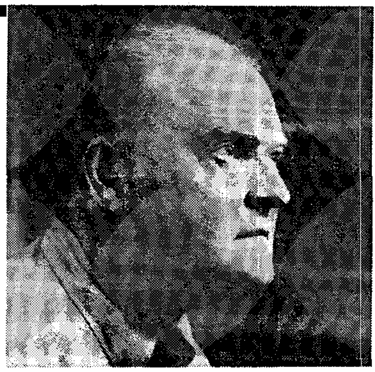
ploited. Over the next centuries, science offered a cosmology that reduced human pretensions. Wealth allowed the stylish to pamper pets and collect ornamental plants; agriculture's increased efficiency made it less urgent to increase the area of cropland; and the rise of noisy, polluted industrial cities transformed the countryside from an exile into a refuge. Mr. Thomas's narrative encompasses extremes of sense and insensitivity, and reminds us that cultivation, not wilderness, has been the dominant aesthetic through most of Western history; well into the eighteenth century, most English people accepted "the ancient classical ideal which associated beauty with fertility."

FRANÇOIS MITTERRAND: A POLITICAL ODYSSEY, by Denis MacShane (Universe; $14.95). The author writes as an enthusiastic supporter of the French President, because Mitterrand revitalized not only France's Socialist Party but the entire French left, and so gave his nation an alternative at the polls for the first time in twenty-three years. Mr. MacShane traces Mitterrand's lifelong engagement in politics. He first clashed with de Gaulle during the Second World War; his opposition was political as well as personal, because he feared dictatorship—a realistic anxiety for an escaped prisoner of war who was a *résistant*. Mr. MacShane shows that Mitterrand's political skills include a feeling for the day-to-day work of enhancing party morale. Because the French Socialists lack organizational ties to France's labor unions, he tells us, much of Mitterrand's political effort has gone into making his party more socially inclusive. The President's relations with the Communists reflect both his awareness of their popularity among French workers and his intention of converting French Communist voters into French Socialist voters.

THE BRAVE COURTIER: SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, by Richard Faber (Faber & Faber; $29.95). Temple (1628-1699) was handsome and charming, a baronet, a diplomat (he arranged the marriage of William of Orange and Mary), and a philosophical essayist much admired in his lifetime and for some decades thereafter. One of his precepts was "No body should make love after forty, nor bee in business after fifety." Macaulay described him as "one of



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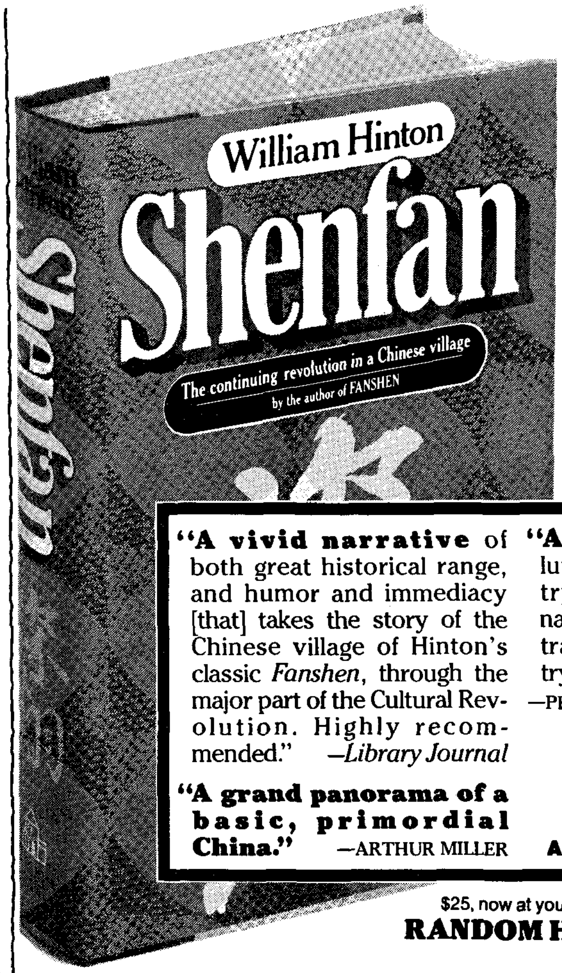
those men whom the world has agreed to praise highly without knowing much about them." The author, himself a former diplomat, seems to know a good deal about Temple. He traces his several careers with sympathy, if not high praise, and concludes that he was "honest, humane and clear-sighted, as well as gentlemanly." This biography is praiseworthy, but it is not easy to recommend a book of less than two hundred pages that is neither well made nor supplemented with any illustrations and costs thirty dollars.

Code Name "Mary": Memoirs of an American Woman in the Austrian Underground, by Muriel Gardiner, with a foreword by Anna Freud (Yale; $14.95). In 1934, the Chancellor of Austria, Engelbert Dollfuss, outlawed all political parties except his Fatherland Front—a step to the right which did not succeed in fending off his country's absorption by Nazi Germany in 1938. During these years, the author, a divorced American with a young daughter, was attending medical school in Vienna and undergoing a training analysis. She felt impelled to aid victims of Austrian politics—Socialists (especially Socialist Party leaders) and, after Hitler's invasion, Jews as well. She hid fugitives and helped them flee the country, and she collected and disbursed money and false passports. She obtained a medical degree in Vienna, and remarried; since leaving Europe, in 1939, she has lived in the United States, where she has attained eminence as a psychiatrist. The undertone of tragedy in these memoirs—the fate of individuals who could not be rescued—suggests, as the author never does directly, the immense courage required to defy the Nazis.

A Hundred Years Ago: Britain in the 1880s in Words and Photographs, by Colin Ford and Brian Harrison (Harvard; $25). By the beginning of the eighteen-eighties, the camera had become an instrument available to all, and amateurs and professionals in Great Britain, as in other places, were busily building up a documentary record of the life around them. This absorbing book, composed of more than two hundred photographs, with solid textual accompaniment, brings the late-Victorian world up close: we see the children of the



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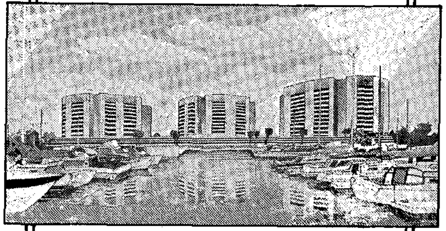

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gentry and of the poor; the laundresses, gardeners, servant girls, and valets of great country houses; and the gentlefolk to whom the servants catered assembled on front lawns, often with the Prince of Wales plumped down among them. The book pokes into every corner of British life, from the last Baptist baptism in the River Thames to the deathbed of a titled lady; and there is a photograph of the old Queen Victoria actually smiling.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

CHANNEL ASSAULT, by Kenneth Royce (McGraw-Hill; $13.95). We're back in the Second World War again—back in June of 1940. An expatriated English physician and his French mistress, trying to escape from France to England in an open boat, are cast up on the tiny German-occupied island of Alderney. This island is being fortified for a German assault on England, and the doctor, for reasons he learns only much later, is not imprisoned but forced to perform his professional services for the Germans. He is a redoubtable man and gathers secretly about him a group of deserters, secret agents, even another French girl. The plot has to do with treason; there is plenty of action, much suspense, and a happy ending.

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We've already got a President like that.

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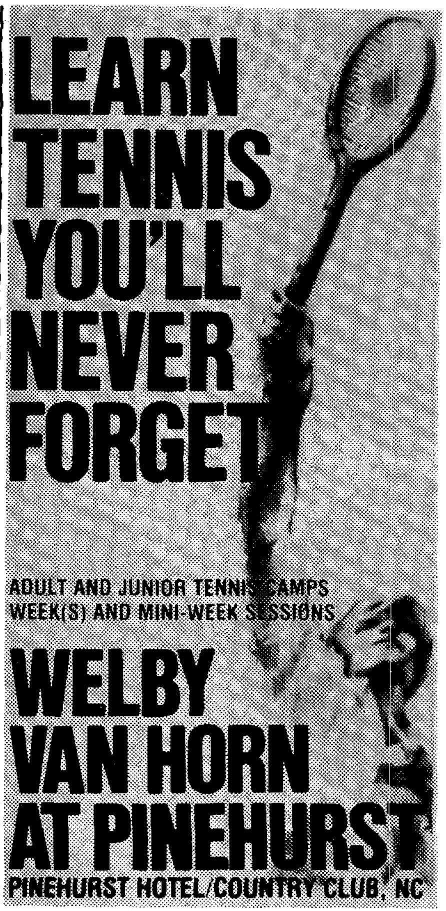
Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the superb and varied last movement—in a sense, the summation of everything that goes before—plus the synergistic combination of the European style with the Russian melodic fertilizer which Tchaikovsky managed to spread across the orchestral field.—*Otto Dekom in the Wilmington (Del.) News Journal.*

And which explains why the grass is greener on Tchaikovsky's side of the fence.



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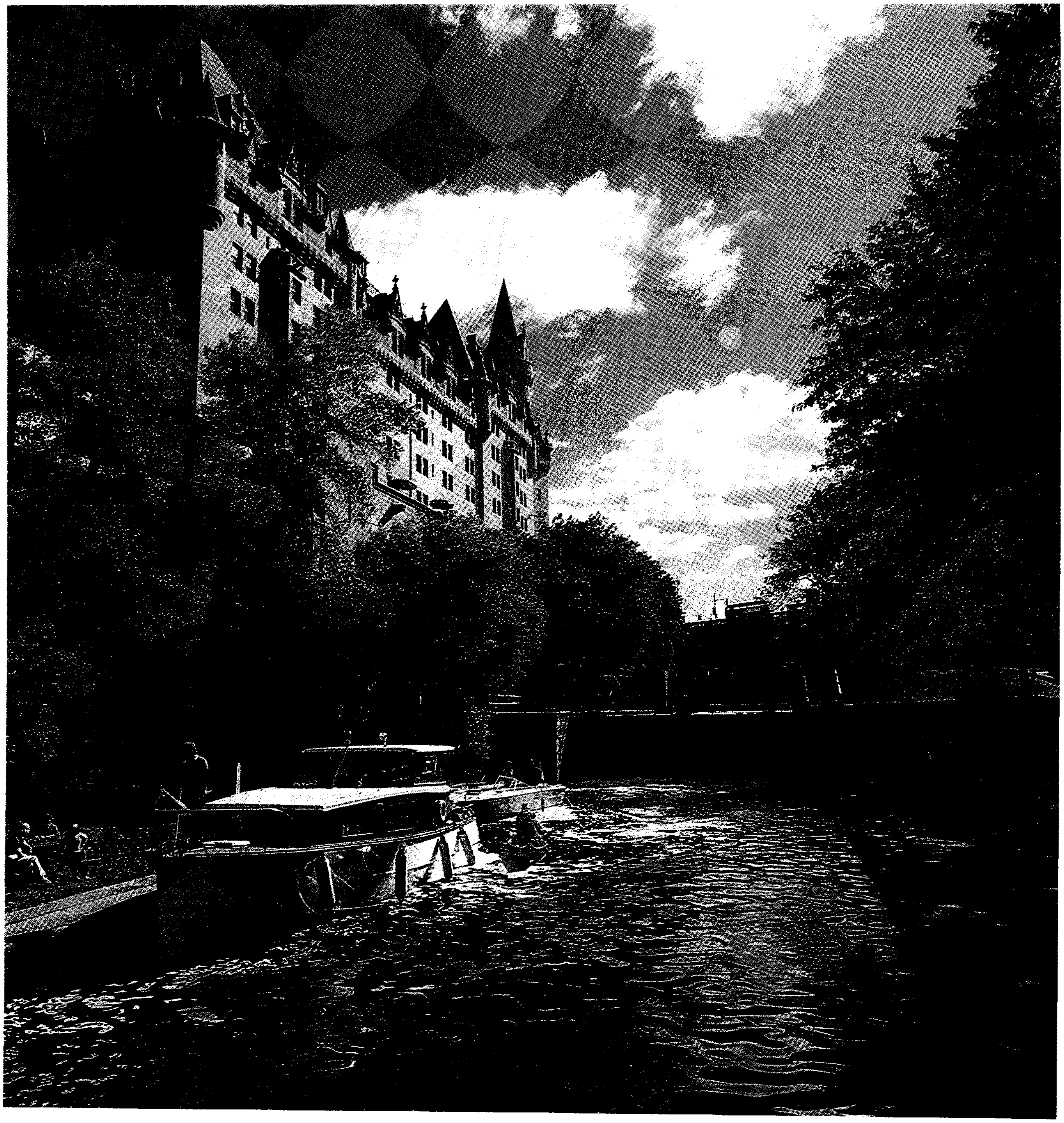

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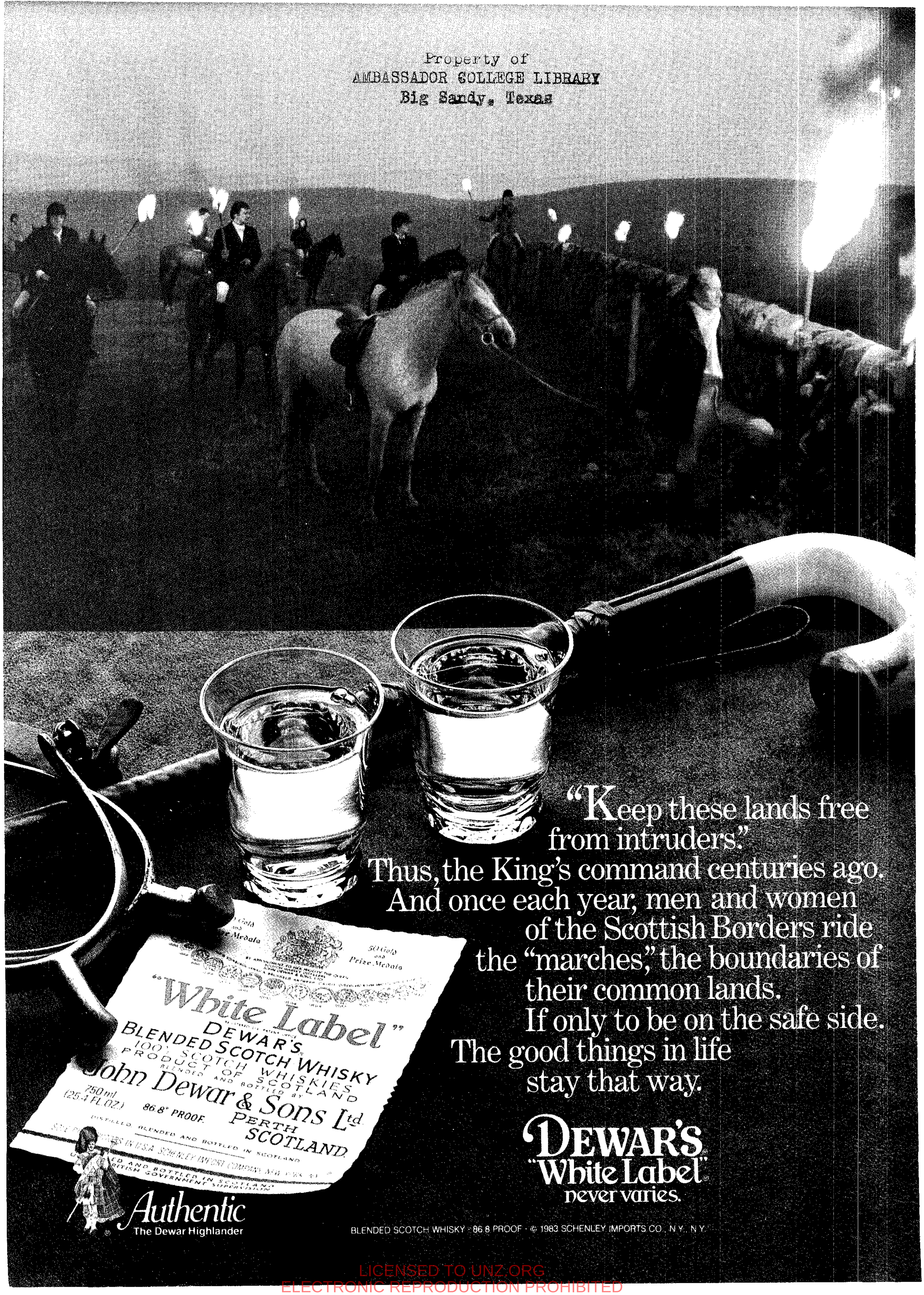
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